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THE LIFE AND WORLD-WORK

OF

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

“SHALL I BRING TO THE BIRTH, AND NOT  
CAUSE TO BRING FORTH? SAITH THE LORD.”

—ISAIAH LXVI. 9.

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# THE LIFE AND WORLD-WORK

OF

## THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

WRITTEN FROM DIRECT  
PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

BY

ARTHUR A. CUTHBERT

AN ALMOST LIFE-LONG ASSOCIATE

GLASGOW

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## PREFACE

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IN the following pages the aim will be to narrate, in simple form and order as they occurred, the real facts concerning the providential rise out of such seeming of life as men of this world at present possess, that yet holds death within it, into the reality of Life itself, of the one whose name is therein primarily recorded—namely, Thomas Lake Harris; and secondly, in subordinate degree, of certain others, who by association with him were made partakers of the same uplift out of death into Life, in so far as was possible to each one of them; and who were thus enabled at the same time to become reliable witnesses of the one central transcendent fact. The writer himself speaks only as one of these witnesses, and makes claim to nothing save that of being trustworthy in what he records. He will therefore only say this much concerning himself, that he was personally present and associated in the Life, together with those above referred to, from the very foundation of that movement which was designated from the first by the lowly but most significant name of THE USE; and it was only by becoming a partaker in the

Life through such association that reliable witnessing became to him a possibility.

In issuing thus, in simple detail, this narrative of such supreme vital facts through the press to the world, there is no purpose of propagandism by word controversy, nor does it seek to change the fundamental ground of religious faith in anyone, for in true and deep sense all real religion of every sect and people whatever has no other than one divine foundation. Neither is it any part of its aim to trouble those whose principles of absolute justice and righteousness are held as precious convictions already settled, except in so far as the facts borne witness to themselves have such effect. The personality of the writer in himself is nothing, but the facts narrated proclaim, with no uncertain sound, what these two lines of Mr. Harris's verse give brief expression to: -

"FAR AS THE SENSE OF BONDAGE HEAPS AND GROWS,  
SO FAR EMANCIPATIONS SHALL UNCLOSE."

For every view expressed in the book the writer is alone personally responsible, but he has endeavoured to utter nothing regarding the Life that is not in full intrinsic accord with the knowledge, faith, and understanding of all those who are likewise partakers of the same; for there is only one Life, and only one Truth of that Life.



## POSTSCRIPT

IT should be added to the foregoing, that this book will not be sent out for review to any literary periodical. For although *it is intended to be published, without limitation, as widely as possible, and largely advertised for that end and purpose*, yet in true sense it is for private circulation only, among those who are indeed already friends from the deepest ground,—and more than friends, namely, true brothers and sisters in the one Divine-Natural Family of the world. It does not seek an entrance into any disputatious company. It would come only for peace, and seeking only, so far as God enables, to bring with it the spirit of Divine Peace wherever it comes.

That is a blessed phrase of the New Life writings, "HE CEASES TO CONTEND"; because the foundations of the New Life can only be securely laid, and all the subsequent edifice spring into being, in the midst of perfect peace.

But who and where such true friends are, is not yet known outwardly, except in very small degree, and only dimly, until God shall bring them forth into the Light, face to face; with that Divine Light shining on every countenance from on high, and through every countenance from the Divine indwelling that is in every heart. So the book must be indeed

published abroad, as said above, without limitation, that not one, if possible, may be missed of those for whom it is intended.

But also it should be understood that in itself it is nothing, except in so far as it may serve as introduction to the writings of the New Life given under Mr. Harris's own name, and so, by God's grace, to the New Life itself, in spirit, soul, and body, as built into the redeemed structure of the one unitised social Humanity.

# THE LIFE AND WORLD-WORK

OF

## THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

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### CHAPTER I.

IT was in the memorable year that witnessed in America the opening of the great civil war for the abolition of slavery in the United States, and so not only for the saving of "The Union" of those States, but at the same time for giving the final quietus to every external or political form of human slavery the whole world over; for here was at least its last main stronghold: it was in that same eventful year—A.D. 1861—that Thomas Lake Harris was called to purchase a small hill farm near Wassaic, a village of Dutchess County in the State of New York; and, as directed, he started to build here a plain but sufficiently commodious house destined for the accommodation, first, of his own family of four—himself, wife, and two sons by a former wife—and secondly, of *certain other chosen and invited persons* who numbered at first about twelve in all.

So, while the great war for the extinguishment of external slavery was beginning to rage over the whole land round about them, this little circle of persons was being gathered together here for a very



different end, and yet an end that in a certain high analogy was the same in essence. Mainly through perusal of Mr. Harris's earlier writings, with as profound conviction of their truth as was possible to any before becoming actual sharers, consciously, in the life they portrayed, these few, so instructed and led, had come deeply within themselves to realise that they, together with all the rest of the suffering race of men on this earth, were themselves slaves in the deeper sense—the slaves of sin. Hence they felt called of the Spirit—while their sympathies were still no less with the external warriors—to the deeper and more terrible battle for giving—if it pleased God, and if by God's good grace so it might be—the final quietus to the slavery of the soul. They realised that until this was done the abolition of mere political slavery would be little better than a fraud; and, indeed, that the assumption that one section of the Race—or of the Union—who were themselves slaves in every just sense of that word—could with the sword, or any mere external agitation, really abolish slavery in any other section was not far short of being an hypocrisy. And this did Mr. Harris himself allow, although so deeply penetrated in his own heart by the horrors of negro slavery, "the most monstrous outrage existing on the planet," as he at the same time declared; and also notwithstanding that he ever felt in strong sympathy with the noble spirit that animated the Abolition Party, and even with that fiercer spirit that flamed up in the bosom of John Brown.

Up to this time he had been for some years the officiating minister in "The Church of the Good Shepherd" in New York City, which was supposed to have been at first denominationally Universalist. But in his preaching and in his own mind he had

gradually become so wholly unsectarian that he found himself unable to continue his usual ministrations there—or indeed his preaching anywhere—and seeking, according to his universal custom, Divine guidance as to what he should do, he was directed to build a house in a suitable place to which he should be led, and which would be a “Breath-house.”

It must have been about ten years before this time that he himself had passed through the first degree of the “Divine Breath,” or “God’s Breath in Man and in Humane Society,” as it is named in his best-known book on the subject. But there are seven degrees of the Breath altogether, and it was impossible for him to pass through all without first becoming associated with a certain number of others who could also begin to receive it; because God’s Breath in man is not in one man alone, but through that man it must find an entrance into others, and again through those others into the whole body of Humanity, socialised in God.

For no less a purpose, therefore, than this was it ordered that this house should here be built, and the little circle gathered together there, consisting of such as were found capable of receiving and having embodied in them the initial degrees of the same Divine Breath, if not of being carried through all the seven even to its fulness.

The purpose of this writing is to place before those into whose hands it comes a narrative of facts, that it is deemed of the very highest importance that the world should become acquainted with. But it has to be remembered that Mr. Harris’s own writings are as yet so very little known to men in general, and the whole subject is consequently one that will be so entirely new to many, that even the term “Divine

Breath" itself may sound strange in their ears, as it does not occur in that precise form in the English version of the New Testament. But "Holy Ghost" and "Holy Spirit" and "Divine Breath" are all substantially one and the same.

But, furthermore, this question may arise: Is then this "Divine Breath," this "Holy Ghost," personal or not? And the answer to that is, "Surely, yes." But to make a full reply to this, more must be said that may seem rather startling, as being wholly unheard of before.

In the Gospels the Lord is said to have designated the Holy Ghost by the masculine pronoun; and in the consideration of that fact is to be discerned the cause of one dense cloud of mystery having arisen that has enshrouded the Gospels of the Incarnation in the eyes of all men throughout the centuries. That was an age so sunk in the lubricity of the sexual sense that the DIVINE FEMININE, who was imminently present in the person of the Lord, was apparently quite veiled from the eyes even of the disciples. And yet probably it was not so absolutely the case, as appears, that this mighty, supreme, and all-pervading fact did not reach their higher consciousness; for something of it gleams through even in their records. Was the voice that said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," the voice of the Divine Father alone, and not of the Divine Mother also? Was "The Dove" masculine? He-She who brooded over Jerusalem, weeping, yearning to shield Her people, if possible, from the cruel fate that was impending over them, seeking to gather them together to Herself, "even as a hen doth gather her chickens under her wing," was not merely masculine. As the first Eve-Adam was



created, in the Divine image, twain-one—feminine-masculine—so the Divine Yessa-Jesus, the second Eve-Adam, was conceived, borne, and born Twain-One also. And the visitation of the “Divine Breath,” the “Holy Ghost,” to men is now made known as the visitation of *the Divine Mother of all living*, come to quicken again into life those who are dead in trespasses and sins. So from this it may in some measure be understood why it was the Lord uttered such ominous warnings as to the danger of blaspheming against that most Holy Name, for herein is reserved for our otherwise dying race its last hope of salvation. All this has been brought out into clear light in the writings of him the portrayal of whose life-work is here being attempted. Yet the full truth of these things was not yet—in those early days—fully revealed, but made known gradually later, as the states of all became more advanced.

Returning to the narrative. Mr. Harris himself at this time had not passed through all the degrees of the Breath, as has been said above, but he passed the sixth and seventh during the Autumn of that same year, and in the midst of the few he had providentially found and gathered together; and so at length he approached that great and memorable crisis which is termed “The Transition.” When this point is touched, which is when the whole seven degrees have been passed, and the Breath has culminated, then the old animal soul of the man dies, and a new animal soul, in infantile state, descends into the body directly from *the Lord, the New Adam-Eve*. And here, in this first case in recorded human history, that crisis was safely passed in the midst of those witnesses who were assembled there.

"Except a man be born again he can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of God."

All was accomplished by the operation of the Divine Mother-Breath, and was the direct effect of Her pervading presence. This Breath, having first carried the organism of the frame through all the intermediate stages, during which the old animal soul was gradually dying day by day, had finally become the medium for the fulfilment of this great result. And it may safely be said that, to every eye that has become so opened as to see all events in due and just proportion, it is simple matter of fact to describe this as the most noteworthy in human history since the advent of the Lord in His first coming as a solitary Divine Incarnation in the midst of an adverse world. For the world, in the Lord's own time of lowly advent and martyrdom, was set hard and fast against Him, even in His nearest and most quickened disciples and followers, in closed old inherited breath which would not, or could not, open to receive the Life He brought—and so it has continued thenceforward also up to the present day, with only two known and partial exceptions that will be referred to later.

Even then this Life was the "Holy Ghost," the *Holy Respiration*, which indeed He-She breathed upon the disciples, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost"; but He could not breathe that Breath into them, except in the spiritual degree alone; and hence it was that He said to them, in His great crisis hour when they who should have watched lay heavy with sleep, "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." And as it was in that great crisis hour of the agony in Gethsemane, so has it remained in every crisis since—however much the spirit has been

willing, the flesh has been weak. It is to be concluded that as in that first century more was not possible, the Race, by necessity, has had first to go through its long gradual preparation, during the whole course of nearly two milleniums, before the divinely intended fruition could be realised.

And yet those disciples and earliest Christians were truly enveloped by the Holy Ghost, and quickened in spirit by the same. Also, as recorded, they were thereby clothed upon for a time with many powers both of speech and healing, and these gifts were apparently transferable and transferred from one to another by the laying on of hands. But all this was no real fulfilment of the presence and purpose of the Holy Ghost with men—the Divine Mother of Life. But now at last She has come not merely to Man, but into Man; and not merely to the spirit, but to whole spirit, soul and body of Man, with sure intent to fulfil the perfect purpose of Her Divine Salvation.

The early disciples were directed to remain together in Jerusalem till they were endowed "with power from on high," as is written in the New Testament. This they did, and were truly visited and so endowed; but only as yet with superficial powers, which seem immediately to have so exhilarated them that the people said, "These men are filled with new wine." It was merely the first and most eminent case of religious revival, such as has recurred again and again in less eminent degree throughout all the succeeding ages, even to the present day, and which altogether has left no permanent concrete effect upon the practical life of man here below—that is to say, either bodily or socially. Could they but have waited longer in quietude for the fuller advent of truly substantial power, though perhaps less showy and superficial, who

can say what mighty results might not have ensued even in that early day?

It has been said that the memorable event, specially spoken of above, took place in the midst of a little circle of about twelve chosen persons. But this was not a constant number; it was sometimes less and sometimes more, for all did not stay there permanently; many came and went according to both internal conditions and external personal needs; and some had their permanent homes elsewhere. They were of many nationalities, and all of very marked intrinsic differences of character. Also, they were originally of many religious creeds, and some of no conscious religious creed whatever. In joining they were under no necessity to make any profession of dogmatic faith, the religion of The Use being based upon Life alone. Only "He," the Lord—

"He claims the right to form association,  
As He, with those who draw to Him, shall woo;  
To hold estate, to serve the occupation,  
Doing to all as all to Him should do;  
Seeking thereby to cause no just offence  
To tribe or nation, spirit, mind, or sense.

"He has no dogma to defend or proffer:  
Truth must from life to evolution flow.

"So all who will to tread the path with Him,  
May move as best befits to His right hand—  
Turn to the Right!—earth time is growing dim;  
The light to come in Him will o'er them stand.  
Away the foolish babble, paltry strife,  
Christ comes to live in those who live the Life." \*

\* But as regards this principle of full emancipation from the necessity of any kind of religious creed or dogmatic confession in all who would enter into the social unity, see future pages, further on, where this is more fully spoken of. Only it should be said here that although Mr.

Some were of the simplest working class, and others persons of culture and social position. Each individual was a special type of some particular branch of the human family. Even at the very first, when the number barely made up the twelve altogether, there were representatives of both the Northern and Southern States of America, also of England, Scotland, and Ireland; individuals also of French and German descent; and, later on, quite a number of Japanese of the Samuri class, who came in Mr. Oliphant's wake. Some of these became permanent and intimate adherents, true to the death, and whom all Mr. Oliphant's subsequent endeavours to break up the solidarity of the Society, and to bankrupt its fortunes, failed to seduce; and some of them attained to very high administrative offices in Europe in the service of their country years afterwards. But this is not being written to give news regarding mere personalities; and no more need be said, beyond the above passing reference, as to the scandals against Mr. Harris's good name that grew out of the very

Harris affirmed the absolute Divine and personal supremacy of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the writer of this narrative feels called, in the unity of the Breath, with all who receive it consciously in the life, to affirm the derivative supremacy of the King—the King-Queen, twain-one, from their Heaven in Lilistan—as being, in point of fact, the centre and fountainhead of perfect law for the structural edification both of the individual man and of humane society in the world, yet this must never be understood in a restrictive sense, but only as being rather the all-needed Divine-natural liberating power that upholds with efficiency the above-said principle of absolute emancipation, as determined by vital experience in conscious organic evolution.

Therefore, they who aim to establish, wheresoever, a pure order of socialism in the world are, in the commencement, right in proclaiming that they will allow no prescriptive dogmatic creeds of religion to enter into their system. To do otherwise would be to exclude multitudes of the best and noblest of men who are really most ripe for Divine-natural association; and the proof of who or what is the real source of vital law can only be found and affirmed through the evolution of life itself in each and all, as the above-quoted verses declare.

LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE!



misleading biography of Mr. Oliphant, published soon after his death; they were sufficiently refuted at the time by the present writer in letters to *The London Standard*, and by the late Mr. C. W. B. Pearce in the *Glasgow Daily Mail*. The memory of those attacks is now felt as though obliterated from all minds and hearts among us.

Only there is one name ought to be particularly recorded, that of Miss Jane Lee Waring, a lady of a well-known highly-respected New England family, as in the after time, several years after Mr. Harris's second wife had passed on from the external to the internal service, she was called to fill that sacred and highly responsible place that had so become vacant, and was duly married to Mr. Harris accordingly—this greatly to the content and joy of all members of the Society. She had joined The Use almost at the very commencement, and remained an unspeakably precious help and stay to everyone from then even until now. Also she had been one of Mr. Harris's oldest friends before The Use began, and was a member of "The Church of the Good Shepherd" while he was still its officiating minister.

All who joined The Use, whether they made their home at its centre permanently or only temporarily, were in every instance more or less partakers in the same Life and Breath, and themselves experiencing, in however inferior degree to Mr. Harris himself, similar organic changes. They were not mere external witnesses, beholding what they knew nothing of themselves. The Kingdom of God to them was not mere observation; it was within them. No one coming transiently who could not be partaker in the Life could remain, or be invited to return. The house built there was consecrated to the Holy Ghost, and was

purely, as said above, a Breath-house, overshadowed by the Holy Dove.

It should clearly be held in mind that this Breath of God in Man is a concrete and physical reality, and not a mere mystical and spiritual reality, as it was to the early disciples. The evidential fact of the New Life is that of the Divine Breath consciously received into the body of man. This is the evidence—and only possible evidence—to him, of the reality of the Christian redemption. Those who possess it, know. Without it, “knowledge” of Christ as a vital fact in the body of Humanity, either individually or socially, does not exist. But now that it has come to man, and been received by man, it can no more leave him.

“No more again, no more again,  
Shall Jesus in Sweet Yessa pass from men.  
He shall appease the hunger of the eyes  
By sight that satisfies.  
He shall appease the hunger of the breast  
In-breathing there His rest.”

For by the Breath man is uplifted into the very body of the Divine Mother. Yea, verily, those motions of the Breath, that the visited man experiences in the bosom, are motions derived from the very Divine womb, and therefore it is that man can be, and actually is, “born again”; and so is answered the scornful or sceptical question of the Israelite, “How can a man enter a second time into his mother’s womb and be born?” How sacred, then, is that Breath! How Divine is that reality of all realities!

Who, indeed, can speak with any true consciousness or sincerity of “the Brotherhood of Man”—that phrase which in these modern times is being voiced

the world over as from some deep instinct of the heart that is as yet but vaguely comprehended in the explicit mind—who but they who have been uplifted into the consciousness of having every movement of their breathing frames inruled and overruled from the very Divine Father and Mother of all life? Here and here only is the real justification of that sublime and blessed phrase, whose ever renewed utterance is tending, manifestly, gradually to unitise the hearts and souls of all mankind into the solidarity of THE ONE FAMILY all of God. So mighty a thing, so blessed a thing, and yet so simple a thing when truly known, is the old Gospel injunction, “Ye must be born again.” And even now, just above and within the clear consciousness of all the good, the world over, that Breath has begun to permeate and operate, and—though in deep silence—is preparing the organic frames of all for the great universal change that is surely at hand.

It is essentially as an effect from this also that all those movements towards peaceful arbitration between all peoples and nations, and also between all employers and employed, are being so earnestly sought for at this day, and even partially carried out. All the interiorly good in the world, being so moved upon from within by the Divine descent, can no longer endure with equanimity the ever-prevailing competitions, animosities, and wars. Also the ever-widening movements towards international socialism is another marked indication of the same.

From all that has been said it will plainly be seen that that consciousness of the Breath that the receivers of it experience is in no respect merely superficial or phenomenal; because it involves the whole man, from that supreme degree of the spirit

by which, through prayer, he holds and is held in unity with God—the Divine Father-Mother—and thence throughout all the subordinate derivatives of the life, down to the full breathings in the ultimate flesh itself.

According to the original declarations concerning the Life in the New Testament Scriptures, it was from that supreme unity of the spirit with God by which “all live unto Him” that the ultimate resurrection of the body was essentially assured—whence it was that the Lord affirmed it of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and it is now because the same supreme life of the spirit demonstrates itself to the consciousness in last and ultimate effects through the Breath so received, that man is enabled to enter into the realised demonstration of the resurrection of the body, as a fact in actual process, and so likewise into the clear realisation of that supreme fact of facts—God—being the one causal vital reality in all.

But in order to avoid misconception, it must be said that while the Divine Breath, by its personal reception in a group of social men and women, brings with it an unquestionable demonstration of the reality of the Divine redemption in Christ, yet this is not to be understood as being yet the full demonstration. It is, indeed, all-sufficiently enough, the demonstration “in process,” as above indicated, but it will not be completed until the whole race of mankind is bodily raised from the dead altogether. The one reliable test that the Lord affirmed was this: “By their fruits ye shall know them”; and until the universal fruits are reaped, the manifested fruits in any individual man, and in any limited number of social men, never can become altogether complete, emancipating them fully from the common bodily affliction that the Race

has inherited, so long as any individual of it is still weighed down thereby; and until the one universal end that is in the all-embracing Divine Purpose is fully attained. While any remain in affliction the whole body will suffer with them, and he who is most advanced of all, together with all those nearest to him, must continue most acutely, by sympathy and clear consciousness, in suffering with them likewise. They have to learn, as the Lord Himself in His incarnate person had to learn, that they must make to themselves "friends of the whole mammon of unrighteousness," so that when they themselves should otherwise fail, they may be received in these last "into everlasting habitations."

This is the only kind of "everlasting life" that ever can be.

It is impossible—or it feels impossible—ever to make known to the general reader through what agonising experiences of the beloved pivotal Twain-One it was that the immense body of truth prosaically condensed in the above paragraph was gained by him, and lyrically sung from time to time, as grain by grain every iota of it was purchased, as by coin of vital gold. All of which is found especially made known in the great body of written revelations concerning the redemption of the Hells.

When any individual came to The Use, from whatever direction, nation, or class, the main word to him always was ever this, directly from Mr. Harris himself, "Look to God"; and later, after the Breath was received, "Breathe deep"—which, when rightly understood, is essentially the same thing, in practical, or ultimate, degree. There were, except occasionally and exceptionally, no set forms of religious worship in the ordinary sense. For Mr. Harris, that was all over



with at this time, as an ordinary thing, after having resigned his ministerial office with his New York congregation.\* Every thing depended upon how deeply and truly each one sought God himself in secret prayer. This was the one necessity at the beginning, and ever continued to be the supreme necessity to the end. Without it none of the Divine result sought for could possibly have followed. And here also was vital safety. Since the general introduction and pursuit of spiritualism, through

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\* But hymns of the New Life were sung together in hearty unison; and at this time the favourite one was this:

WITH ROSES WREATHE THE DRUM.

With roses wreathe the drum;  
 With olive twine the sword;  
 Behold, in peaceful triumph come  
 The armies of the Lord.  
 Not theirs to bring distress,  
 Or crowd the gory tomb;  
 With corn they sow the wilderness,  
 And bid the deserts bloom.

With roses wreathe the drum;  
 With olive twine the sword;  
 Crowned with fraternal blessings come  
 The armies of the Lord.  
 Long as the ages roll,  
 Their triumph shall increase:  
 Humanity has found its goal  
 In earth's industrial peace.

With roses wreathe the drum;  
 With olive twine the sword;  
 The armies of Messiah come,  
 Led onward by the Word.  
 Released from all her pains,  
 The world that wept forlorn  
 Lifts to the Lord her joyful strains:  
 The Golden Age is born.

Also, as all ate together at one common board, Mr. Harris himself, when able, being present, with hands joined there was earnest grace and thanksgiving in spontaneous phrase such as is wholly unrecordable. Likewise at times, *according as internal states demanded*, there were uttered prayers and words of intimate instruction directly from the spirit—that might be termed “sermons”—that were too sacred, special, and intimate to bear being repeated for every eye and ear, even if they could be perfectly recalled.

"hypnotism," and other means used for developing occult conditions, the organisms of all men have gradually been becoming so sensitively open that all the old natural providential defences of the inner personality have been for the most part broken down, even among those who have hardly taken any part in séances, or been consciously mesmerised or hypnotised. The general state has been and is spreading among men simply like a contagion, or rather through the common atmosphere of the world like an epidemic, and almost without observation. Because of it all men are becoming liable, more than ever before, to an utter abject slavery to the "princes of the powers of the air"—who are not all necessarily disembodied spirits by any means. Any strong man can become such a one who gives his whole natural will-force full play over other men. This is the essential cause of every breach of vital order in the world, and may be called practically one of the main original causes of "sin" itself. One line of Mr. Harris's verse indicates the only righteous alternative:

"NOR WILL SURVIVES SAVE AS GOD'S WILL IS DONE."

When thus the old natural will of the man dies—the will of the old natural self—so dies likewise, in essence, the old natural soul, and so the ground is cleared for laying the foundation of the new natural man in Christ, whose new body through faithfulness may become that body of the resurrection which shall inherit immortality. But in the meantime the simple truth is this: that now no man can call his soul his own, and there is no longer any safety for him except in God; and God has only one way of uplifting him into safety, and that is by the Holy Ghost—the Breath of God in man.

Mr. Harris's chief aim, in the first place, was to free all who came to him from such occult dangers, for until this was done no solid foundation in the life could be laid; and by this order of "look to God" issued to each one, and continually renewed, he made himself the foe of every species of hypnotism, conscious or unconscious. Also he *demagnetised*, and exhorted everyone to demagnetise himself continually, as the needful correlative and support of his internal holding and fight for life and liberty. And from his own advanced and central position in the midst of all he was enabled to serve everyone who was doing his best to hold in God within his own spirit. Thus power also descended both to himself and all who were so holding, to bind and cast out the evil invading spirits, and so to clear the internal atmosphere, in the midst of which all lived and breathed and had their being. This power came usually when the fourth degree of the Breath was opened.

The Breath came to all as a two-fold consciousness, being both of the spirit and of the body, though without doubt it varied exceedingly in each individual; and the spirit in each bore witness to the true divinity of the Breath in all its effects in the body, while the body in its conscious uplift above the essential elements of disease and death in itself bore witness to the fact that that Breath was surely from Him who in Himself—or rather in that body of the debased humanity of this orb which He had assumed—had first overcome all disease and all death.

Again, the Breath was two-fold in another way. It did not always come as delight and joy; it came sometimes also—and often—as pain and sorrow. Not that it had any sorrow in itself, but frequently it must needs evoke grievous sorrow in those to whom

it came, while still with so much of both sin and disease within them that must be overcome; and ere they can be overcome they must needs first be sensitively and painfully realised in the consciousness as they never had been before; for it quickened the consciousness of sin in the soul, and also brought out into more acute manifestation those latent diseases of the body that were the more immediate effects of sin. Thus this dying of the old life in man is, most properly speaking, a dying of Death itself in the body of Man; and so it is to be perceived that it is a Breath that brings with it at the same time both Death and Life. No man or woman could endure to abide long who had not given himself or herself up inmost to the pure will of God without condition. All suffered, but Mr. Harris most of all, because he was the first and foremost, having therefore himself to move ahead in utter solitude on that unknown way that was beyond the experience of every forerunner. In a deep sense the Lord alone was with him there, and no man beside: no, nor any spirit or angel, for no one of all the sons of God, but only the Lord Himself as incarnate man, had ever come there.

But Mr. Harris suffered more than all the others for another reason; and this now makes it necessary to speak here more fully of the associative law.

No individual man can be saved alone. If others could not have been raised up from the dead in unison with him, Mr. Harris would eventually have become a martyred man no less truly than had the Lord, though in some different way; and because of this has loomed up always the possibility of his physical destruction before his whole mission was fulfilled, from the inability of those associated with him to persevere to the end. Except in so far as the

process has actually commenced, by which, as a unity, the whole Race is being raised up in bodily resurrection, no individual man can himself reach a certain state of organic advance without becoming a sacrifice. All the ills with which the unfit ones are afflicted would clutch hold of him organically and destroy his natural life.

Those associates were called to serve as a nucleus for the quickening of the whole body of mankind, and of those especially who are destined to survive hereafter, to perpetuate a race of men in pure Godliness of life. For this one end and purpose it was that at that specified time and place in the year 1861, Mr. Harris was called in God to commence the organisation of this social circle, and to which was given this only name and designation, THE USE. But in doing this he had to take on into his own body all the burdens of both spiritual and bodily diseases that every member of it was oppressed by, except in so far as each one was able to hold, by inherent godliness, to himself all such burdens. Very few could do this in any great degree, and altogether—not one. Therefore, all the remainder that made up the overflow of ills came by necessity upon him, the foremost and central personality, and he had to bear them altogether. What this involved of suffering no man can imagine but those who were there present to witness it, and even they only very partially. Those there indeed could truly say of him, as was said of old of Another, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

This is not being written for any purpose of laudation, but only according to best ability to present an exact narrative. Beyond question it is a matter of the utmost importance that the world should be



made aware of the simple truth concerning this most momentous affair. And perhaps the reason why it has so far been unable, except very exceptionally, to take direct instruction concerning the Life, from Mr. Harris's own published words, is because he speaks from so high a ground, and from such an advanced state, that these words are too far over the heads of men. Also another cause may be this: Mr. Harris's words are all those of a mighty poet, and essentially lyrical even when they assume the outward form of prose; and this is fundamental to the revelation: it never otherwise could have descended. But in the present state of the world all ears are not prepared or accustomed to take the words of poetry as those pertaining to veritable substantial fact in the everyday life of men. Therefore, here the purpose is to tell only of concrete accomplished experiences, and to present all things in their simplest aspect. Notwithstanding that, however, these simple things keep opening continually into the great Infinite. But that is only because they are truly alive, and that it is the nature of all truly living things so to do. The aim is to make the account as clear as possible, while still preserving the vital element that throbs in every fact presented.

## CHAPTER II.

TOWARDS the close of the preceding chapter the associative law was being spoken of, and some of the terrible conditions that that law involved. But as a set off to this, and because at this stage it seems a necessity, here now will have to be introduced into the scene some account of the blessed host of the Fairies, who came in as a most merciful and delightful boon to all, directly from the bosom of the Divine Mother, to mitigate to the utmost possible degree all our afflictions. The delight they brought is beyond expression.

There is a wonderful truth of reality behind all those fables of Fairyland handed down in Folklore. It is indeed true that

"A deeper import  
Lurks in the legend taught our infant years  
Than lies upon that truth we lived to learn."

But the veritable facts of Fairyland, as now made known, far surpass all that legendary lore supplies.

[But oh, you poor writer! do not tremble at the very threshold. Perhaps all hearts are not hard as flint, as you are tempted to think, and all ears deaf to the still small voice of the innermost ideal world—that "least of all and servant of all." Perhaps not! Is not God alive? and is not the Innermost of all His own veritable and especial dwelling-place? Take heart, then, and penetrate valiantly to the very core of core. Though all superficial optimism may prove

to be but the most veritable folly, yet here, here it has found indeed its sure and eternal base—that Rock that lies under all the drifting sands of the desert of life, on which if a man lays the foundation of his house it will stand unshaken and indestructible, in the face of all the rains that fall, and winds that can blow and beat upon it forever.]

As Carlyle most truly says in one of his early essays, in phrase like this: "Truth, if it could indeed be truly known, would be found to be infinitely more wonderful than any Fiction, and in intrinsic quality infinitely more beautiful." The quotation is from memory, but such golden words lie buried somewhere in the older strata of his writings. All Art is only imitation: and all BEAUTY is primarily in the actualities and facts themselves that are of the growth of Nature—namely, the flowers, the trees, the skies, the many plumaged birds of the air; all the living creatures of the earth; and, lastly and supremely, the Human form Divine.

But what are the true Fairies? They are the minutest of the minute; impeccable Innocences, all in the human form; all as varied and distinct in character and feature as are the individuals of the human race of men; and even more so, because, from the imperfections of men, the original capacities of these for varied development have become shrunk and limited. Yet, with all this, the Fays are all infantile Innocences in character, and from their extreme minuteness of form, when the world is restored to its destined perfection there may, in some instances, be as great a multitude of Fays to one individual man as there are of men to the whole world at the present time. But being of such an extreme minuteness, they cannot be actually

seen objectively by man in his present state, unless what is known as "aromal vision" is providentially opened in him, as it was with Mr. Harris, that so he might fulfil his Divinely-given mission to men. Yet this fay vision is really latent in all, for what constitutes the Divine germ in every man, and so is the innermost essence of his being, is really a fairy; and when he is restored fully to his original innocence that vision will open likewise. As mankind becomes regenerate, both spiritually and bodily they flock into the inner spaces of the human form in multitudes to work for the building up of the new body, freighted with the Divine mirth and gladness, and dispensing throughout the bosom and whole frame an ineffable joy that is indescribable to the understanding of any who have not experienced it.\*

But in the beginning there are times when multitudes of them come clad in armour, as warriors and destroyers of evil forms:

"Man's wintry age they first destroy,  
Then weave his robe of resurrection."

How are they known? They are known by the Breath, as God Himself is known. They are known

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\* It was before the close of the first half of last century that the clear revelation of Fay life in man commenced to be given, and it was long subsequently to that time that the world of Science—the science of observation—groped its way into some knowledge of the fact that all manner of *disease* has myriads of microbes—veritable forms of independent life—as its essential cause. But the true forms of minutest life from God, that constitute the basis of man's real *health* and *strength* in perfect normal order, are absolutely veiled from its eye, however aided by microscope or other advanced means of analysis. And even of disease, it is only the larger, grosser forms that such methods of observation are able to discover; for the deepest and most real forms even of disease are absolutely veiled from its vision, being practically infinitesimal. Yet it is to be hoped that these late discoveries in the field of the world's science of observation, concerning disease and its causes, will help its more unprejudiced minds to rise to the possibility of embracing the real Divine-natural conception of life in its purity.

by this, that if any open breathing man should for an instant begin to think that their existence is only a fond imagination, and no reality, he would immediately begin to feel as if about to suffocate, and as if the rigours of death were stealing over him; but when he hears of them believingly and joyfully, life seems to thrill again through every fibre of his being. They come with the Breath, and they also herald the Breath. Mr. Harris himself, bearing witness, has said, that when any man begins for the first time to draw in that Divine Breath, a Fay Angel who had, ere rising to the Heavens, inhabited the Lord's own body while yet on earth, stands in the portal of the lungs, like the Angel with the flaming sword who descended to the gateway of Paradise when Adam and Eve were driven forth, to guard the way of the Tree of Life: and it is only because of the presence of this Divine Fay Angel there, that the man is able to begin to breathe that living Breath.

For the reason that the Fays themselves are not visible to the eyes of any man until he is gifted with the fay-sight, as was Mr. Harris himself, with regard to all particulars concerning them, others are necessarily dependent upon the true Seer. And this is also the case, as a general rule in the present state of the world, with regard to all genuine subjective and supernal knowledge. But that is a large subject. This only can be said at present: the God-given Seer bears reliable witness to "the Truth"—the essential proximate truth of God, and of all that is practically intermediate between God and man. Such seership is a necessity to all men who are in any degree rising Godwards, or who have the desire so to rise. This was one main service that Christ Himself

claimed—"To this end was I born, that I should bear witness to the Truth"; and every chosen and appointed messenger of His can only fulfil his mission in the degree in which he can render like service. As says the Hebrew proverb, "When there is no vision the people perish." But when the Fays spoke through Mr. Harris's voice, as they did at this time almost constantly, the Breath in every bosom responded, as surely and truly, as the perfectly tuned and toned receiver in wireless telegraphy responds to the telegrapher. But it is only God's Breath in man that insures such response to every such manifestation. All those uncertainties in Religion that have ever rendered her weak have been from the absence of this responsive Divine Breath. But the voices of the "Little Brothers" were ever home-voices to every open breathing bosom; and indeed this whole disclosure of the true Fairyland, and the true Fay life, is one of the most wonderful, enchanting, and eye-opening revelations ever granted to our over-saddened humanity through any poetic muse. The beloved poet, Blake, gave some slight foregleams of it; also the universal Shakespeare; but the latter in many fantastic forms which, however delightful and charming in way of playful sport, do yet, if regarded as in any respect a presentation of real Fay life, shed dishonour on the name of those pure Divine infantile Innocences that must have come to his deep spirit, far within and above his outward consciousness, from the very Divine Mother Herself, their only source and fountain-head. And (speaking through Mr. Harris) the Fairies themselves affirmed that they had so visited him, and that he had misappropriated their gifts. Hence the resulting presentations which he gave of them can only be designated as



*Phantasmagoria.* And, secretly, Shakespeare himself must have known—or at least suspected—this when he thought of the ass's head for Bottom's crowning, and made him say, "I have had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was!" and again, "he is but an ass who would go about to expound that dream!" At first, when the Fairies spoke of him, they called him "Wicked Will"; but Mr. Harris did not know, nor for some time afterwards, of whom it was they were then speaking. However, later on, they must have forgiven him when he was received up into Lilistan—as is told in "Star Flowers," issued in 1887.

To borrow a pertinent remark from Emerson, what Shakespeare wrote concerning all the subjects of his muse was "merely a whiff of smoke to that most private reality with which he conversed." However, though it has been only indicated outwardly in like indirect and remote ways, the Fays, it is declared, have never entirely lost touch with humanity throughout the ages.

But, as this subject is most fundamental to the right understanding of the whole principles of the Life, for a true presentation regarding the Fays in general, here follow quotations from Mr. Harris's own words, both prose and verse, where alone it can be found; and if any feel at first unable to respond with faith to the claim for their concrete vital reality, they can let the question remain open in the meantime until it is either confirmed or not, later, as the inner Breath and its fruitions evolve to maturity, they being the only real test.

#### *The Divine Origin of the Fay.*

It is written in the first volume of the "Arcana of Christianity," published in 1857. Of this account an abridgment must be attempted.

It is said that in every Angel in the Heavens there is an inmost place that is termed "The Shekina." This is the seat of God's own dwelling in him, whence his whole being is filled with light, and all things therein appear in their own perfection of truth. It is from this supreme point of view the statement is made.

When, upon orderly earths, the infantile spirit first of all takes its place in the womb there is visible to the eye of the angels a perfect human form, complete even to the hair of the head and the colour of the eyes; but it is ever invisible to perception on the natural plane. In the interior mind of this tender plant of life lie the rudiments of the organs of the expanded powers which the angels possess in Heaven. Such of these germs of the human race as "are not received into the auras," and procreated into natural human forms, do not become extinct, nor do they ever sink into the hells. They are in all respects, save in the ability to become men and women and to develop an angelic selfhood, like the human family. These are in their form celestial-human, their varieties are numberless, their beauty exquisite, and their affections immortally infantile. Their existence is passed in the atmosphere of the Heavens in a perpetual delight. They are called "seed." They indulge in the most tender caresses one with the other, and are closely allied in genus with the fecundating principle in plants, being frequently seen rising in the Heavens from the blossoms over which they preside. Upon the orderly earths of the Universe they exist in untold multitudes, distributed through every zone of every orb. Through them descends the fecundating principle into the vegetable matrices. They have a terrestrial life resembling that of the human race,

and undergo corresponding transformations, though in a perpetual innocence and littleness of form. The literatures of the nations of the Earth are copiously enriched and illumined with the vibrations and adumbrations of this truth.

Upon our Earth these infantile kingdoms still exist. All such plants as typify the celestial affections are their pavilions and bowers. They are frequently visible, even upon our Earth, to little children during their first infancy, but are so sensitive to moral good and evil that they fly the presence of most of the inhabitants of the world. From such portions of the Earth as are most under the influence of impurities they are gone, and are confined to those localities where human nature is least corrupt, or where the poisonous sphere of human self-love is restrained from impregnating the aroinal chalices of the flowers. They grow to tender infantile consciousness within the bosoms of the inhabitants of the orderly worlds, and flow into the mammaries of the wives of the Heavens. They delight in the endearments of conjugal associates, and sometimes single out a married pair upon the orderly earths, and, like little sportive aeriform children, they hive themselves within the wifely bosom, being found as well with the beloved counterpart. There are corresponding pairs in each bosom. These are the little graces of the breast.

Emanuel Swedenborg saw these in the Heavens like sportive children in the atmosphere; and such as still lingered in the pastoral haunts of the English Poets were permitted to impress the gentle soul of Edmund Spencer. Some of them also were felt in the slumbers of the youthful Milton, and they flitted in throngs, almost like palpable imaginations, before

the entranced vision of the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." They are attracted by the sphere of children, and frequently select little infants, weaving in their minds the most delicate tissues of poetic visions. When babies are seen with open eyes smiling in the cradle, and reaching out the hand to grasp invisible objects, these airy guests are often forming tableaux in the sunlit air. They delight in pictorial representation, and float through the ether sometimes in collections resembling in form doves, skylarks, and nightingales. The fairies will be visible to men upon our Earth when that degree of sight called natural-aromal shall be restored to them. As the human body becomes demagnetised from the poisonous injections of infernal demons, their melodious voices will be heard responding with a faint exquisite music to the high and holy inspirations of the Divine Love, and the Fay world will delight the vision; while the joyous and animated loves and graces will form a new link in the golden circle of affection which zones and unites in one the human universe.

It is given them to see the Lord in a miniature sun, by means of which He adapts His Divine Love to their plane of vision. Were our Earth's inhabitants restored to Divine order they would fill our atmospheres and robe the landscape with a tender angelic grace. They can only inhabit the bosoms of the pure of heart. There is a low love song in every bosom where they dwell. They generate their own kind with an endless fecundity, but under conditions of infantile purity. There are families of them in a single rose, and they pass from one to another hived within the aromal sphere. Sometimes they are seen rising in a purple mist from

the banks of violets in a summer eve, all enveloped in a sea of perfume in which they sport. Their aromal forms are finally exhaled away with a breath of sweet music, after which they live anew in the second life, when they are seen gathered together both in the Natural, Spiritual, and the Celestial Heavens.

Thus, in form of prose, is given in essentials the universal history and origin of the Fay; and here below are given poetical extracts which portray the benign activities of all Fay life as it is expended on this Earth for the restoration and uplift of the human race who inhabit it.

#### THE WOOD FAYS.

The wisdom of the golden times,  
 When Earth the child was young  
 Flows round my heart in playful rhymes  
 That heavenly maids have sung;  
 And I will weave a poem rare  
 As music that is fed,  
 Where kisses laugh into the air  
 From lovers newly wed.

Ere a seed can live and grow  
 Veiled in dusty earth below,  
 Gliding through its atmosphere  
 Fairy Angels hover near.  
 In the germ its own bright fay  
 Wakens at the word they say,  
 Growing with a still delight,  
 Fed from Heaven by day and night.  
 Not a plant on earth is born  
 But is robe by fairy worn.  
 I have found your hallowed grot,  
 Hermit fays\* by man forgot.  
 What is Nature? it is all  
 Art World of the fairy small.

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\* Of Bolton Abbey.

## FAIRY LIFE.

The universe is made of tiny men :  
In holy infancy their endless lives  
Round ever to an orb of perfect light :  
And matter, in its varying forms and hues  
And subtle harmonies of airy flame,  
Is their pavilion, where, in choral dance,  
They weave the flying tapestry of space.  
These are the fays of Nature, brethren small  
To Angels and the radiant human kind ;  
And love of good and truth, for their own sakes,  
And the creative blessedness they bring,  
And love of God, who is the Good and True,  
Is the religion of the Fairy world ;  
Nor can they ever fall away from this,  
But bloom and ripen with an infant's joy.

To the small fay man is a universe,  
The brain a sun, the lungs a galaxy ;  
Man holds a constellation in his hand  
Of fairy people, hymning in the tides  
Of the red heart-life through the veins that flow.  
All the fay kind within the human form  
Are lifeless germs of being, till the Lord,  
In His great Second Coming, animates  
Their infant bodies : then they wake at first  
As Adam woke in Eden, 'neath the tree  
Of the soul's life, in whose ripe fruit they grew.  
Within the breast they find a Paradise,  
And are the primates of their own sweet race.  
As man becomes regenerate, in Love's  
Inmost transfiguration, he puts on  
Immortal newness ; fairy families  
From all the lungs that inwardly inspire  
In God Messiah's fulness, make their way  
Throughout the frame's proportions, till, at last,  
The body thrills instinct with fairy life,  
While from each heart Messiah breathes His love.

The fairy world from Adam was withdrawn  
Because he sinned ; but inly breathing men,



Who followed in the world's first Golden Age,  
 Received the precious gift, till Love declined :  
 But when internal respiration ceased,  
 The fairy peoples of humanity,  
 Remote in woods, and fields, and dewy flowers,  
 Found homes within the human breast no more.

But now they cry that "Christ their Life is come  
 And they in glory are to reign with Him."  
 The fay millennium dawns upon their sphere  
 When men first breathe from God Messiah's fires.

As the new Eden grows from heart to heart,  
 In our dear Lord's Divine Humanity,  
 The fay race gather, from Caribbean Isles,  
 Or spicy groves of Indus and Cathay,  
 Or England's gardens, gay with varied bloom,  
 Or northern mountains, rich with balmy pines.  
 Their ensigned hosts display, in burnished helm  
 And lances like the beams of happy eyes,  
 And surcoats woven as of bridal smiles,  
 Some peaceful counterpart of that great war  
 Which the regenerate in spirit know.

They haste to claim the pure wife's yielding breast,  
 Or build their homes within her tender eyes,  
 Or doubly consecrate the hallowed lips  
 And charm the soul with paradisal joy.  
 Then voice in voice, and thought in thought, and love  
 Insphered in love declare their blissful reign :—  
 Such life as this lost Eve, when Paradise  
 With all its fairy people fled away.

The above extracts are from "Regina," a poem written in the autumn of 1859.

#### THE DIVINE CHILD.

He who the Fairy Word unfolds,  
 In Fairyland his Lord beholds.

"God, who is First and Last," he said,  
 "From largest Creatures to the least,  
 Makes Presence manifold and sweet ;

Saviour and Saviouress are led  
Through all, that all may in Him feast,  
And blend in worship at His feet.

"Lord Jesus was a Fairy Child,  
In form of light from Heaven led down ;  
Before to earthly sight He smiled,  
And taught the World from David's town.

"If you should meet the Christ-Child now,  
Though choirs of Angels round Him stand ;  
The fairy crown begems His brow,  
And He is King of Fairyland."

"All size is relative," he said—  
The Angel of the far degree :  
"The Christ-Child graced a fairy's bed :  
With fairy gifts well pleased was He.

"For man is born by many births,  
And through them all Lord Christ came down ;  
While Heavens enrobed themselves in Earths,  
To worship Him in David's town.

"God made Himself a Little Child,  
That Heavens, and all the hosts of them,  
Might hail the Fairy Saviour, mild  
And meek, in New Jerusalem.

"The Fairy loveth to think that he  
His own dear Lord as a Fay may see.  
The Fairy knoweth that God Most High,  
In the form of a Fay to him draws nigh.

"Stately Angels, fair and tall,  
In the fields of Paradise,  
Seem as fairy people small,  
Seen as by the inner size.

"To the vision of the Son of Man,  
Each new born Heaven takes form as a lamb ;  
But the Ancient Heavens as ewes abroad,  
Leading their lambs on the Hills of God."

## CHRIST INFAYED.

When Lord Christ toiled as Joseph's boy,  
The Fairy wove his robe of joy.  
Crowned with a fairy diadem,  
Child Jesus sought Jerusalem.  
He taught the Elders whom He saw  
Of wisdom not in Moses' law.  
They said, "where found the Child His lore?  
Than Priest and Seer He knoweth more."

Not from the sea ; not from the strand ;  
Not from the Temple's hoary band !  
With fairy hosts He there did stand :  
His was the lore of Fairyland.

He touched the chords of Nature so,  
That heavenly song began to flow ;  
And every leaf on every tree  
Divined and drew the melody.

Forth from His Bosom swept the choirs  
Of Fairyland, for sweet desires.  
He clasped them in His tender joy :  
For Him they wrought their swift employ.  
His loving thought, His healing force,  
Moved in their Fairy Universe.

His wisdom was a peopled Town,  
Where Fairy folk delighted.  
His risings up and lyings down  
Were so as if the Sun might be  
Ascending from the Fairy Sea,  
Or folding in its mystery  
For shining use requited.  
All works that Lord Christ wrought below,  
Through fairy loves unfolded so.

## CHILD JESUS.

Child Jesus beamed on Mary's breast,  
In sparkling fay-robcs purely drest.  
"This is the Child, the Golden Child" ;

The Fairy Prophet sang, and smiled :  
"He shall be called the Joyful King"!   
Then they all precious gifts did bring.

The vision of His infant eyes  
Opened through all the Fairy Skies.  
Fays were the playmates of His dreams,  
Gliding upon the silver streams  
Of Inward Infancy : they fed  
His baby lips with precious bread :  
They stored their honey in His breast :  
He saw them, when He woke from rest,  
Glancing about Him, as the small  
Sun-motes around their living ball ;  
And He was worshipped by them all.

When Fairyland makes place again,  
The Joyful King shall dwell with men.  
Breathe softly, ye who here in-wreathe,  
And Fairyland shall inter-breathe.  
Breathe softly, ye who here bestow,  
And fairy life shall form and flow,  
And make ye all as Lambs that go.

Breathe softly, ye who here attend,  
And fairy power shall inter-blend ;  
And fairy angels, who impend,  
Through your New Innocence descend.  
Breathe softly, ye who here complete  
Earth's journey at God's Mercy Seat.  
Your hands approach the bosom chords  
Of them whose form serves as the Lord's—  
God makes that form a Paradise,  
Whence fairy life your joy supplies.  
Haste! weave yourselves in Order's dress ;  
Make every thought a Loveliness.

—From "Songs of Fairyland," 1878.

Immersed in self-hood, yet apart,  
Theirs is the art transcending art,  
*To impregnate the seed of things,*  
*Wherfrom all sentient virtue springs.*

The smallest of all seeds they sow  
 Wherefrom Religion's honours grow.  
 Intact and incorrupt, they keep  
 Watch where the fleshly senses sleep,  
 And from the self-hood's baser sense  
 Protect the Virgin, Innocence.

—From "Song of Theos," 1903.

Also the following "Extra" Fairy Chronicle must be included here. Referring back to what is said in the first chapter on the need of "demagnetising," it was on account of this great and pressing need at certain times that it was dictated and written for distribution among the friends, about twenty years after this period.

#### DEMAGNETISE.

If you, dear friends, would hold your States  
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,  
 When joy within the heart abates,  
 Demagnetise, demagnetise !

If you would overcome disease,  
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,  
 Call Virtue through you like the seas :  
 Demagnetise, demagnetise !

If you would help the Golden Cause,  
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,  
 Draw Order through you by its laws :  
 Demagnetise, demagnetise !

If you would build the Social Town,  
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,  
 Tread the Magnetic Serpent down :  
 Demagnetise, demagnetise !

If you would learn the Choral Dance,  
 With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,  
 Bid Sunbeams through your hands advance :  
 Demagnetise, demagnetise !

If you would crash the Dragon's head,  
With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,  
Your open hands to Heaven outspread :  
Demagnetise, demagnetise !

If you would slay the lust that smites,  
With Fairies wise, with Fairies wise,  
Serve as the Golden Child invites :  
Demagnetise, demagnetise !

—From "Songs of Fairyland," 1878.

So much for some of the scientifics of Fay life.

But as all extracts from Mr. Harris's writings here given are for the purpose of illustrating the narrative, one more concerning the Fays will be especially necessary on this account, and will therefore be introduced also, it being a strictly narrative poem, and one to be regarded as an account or picture of their first advent into the Poet's own conscious experience. Also, it is truly a delight in itself, and must be felt as such by everyone who has the due and rightful love of all true fay lore in his heart. But it is cited likewise because it illustrates in such a simple manner the peculiar ineffable influence and uplift Godwards that the fairy presence brings to the soul of man, and also what state of man's soul it is that attracts them to him. Thus, then, sings the Poet :

"Within my heart I found a grave,  
And buried there the Pride of Fame,  
The power to seek, the thought to crave  
A grand and deathless name.

"Upon it, in a little nest,  
And small as human things can be,  
Five cooing fairies met my quest :  
I wept the sight to see.

“‘Would that I were again a child  
Like one of these,’ I cried within,  
‘So tender, lowly, meek, and mild,  
And innocent of sin.’

“The breathless thought was unexpressed,  
When in a voice to music wed,  
That slid in silence through my breast,  
The five together said :

“‘When Pride of Fame expired, we grew  
To joyous being in its place.’  
Afar the fairy bugles blew—  
Tears trembled on my face.

“‘Oh, God !’ I cried, ‘and is it so ?  
When evil loves within us die,  
Do fairies, pure as virgin snow,  
Their children multiply,

“And in us build a green retreat,  
And sing their hymeneal lays,  
And, hived within the heart, repeat  
Their litanies of praise.’”

“The answer on my spirit fell :  
‘These are My little ones, who keep  
The heart wherein I come to dwell  
A pasture for My sheep.’

“At this methought a bleating sound,  
Soft as the laughter of the rain,  
Came from the tedded grass around,  
And then He spake again.

“‘If thou would’st be an Angel wise,  
Forget thyself, and seek to be  
A fairy soul of infant size,  
In meek humility.’”



## CHAPTER III.

To resume the thread of our prose narrative:—At first all who had been invited did not have the Breath in any conscious way, but everyone was in a state of preparation from the internal for its reception; and when at length it came it opened to the full consciousness both in spirit and body. But this consciousness was with some much greater than with others, because it was dependent in great degree upon the measure of struggle through which the opening ensued. In those to whom it came first the struggle was the greatest, because the resistances were then most immense, both from the inherited organism of each individual and from the whole worldly environment. As the advance ensued from each to each the resistances grew measurably less and less; but in Mr. Harris himself, he being the first of all, the omnipotent power of the Lord alone caused the Breath to commence, and also caused each degree of the same to open in turn; and at last carried him triumphantly through the great "Transition"; but this also not without his own immense co-operation. Hence with him the consciousness of the Breath surpasses that of all others.

It was some years before this time that the opening of the first degree in himself took place, as will be more particularly spoken of later on, and he was not the first man in the world, even in historical times, to whom it came. It had come to George Fox, whose flesh quaked from its presence, urging

him on in his Divinely-given mission. But in him it could not advance beyond its incipient stage. Again, it came to Swedenborg, as he himself bore witness; but with him, too, it could only be incipient, the reason being the same as has been given above—that in order for its advance to become possible beyond a certain point, men must begin to associate in true Divine order. Of George Fox, it is true that he formed a society of “Friends,” but they were not organised in any such order as is necessary to enable the Breath to advance through its seven degrees to the death of the old animal soul, and so to the incoming of the new, that shall be wholly of the regeneration. This could not yet be, because the time was not yet ripe for it; and so with Swedenborg it could not be for the same reason. But both of these men had true Divine missions, and prepared the way for the future.

As already said, the Breath descends in seven degrees; and each degree opens to the consciousness in entirely distinct forms of breathing, quite recognisable by the recipient, and these remain with him continuously and never leave him, but serve as a perpetual consciousness of the Divine Presence with him while he continues to remain faithful to the call of the Divine Voice within. But all the experiences have endless differences in their form and order, according to the peculiar differences in character and organisation in each individual, and also according to the special circumstances under which he passes through all the degrees. The varieties, indeed, are endless, looked at universally; but all that are here spoken of are what have been clearly authenticated in living experience, and by direct knowledge of the writer, who here bears witness.

With all this, and as if there were no deep experiences whatever connected with the life, all were living outwardly in the simplest manner possible, digging, trenching, cutting, hewing, and hauling firewood from the woods for winter's use; gathering the apples of the orchard; doing all our household and out-of-doors work with our own hands, having no hired service whatever. Being willing ourselves to serve was the one first condition, outwardly speaking, upon which the Life could be lived. No one desiring to be idle, and not to serve with the others, could have retained the Breath for an instant without its becoming subject to furious and fatal attack from the inversive breath of the world and of the infernal spirits of evil below the world. This was and ever is fundamental.

In these things, too, Mr. Harris himself was foremost, and no exception. With hands which were at first white and tender, he essayed to do the roughest kind of work, such as building stone wall and hoeing and hand weeding in rough and stony ground. One day he was seen taking with him to the outside door of the kitchen a gentleman, lately arrived, who had never been accustomed to do any such work, and, to encourage him, began himself to causeway a space in front of it, having at the same time one of his sons to bring him the necessary material from plots of ground near by; and he kept steadily at it until the work was complete. At this time, also, he took part in whatever other work was going on of a lighter nature, however humble. Had he not done so, the advance in his organic state would have come to a stand-still, for he had not yet passed through his

transition. Such are the doors, the "lowly doors," the only doors by which man can enter into the Kingdom of God. Had he shrunk back from such humble manual service he never could have attained to the verge of the Transition, much less have passed triumphantly through; and his physical life would have surely come to a premature end. And even as it was, there remained until the last great doubt as to whether he could survive, for the old natural strength was waxing lower and lower every day and hour, and every preparation was being solicitously made for the possibility of the other alternative. Great fear was in every mind until at last the end came in triumph. And this was purely for the reason that he fulfilled to the letter that Divine counsel of the Master, who said, "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye will find rest unto your souls." Thus, too, only was fulfilled the prophetic prayer of David, that was never fulfilled for himself, "Let me die the death of the Righteous, and let my latter end be like His." But deeply, and in most cases probably all unconsciously, is coming to all, with an inner potency that nothing can any more turn aside or resist, that same Divine Breath, seeking with its infinite Mother-solicitude the full re-birth and redemption of the whole Race as one.

About a year before this time Mr. Harris, foreseeing that towards which the Spirit was leading him, wrote the following five little verses:

"The idle mind affects in youth  
The trick of sighing;  
And lips unskilled in real ruth  
Rhyme oft of dying.

"But souls by inmost anguish tried  
Must still conceal it :  
When the last love is crucified  
None dare reveal it.

"We give the world in weal or woe  
The same good morrow :  
Our words in rippling sunlight flow  
O'er floods of sorrow.

"The frequent jest of Folly's lips  
Must seem to win us :  
While meet, with awful fellowship,  
The dead within us ;

"Till the funereal cup we fill,  
And give no token  
How long we bore, concealing still  
A spirit broken."

And not long after that it was that he retired for a time, absolutely, from all speech with the outward world, as has been told.

Also, it should be said, that besides the work for the daily needs of the household, and the outdoor work above spoken of, certain ones felt called to apprentice themselves, as it were, to some trade—that is to say, to learn and practise it from the very foundation ; one, for instance, to be a tailor, another a shoemaker, one husband and wife to take up the laundry business, and so with others of the most necessary manual industries. Of the first mentioned—that of the tailor—Mr. Harris, quoting the ordinary saying that "a tailor is but the ninth part of a man," added, "But to make a true tailor in the spirit and service of the Kingdom of God would take more of real human virtue than is possessed by any nine entire men in the whole world, under its present conditions." Also he said,

"the garments with which men are clothed that have been made by the hands of those in frail and miserable condition of body, are occultly saturated with their state, and they who don and wear them are interiorly oppressed throughout their whole flesh thereby. All the debased passions, likewise, of such unhappy workmen, with all the diseases that pertain to them and flow from them, are infused into every thread and tissue of which such clothes are made; and this is one of the chief means by which the essential elements of disease are continually spread among all the people." Such trades, therefore, were taken up accordingly, not for the purpose of lowering all men to one base level, but rather to uplift every trade, and to glorify each one of them by infusing into them the noble freedom and joy of purely unselfish work in the common service.

But more fully to illuminate this subject, here will be given an extract from "The Holy City," written nearly nineteen years after this time (1880). It is what Swedenborg would have truly called "A MEMORABLE RELATION."

'Lord Jesus appeared afterward and said, "My son, you have been through the palaces of the garment-making profession in the city, and have partaken of the food by which they make cheer. One by one I will adopt all useful trades outwardly, as you see Me in this work: and take them into Myself as you see this one taken into Me. But your Mother has a word to say—your Mother, the Tailoress!" Soon after that the All-Beautiful came forth clothed from head to foot in raiment of fine needlework: the diadem on Her brow was of diamonds and pearls, and in Her shoes were rubies and sapphires. So the Mother sat down, but veiled,

and when the child worshipped she said, "O child! because you have known that your Mother is the needlewoman, and have desired to embody in the needlewoman's craft below this quality of her perfection, therefore I lift my veil."

'The child said, "Mother, Mother!" and was overcome. Then the Mother said, "Be not overcome by me, but take your Mother for an illustration of what the needlewoman shall be as she is gathered by her similars in the Holy City, and in the familistery. More blood of life flows away to death through the fingers of sorrow in the needlewoman than is spilled in all the battlefields. Arise, shine! let thy light go out to the uttermost of man: for I am come to avenge the workwoman, and to manifest my ways when she is delivered from her persecutors. Only be thou patient for a little time, and thou shalt see my way."

'Afterward Lord Jesus said, "Calm yourself, my child": then the servant became calm: so the Lord took bread again and fed him for a new multiplication of energy, making a brown loaf and placing it in his hands. But when the servant by means of the hands had absorbed the bread, the substance broke into little globules, and passed into the general circulation of the body, producing rhythm in the brain and in the mind, and leaving a taste sweeter than honey on the palate. "This," spoke the Lord, "is of the quality of the food which they partake of in the Kingdom when one labour is finished, and after it they go into rest. Go with me a little further on."

'The servant passed thence into a commandery of the cordwainers, and opposite it was a familistery of the ladies employed in their appropriate branch



of the same service, little girls and boys being with them. The beauties of the companion palaces were indescribable, because the places of our Lord's feet and of our Lady's feet must be made glorious. Here again our Lady came forth, saying, "Child, you saw in the interior residence your Lord making a pair of slippers, and here you will behold that quality of His substance evolved into those I wear now, and passing thence, by multiplications, through the hands of the ladies and gentlemen employed in the same avocation to pervade and vitalise the footgear that they fashion in their daily use. Behold the divinity that is incorporated, by means of our substance, in all the finites of useful toil. The substance of energy passes up through the limbs from the footgear, invigorating the wearer by constant issuance: both the poetry and melody of motion pass through the shoes into the frame. Of old, your Lord taught them to wash each other's feet: here He has taught them to make the shoes, by the form of holiness, according to its qualities and degrees. Thus, dear one, shalt thou instruct when there is a place prepared in the outward kingdom; and by the shoes that shall so be made we will impart life, vigour, persistence, and the joy of All in all. Go forth from this time into a new speciality." One of the knights of the commandery of cordwainers said afterward, "Our commandery occupies the palace next to that occupied by the commandery of tailors, so that we are comrades, and their banner crosses with ours in the great social hall."

Such is a glorious picture of the blessed life that was descending to be received here below, and although only the most incipient degree of embodiment was proved as yet to be possible, yet in essence

it was the very same.\* Energies in their origin purely Divine and celestial; energies from the fountain-head of purely unselfish love and devotion in the common life; here found their very small beginning, hardly, indeed, outwardly to be recognised as such; yet, under God, and by means of the Breath of God, was being laid here, in first principles, the basis of SOCIETY, the basis of SOCIALISM—the only true and possible Socialism, which is THEO-SOCIALISM. This alone can permanently endure, for any other order of society is foredoomed to failure, from the inherent debased selfhood in every natural individual man causing the social structure in every case first to split, and tending finally to disintegrate, through anarchy, into absolute dust, until re-arrested by the sword.

“Let but Democracies inflame,  
Let but Plutocracies missaim,  
So the firm earth becomes a sea,  
And freedom breeds insanity.”

Mr. Harris's own wife of that time was the first after himself to come into the open Breath, and after her others one by one, gradually, but in such order of succession as need not be recorded, being a matter that is purely private and personal.

Through everything all both suffered and rejoiced

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\* From the above the reader may infer why it was in after years in California The Use adopted as its main industry the growing of vineyard, and the manufacture and sale of wine. The vines so grown, and the wine so made and dispensed by consecrated hands devoted to human service, carried with it—and still carries—in such degree and measure as God alone knows of, like substance of Divine and celestial energy, as is indicated in the above narrative, to all who receive and partake of it. Through it the curse that attends the abuse of wine is occultly met and counteracted. But by this many teetotallers were shocked, and so might also have been the ascetic disciples of John the Baptist. “But Wisdom is justified of all her children,” and no offence was intended to be given to those who sincerely object; but it was the Lord Himself who initiated the dispensing of wine to the people.

together, Mr. Harris ever rejoicing with all in the one case—and the fairies with him—or seeking to cheer everyone in the other, not only with fairy songs and rhymes, but also from the ever-abounding flow of his own most innocent and playful poetic inspiration. If he left the ardours of his home work to seek rest elsewhere for a little while, he would send frequent little rhymes like this, that would set all hearts a-dancing with a sacred kind of glee:

“Let words be few and full of grace,  
Let charity illumine the face;  
Think of the world as dead to thee,  
Let Heaven both felt and present be;  
Look forward, onward to the goal—  
Christ all in all in heart and soul.”

Or, again, only a simple quartette like this:

“He was a cunning Yabbit,  
And to keep his babes from harm  
He journeyed in the wilderness,  
And bought a mountain farm”

For, be it known, the dear “Little Brothers” had playfully named him “Mr. Yabbit,” and everyone who came to join, a new “Little Yabbit”—softening the hard R into Y in their fairy speech.

Thus, both while present and absent, sought he ever with like cheery innocence to uplift saddened or depressed and toiling spirits out of their prosaic gloom. For all had one great and terrible enemy in themselves to conquer, and this is that old enemy in the flesh of man, SCORTATION—the inverted and debased sexual sense and passion—that ever has been through all the ages of our unhappy world, and is now, the world’s greatest curse, its giant curse, and, but for God, the unconquerable perpetuator of

the same. And it is this that also constitutes the basis or root of that "proprium"—or debased selfhood—in man that, throughout the whole same immense period, has made the building up of a truly enduring and harmonic nation of peoples upon this Earth an absolute impossibility.

As yet we had only feebly begun to grapple with this enormous universal foe, touching it, as it were, but by the outer skirt. But the fairies knew—at least far better than any of those who had lately joined—and continually came in, as occasion demanded, with their exorcising fairy songs:

"Cats yun away! cats yun away!  
His little wife the will will say;  
Cats, yun away, Love, hear what I say!  
Turn out the billygoats; cats yun away!  
Cats yun away! cats yun away!  
Turn out the billygoats; cats yun away!"

Do such little chants seem simple and childish? Perhaps to some they may; but they are pervaded, nevertheless, by a Divine penetrative charm. "Billygoats" and "cats" correspond respectively to the masculine and feminine principles of inverted or debased sexuality. The Fays are all infantile; let not "the wise and prudent" despise them. Also, it should be understood that their own habitation is in the aroinal expanses of Nature, where all such evil forms have concrete objective embodiment, wheresoever man's life is still unpurified and evil passions active. But as the "Little Brothers" trooped in singing such songs, all the "cats," "billygoats," and such like were filled with an uncontrollable horror of fear, and fled from the fairies' presence and the sound of their voices with utmost precipitation; and when the brothers and sisters themselves took up the

songs, their own voices became filled with the fairy voices, actually unitising themselves with and within them, and filled with something of the same ardour of Divine-natural sexual purity. Never would the Fays suffer the saddened ones to sink far into gloom, however hard might be the battle. With them laughter had a thousand times more power than gloomy anger, for the fairies are as far apart from Calvinistic or puritan moroseness as God is apart from Lucifer. But this was not to blink or minimise the issue, but because they ever knew, by their infallible instinct, that that Divine Mother out of whom they flow, possesses, and can transfer to all fairies, and also to all men, who will acknowledge and receive Her, an absolutely irresistible power even over this greatest of all enemies.

“In our Lady Yessa’s garden,  
Set with golden walls impearled,  
Springs the Tree, whose fruit is Pardon  
For the sins of all the world.

“’Tis our Lady of the Bower!  
In the bloom-wrought shrine She stands;  
And Her innocence makes power  
For the weak ones of the lands.

“She is one with Him who beareth,  
And who teacheth man the gift;  
Yea, at one with Him, and shareth  
All the blessing—to uplift.

“On Her lips the bridal honey,  
From Her heart the Paradise;  
So She giveth without money,  
And bestoweth without price.

“Not a mourner but She claimeth,  
And Her will is sweet and strong;  
In Her hand the sceptre flameth,  
At whose touch dissolves the wrong.

"Those by soul's love who proclaim Her,  
And by life's gift serve Her well,  
She reneweth as they name Her,  
Wafting blessings where they dwell.

"And the crust of Earth is broken,  
And the life leaps up to flame,  
Where the loving words are spoken  
In the might of Yessa's name."

—Hymns of "The Two-in-One," 1876.

Therefore it is that the fairies can laugh with whole-hearted laughter; and such laughter has been heard to sound even in the ears of the external man who knows nothing about them. A simple Santa Rosa citizen has been heard to say, "We do love to have Mr. Harris come down to visit us, if only just to hear him laugh, for we never heard laughter like it from any other man!"

But guard must be held against the idea that the fairies will join in the laughter of the common earthly man in his present state. They will not laugh with the gross old Falstaff and his debased crew; neither would they ever have put an ass's head upon poor Bottom to make a laughing-stock of him. Their laughter rests not in such surprises of debasement, but in just the opposite—namely, the surprises of deliverance! Their mirth is of the very joy of God; yea, the joy of Her who is the Eternal Mate of the Divine Bridegroom.

"So hearts that feel, feel Nature-time dissolving,  
And Nature-space in pregnancy for birth  
Of a New World, by Twain-One Love evolving,  
Through outer terror-sense, an inner mirth."

But, in the contemplation of this, here again comes

down to us a flood of blessed light on what has been a dark subject :

“Am I deceived—or did a sable cloud  
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?”

Some readers of the New Testament have gone so far as to express surprise that throughout the narratives there given the Lord Jesus is not spoken of once as having laughed, or even as having smiled ; and many have noticed it silently, not venturing to mention it by outward speech. For this seemingly sad fact there was a deep cause that now comes clearly into view. Near the beginning of this narrative the reason why the Divine Mother could not be revealed to the Jews whom the Lord addressed, although She was even then veritably embodied within Him, has already been spoken of. She was constrained so to be hidden by the sexually depraved state of men, wherefore the Lord Jesus had to exercise the most persistent force of repression from the beginning to the very end of His life.

“As one aye concealing  
Sex-sense from revealing  
He shone—yet as martyr forelore.  
Now, now as the Bridegroom,  
Arrayed in full bride-bloom,  
One-Twain He beams forth for our door.”

But it was the Divine Lady within Him that instilled this repression. As is said in “Wisdom of Adepts,” “The Woman’s art is concealment ; during the long ages of the Earth’s inversion, who knew of Christa-Yessa? The shadows of other knowledges survived, but the deepest of all was hidden with the most studious care till the End should be at hand.”



The unhappy cause of this necessity need not be repeated here; but by reason of this complete veiling of the Divine Mother from the eyes of men the whole universe of Fay life was also hidden; and it is the Fays who carry with them the first essential substance of all the genuine mirthfulness and laughter with which mankind can be blessed. But for the depraved state of man, above spoken of, they would, to his full consciousness, without doubt, have flocked in in multitudes, with their songs and pæans of joy and laughter, even in that first century of our blessed Lord's era. It is the Fays, and Fays alone, who can ever enable man to laugh joyously into the very faces of the most hateful and scowling devils that ever rose out of Hell, for they possess in themselves the essential element of the irresistible Divine joy that fills the bosom of Her of whom they are, and which they know also holds a sure and certain cure for every ill that either the spirit or flesh of man can inherit. Nevertheless, at that time the Divine One-Twain would not permit them to manifest, for although their essential joy could not be extinguished by the evil state of the world, yet as to their bodies they would inevitably have been destroyed, for they can only live with men as the latter voluntarily repent of all their evil, and so voluntarily begin to be clothed upon with the righteousness of Christ in spirit, soul and body. And, therefore, for the above given reasons, what has been said of the essential fairy mirth and joyfulness has to have this grave qualification: that when they enter into close relations with the men of this Earth they themselves are liable to suffer excruciatingly; and this they are perfectly aware of before they make their approach, though they are absolutely undaunted by it. Nevertheless,

it brings to them at times a solemnity of thought and demeanour that is all the more impressive because of its contrast with their innate prevailing nature—impressive, above all, to those for whose uplift they labour, and whose debased morality and many bodily diseases are the immediate cause of their suffering. It has been told that many have ventured to approach men hopefully in such service ere open breath had commenced—and to some years before then—and the natural lives of these Fays were absolutely sacrificed; and so there came to be fairy graveyards in the fay expanses of those persons. As a matter of fact, not until the Breath was opened to the full consciousness in man, and some few at least had attained to the Transition, were any fairies who worked for his uplift out of death into life able to be translated to the Heavens in normal form and order, without leaving any bodily remains to be entombed. The vast multitudes of fairy lives thus martyred in their heroic service for our poor debased race no man knows the number of. But on this matter the writer is able to make this only consolatory statement: that among all the open-breathing persons after The Use began, with one single exception (concerning which he feels he has no warrant to speak), no such sacrifice of actual fairy life has occurred, though many have suffered greatly, and have been known at times to lie moaning with pain. At such cost to these infantile Divine Innocences is being wrought out deliverance for poor mankind, who otherwise would never be able to attain to any bodily resurrection!

It seems wonderful, although expounders of the Scriptures little allude to it, with what apparent harshness the Lord spoke, as is recorded, of the

bodily, and hence, also, the spiritual state of the teachers and leaders of the Jewish nation who refused to accept Him, declaring them all to be "children of fornication," and a mere "generation of vipers." It was upon the head and front of the Scribes and Pharisees that the blows of these terrible denunciations fell, for they were the instructors and guides of the people in the whole law of Moses and the Scriptures of the Prophets; and as the true end to which these led was the Lord's own life, wherein alone was their Divine fulfilment, if these leaders did not accept Him they blocked the way for the whole people. Therefore it was to them first that the dreadful unveiling of the reality of their life, as it was in themselves, had to be clearly announced, that thus the whole nation might know that without the acceptance of Himself and the pure and perfect life that He brought to them from the Father, they would remain, in effect, altogether bestial and vile. Only the blame for this was not laid on the people themselves, but upon those false leaders upon whom was the whole responsibility for all the calamitous results that ensued. For it was calamity indeed for all, but it was "woe" to the Scribes and Pharisees. And yet those Jews, and the Scribes and Pharisees especially, were persons of eminent propriety of life in every visible sense, more so probably than are nine-tenths of the most moral people of modern Europe. They were, as they truly affirmed themselves to be, born in wedlock and of the seed of Abraham. Was the Lord unjust, then, in so condemning them, and, by implication, the peoples of all other tribes and nations? Nay, surely not. The Lord knew, in His Divine Twain-Oneness, with the Divine Mother, of all purity within Him. And now, again, that

Divine Mother in Her re-turn knows—and Her fairy Innocences know—that the bodily states of the whole mankind of this world at the present time, are in the same unhappy condition as the Lord affirmed of that Jewish people of Palestine, except as they may happily become born anew in the Divine Twain-One.

But saying this is speaking ahead of what we had yet come to see and know at that time. Mr. Harris himself had to gain the full knowledge gradually. As said already, we had as yet only come to touch, as it were, the outskirts of this terrible subject. Nevertheless, we had entered the battlefield, and were already encountering the outposts of the enemy. But here, now, will be quoted what Mr. Harris himself had to say on this dread subject, after eighty years' experience of this world's life :

“This fated hour opes Armageddon's field,  
Fiery scortation serves as buckler, shield.  
Out of scortation's deepest, deadliest den  
Spout venom'd flames to pierce the loins of men.  
Scortation drives death's dagger to the hilt.  
Scortation orbs the intellect of Guilt.  
Scortation bars out Christus from His globe.  
Scortation fouls on Christa's fair white robe.  
Scortation wrecks the sacred Marriage mart ;  
Denies the Goddess, and defiles the heart ;  
Did Christa lead Her woman angels down,  
Rages to make them outcasts of the town.

“From continent to isle, from stream to sea,  
Scortation shapes one common empirie.  
Through all religions one scortation holds,  
One common vortex whirls, one crime embolds ;  
Riots in orgies of one common curse ;  
Holds Earth apostate from Love's Universe.

“Out of scortation's whirl of death in blight,  
Into God's twain-one Eden—sex in sight—

See God in passion ; Passion's hearted sense  
 Of twain-one fleshness ; Christ made Innocence !  
 Souled flesh !—I fought scortation to its height,  
 Throughout life's desperate and deadly fight,  
 In patience, pain. 'Tis Armageddon's war—  
 The terror that precedes the Avatar.  
 O'er the dread death-slain glows the Goddess girl,  
 Orbed in Her throne of diamonded pearl.  
 In swift vibrations of Her wingéd feet  
 Pulse joyful breathings of the Paraclete."

. . . . .  
 "The root and urgency of fall  
 Is where in sex God is not all.  
 To exile God, the sex within,  
 Is man's irreparable sin.  
 'Twas here the old religions paled.  
 'Twas here the sex profaned and failed.  
 'Twas here apostasy took root.  
 'Twas here that ruin bore its fruit.  
 'Twas here the Orb's disaster grew,  
 And lust pierced human nature through.  
 Denying God, in sex made wise,  
 Time its eternity denies.  
 Profaning sex, man sins the most ;  
 Blasphemes the Bridal Holy Ghost.

. . . . .  
 "Religion lifts from death to life,  
 In God, the Husband, Goddess, Wife."

—From "Song of Theos," 1903.

## CHAPTER IV.

REFERRING back to what is said in the first chapter, in pages 23, 24, regarding the breaking down of the old defences of the inner personality since the great uprise of occultism which commenced in the earlier half of the last century, through the practice of hypnotism and other artificial methods of developing mediumistic states, it must now be stated here that the most serious consequences of this are the occult invasions that have ensued through it into all bridal chambers, which are the seed-beds of the race. Occultly, those chambers have, relatively speaking, lost their old privacy. They have become crowded, especially during the hour of conceptive embrace, with multitudes of charmers of either sex—both of those who are still alive in the flesh and of multitudes of the disembodied—all in more or less unpurified and disorderly states of life. It must be plainly said that they are drawn thither by the lust attraction. It is true that the sacredly regarded marriage consecration is still something of a guard, and the usual perfunctory prayers and religious observances are still something; but every day they are growing less and less, almost to the vanishing point; and the walls of the enclosed bed-chamber are no guard at all. The Divine-in-breathing, and the consequent Divine environment, are the only real shield. This is one of the things that make it quite manifest to those who have become truly quickened in heart and mind by

the Divine Spirit, that this Age—this Era—is now at the very verge of the End, and that its final judgment is imminent.

As such states were met and driven back in The Use in the bodies of the people, a counter action to the descent of the Divine Breath in them was aroused, and had to be met and overcome through great sufferings, especially to the central and pivotal personality. This was a counter or inverted breath, directly from the hells, and ascending through the bowels, causing great combats of the breaths mainly in and around that region where what is termed the "Appendix" is found. But the pains of this great battle were never attributed to any foreign material substances lodged there, and such a thing as a surgical operation on account of them was never dreamt of in The Use. At that time in the world the very name of such a disease as "Appendicitis" had never begun to be spoken of, and its growing prevalence of late years, and for which surgical operations are thought to be the only remedy, may not in every case be owing to the simple deposit of foreign matter in the appendix, to which it seems to be universally attributed. As the true Breath of God begins to prevail more and more in the general body of the race, it is sure to be counteracted by its direct opposite from beneath rising up through the excretory ducts of which the appendix was the original centre, according to the explicit conclusions of all learned physiologists since Darwin wrote. But the writer does not presume to affirm that this is the main or only cause of the ailment termed "Appendicitis" in all cases. He can speak only from the experience of the human organism that has become open to that descent of God's Breath that this narrative treats of and describes in general,



so far as that experience extends; and he pretends to no knowledge of how persons who have not become so open may or may not be liable to like effects in the same region from other causes that are simply material and external. But the above-written is the simple truth, so far as the experiences of all persons connected with The Use are concerned, and it is not permissible that in writing of the true Breath, its direct opposite, that will surely have to be encountered before the blessed End that is in the Divine purpose can be attained, should be passed by without explicit mention.\*

Now, if in any great nation of the world a toiling workman, say, on the lowest rung of the social ladder, should rise by exercise of the simplest virtue, through many hardships, gradually more and more into light and liberty of life, so becoming a leader among his fellows in similar uplift, and should he continue to rise by a great wave of popularity till he become a political centre of influence for such workmen in

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\* It is the diaphragm through which the Breath rules all the body's functions. This organ, extending above the stomach and bowels, and just under the heart and lungs, becomes the intermediary instrument. But in the animal the lungs and heart are ruled through it, practically, from the stomach; for the animal is a creature of appetite, and all its motives are of instincts that are the servants of its appetite, and ruled therefore from the region that lies underneath the diaphragm. Man also, bodily speaking, before the Divine Breath has visited him, is ruled through the same instrument, simply in the animal mode, *i.e.*, according to his instinctive desires and appetites, except in so far as, from spiritual quickening, he exercises compulsion over them through the brain; but for this the diaphragm fails to serve as any kind of intermediary. Consciously to himself, it seems to be merely a means for the forcible expulsion of the excreta; but really it is operating to rule every bodily function whatever, even the heart and lungs above it, and the brain itself, which hence becomes the battlefield between the body and the spirit, and wherein the latter is sure to be worsted, and expelled from the body altogether, unless the pure Breath of God intervenes, by which alone both spirit and body can be saved as one.

In the clear consciousness of the man who receives the Breath, its movements in the frame are in no respect of his own will. These movements come not "of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of

the eyes of the whole nation, such uprise will doubtless be due entirely, so far as it is good and pure, to the visitation to him, through soul and spirit, of the very Breath of God, energising into the body likewise, and into all the natural and executive faculties, extending also by sympathies into the common body of his nearest associates. Then it is bound to ensue that when he reaches a certain degree of advance, known absolutely to God alone, but sensed quickly by the deepest of his evil and infernal enemies, he will surely encounter the counter waves of the inversive breaths, rising through the lower bowels, and whose attacks may be accompanied by acute agonies in that region of the body. Here no surgical aid can effectually deliver him, for he will be brought face to face with Judgment; and in the decision of his deep soul he must choose either for absolute loyalty to God alone—the Supreme Good and Truth—or he will surely be swept helplessly away by the heaving seas of the common covetousness

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the will of man, but of God.” But they take ultimate form in him, first in the lungs, and thence in the heart, and from the heart and lungs together—as in a twain-one marriage of counterparts—they enthrone again the spirit in the brain, and through the diaphragm rule absolutely and harmoniously over every bodily function.

But as such things become understood in the external mind guard has to be exercised against all simulations which might ensue; not so much from the man himself, for any simulations he can attempt are mere emptiness, with no substantial consequences; yet even in this Mr. Harris counselled not to allow the thought to interfere or meddle with the Breath.

But the deeper dangers to be on watch against are from the simulations that evil spirits will endeavour to effect from within, who, seizing hold of the revealed knowledges, will aim to inject imitations of the true Breath in such form as to appear as if descended from Heaven itself, or even from the Divine Twain-One; thus not shrinking from posturing to the intended victim as God Himself. Only the absolute consecration of the whole man to the service of God in His Kingdom, and persistence therein—continuing “instant in prayer” to that one end and aim—will prove the final or effectual safety. (See, further on, in “Closing Words of the Narrative,” for what practical experience in The Use has demonstrated concerning this fundamental rule.)

and self-desire, wherein he will be liable to become wholly submerged and lost.

Again, on the other hand, when, say, the supreme head of some such nation comes to the culminating point of his high calling, he may be likewise visited by the same Divine Breath, should his spiritual and natural organic conditions permit, and not for his own sake alone, but for the sake also of all the peoples under his sway, who are all so immensely dependent on the virtue of his rule; and when he reaches that culminating hour, in such case in him too the like inversive breaths would have to be encountered, aiming at the destruction of all that possible virtue, and in this manner he likewise in his deep soul would be brought face to face with Judgment, when he must choose either for absolute loyalty to the Supreme and Perfect Righteousness, at whatever cost, or become lost for ever in the common self-desire and selfish ambitions of all the people under him, and likewise of his own self-love.

Also it must be added that the evil opposing powers have other channels by which they can assail the operations of the Breath in the bodies of the people in its more ultimate results; that is to say, not directly by opposite breaths, but by influences injected upwards through the nervous system of the extremities, by the heels and soles of the feet especially, which are in most direct contact with the Earth, but also through the hands or other parts of the body when coming in contact with persons who harbour secret enmities against all Godly conditions of life in man, or with letters or books in which like enmities are given expression to, whether openly or under deeply-veiled forms of language. These carry the same sphere or influence as do the persons themselves, which is not

merely spiritual or intellectual, but also physical; deadly to the body no less than to the spirit.

Sins against the "Son of Man" can be forgiven; even the very crucifixion of the Son of God in the flesh can be forgiven, and will be forgiven. But sin against the Holy Ghost never can be forgiven, because it constitutes the rejection of the Divine Spirit of Redemption as it descends into man directly from God Himself, taking ultimate form in the Divine-in-breathing. The consequences of the repudiation of such a visitation as this, as has been said before, no one can escape, because it is the rejection of the last ultimate shield vouchsafed to man from the inflow into his whole being of absolute *Infernus*, whereby both soul and body are destroyed.

But watch must be maintained against letting the mind form conclusions concerning all specific personal cases, and from inferences deduced from mere external knowledge or observation. And as regards all writings and books and the authors of them, the real internal animus is often too deeply veiled; and sometimes also the internally Godly heart expresses itself by phrases that seem superficially to be almost the opposite of the true, deep intent of the soul. The late Colonel Ingersoll, in America, for instance, is a possible example of this; and, perhaps, Thomas Paine; as also that celestially inspired, yet apparently God and Christ repudiating soul, Percy Bysshe Shelley. As in all other things, the Breath itself and its fruitions are the only effective test.

In fully considering all that has been said in the foregoing pages, no longer can we wonder that every one of the great and luxurious cities of the world is built side by side with a slum-land of unspeakable misery, filth and starvation, and this in ever-growing

proportions as the years pass by. Towards the suppression or abolition of this, all the "charities," "missions" and "evangelists"—even that of the Salvation Army, the noblest of them all—are utterly impotent in the way of effecting any sort of real cure, or building up any kind of effectual barrier against them. The ooze of the great cesspools ever rises and rises high above every environing wall, surely and inevitably overflowing every one of them, one after another, as they are built. And although the most powerful Government in the world at the present day—the centralised, autocratic Government of Germany—succeeds in veiling over this offensiveness more fully than any other, it yet hides only, and very partially mitigates: it does not cure. Hidden under the skin, there also the fester grows, ready to burst forth whenever the heavy hand is lifted from the whitewashed cover that partially hides it. Medical science may perhaps eventually find a cure for cancer, but no science of mortal man will ever find a cure for this great cancer of the general social body of the world. No cure can there be save through the full acceptance of the Divine Twain-One in their great second coming, and an out-and-out obedience to their Divine law of sexual purity.

And be it remembered the slums themselves are not the original seed-bed. It is the droppings of the weaker ones of the misbegotten of the couches of the nobility, and of those of the comfortable and puritanical middle and lower classes—and not of the cities only, but from over the whole breadths of the land—that keep up the constant supply.

And moreover, from the same causes, the sure consequence will be that, in the course of time, if no truly Divine arrest ensues, the whole world itself will

become but one immense slum-land. Already the sign of this is being witnessed in the vast masses of peoples in Hundustan, where almost the whole population is living in like conditions of misery, squalor and almost constant semi-starvation. And this cannot be said to be from want of what is called "good government," according to all present idea of it. They have perhaps a better government than any they have had before, at any rate since the Buddhists were driven out of the whole peninsula. But such kind of good government is in some respects worse than no government at all, because it only protects, and so upholds and makes permanent, all the conditions that make the general state of privation and semi-starvation inevitable; and, worst of all, it upholds and protects the caste system, which is the most damning curse of all to the whole population—worse to the soul of them than any famine or any plague. Such government goes to the root of nothing, and therefore cures nothing. But a government that would be truly "good" would indeed go to the root, and there initiate a rule that would ensure a perfect cure; and such will yet come, as surely as God lives. And it will spring and grow through the very hearts of the people themselves, when God-inspired and God-infilled; as they yet shall be, from Brahman even down to Pariah, and from Pariah up to Brahman again. But in the meantime it is needless to denounce: men must begin denouncing with themselves before they will ever be justified in radical agitation against those who hold the existing reins of power.

Again in the vast multitudes of China is seen another instance of how slum-land is advancing to cover the whole surface of the Earth, but there some

sort of mitigation is attempted by the legal permission and almost universal practice of infanticide, while that in India is proscribed by law; and truly in China it proves of little avail, being a sign only of desperation or despair.

In these two nations of peoples—and in Japan also in modified degree—such conditions, threatening to become universal, are most manifest to-day, because they are the oldest in the world. But Europe also is growing old, and likewise America, and even Australasia, and it is only a matter of time till the same calamitous state overtakes them all, if no divinely providential visitation intervenes; excepting only perhaps as sweeping famines, pestilences, or plagues may not serve in some degree to thin out the ever-increasing multitudes. This being Nature's only and most terrible way of providing any sort of relief.

All the above being simply facts pertaining to the absence and negation of the true Christ-life in the world come in here by necessity; and their being no fiction, but grim world-facts, the truth of which cannot be questioned, is one of the main reasons that makes the issuing of this book not merely justifiable but a sovereign and an imperative duty imposed upon the writer of it, who, from the exceptional nature of his life-experience during almost a whole half-century, has been providentially uplifted through the labours and virtues of others, where the vital and substantial reality of all existing facts, both good and bad, are revealed in a pure light, that, in its true origin, is entirely of God.

So, therefore, is fulfilled the word of the Master when He said, "The poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always"; and it is only for want of this last that the privations and miseries



persist. But more might have been said—namely this: And *wars ye have always with you*, for the weak ones of the misbegotten are not the worst or most unfortunate; the worst are the strong—the selfishly strong—both in mind and body. These are they who rising up into power in the world really rule it, as from Hell itself. How is it possible that wars can ever cease while men continue to propagate in mere self-desire—in family competition, tribal competition, national competition—to make themselves—each family, tribe, and nation—as much more numerous, strong, rich, and powerful than every other as they possibly can, so the better to maintain their earthly foothold even by the “mailed fist” of each one of its multiplied members? Why reproach the Kaiser? He but follows his fate. Even they classed as “socialists” in his empire are at one with him in his emulation for Imperial power. They breed until they crowd, and then they must fight for more expansion. How can it be otherwise? And under such conditions what can the commissioners of any Hague conference, professing to seek peace, do? Are they not tied down hand and foot? Is not each one of the international delegates himself personally involved and committed to the law of universal competition and strife by the very order of his own inherited breath, from the beginning, in his physical conception? However much spiritually he may sympathise sincerely with the highest ideals of the peace conference, and aim in spirit to fulfil them, what can he do against that fatal “law in his members that warreth against the law of his mind”?

“Man’s natural breath is ever more a traitor.”

Even at the council of international socialists Herr



Bebel cries out that they "must needs fight for Fatherland." But if God is the Father of all, who, then, is the especial father of Germany, or any other land whatever?

But there remains still one other danger that looms up with a more immediately dreadful, if no more ultimately ominous aspect—viz., the threatened rising up of the democratic proletariat of the world in destructive revolution. There are some who profess to have the most intimate and exact knowledge of what is moving in that most multitudinous lowest stratum of the body politic of the present self-styled "civilised world," who affirm most positively, speaking from such direct knowledge, that a social and political organised movement is growing and sweeping universally through them all, being not of one nation only but international, and not confined even to Europe and America but including also many of the peoples of Asia. Also, it is said that these are no peace socialists, and that they are augmenting steadily from year to year in geometrical ratio. It is from an uprising fire of retributive wrath, urged on by acute present miseries, and led on by the growing enlightenment that the general spread of education among them has brought.

The main strength of the libel made out by these, against all the present possessors of the Earth, lies in the proven enormous wastefulness of their rule and occupation, more even than in their self-appropriation of its fruits; and the knowledge of the fact that the right application of the means all modern inventions have put into the hands of men would enable all their present multitudes to live in ease and comfort at the cost of only a very few hours' labour per day to each individual, has filled the souls of all the

labouring classes with such rage against their opulent rulers, and such fierce desire for their overthrow, as will soon become beyond the control of the best and most peace-loving among all their leaders.

Pertinent to this is the following fragment from "Builders and Wasters" in "Songs of Fairyland":

"It is the wasters who obstruct the Fay.  
Men ask, 'Why doth the Lord His ends delay?'  
God waits for servants who will never swerve.  
He waits to serve the race in sons who serve.  
If in the fields men sow for Him the grain,  
His Heavens will bow themselves for gifts of rain."

In appendix A, at end of the volume, will be found a family history and genealogy of the special Fay Family, most intimately connected with The Use, so far as known; and these all originated in "UNCLE NEVER WASTE"; as the one and only known origin of the House. THRIFT was its foundation, and in the practice of thrift is the whole continuation and destiny of its future history. That whole appendix is most pertinent to this place, and the reader's attention to it is specially commended.

But the above-written ominously threatening state of the whole lower social stratum of the world means revolution; and revolution is only another name for destruction, and stands for no kind of reconstruction whatever. Practically the energies of it, as they develop, will be sure to evoke hell-fire in the universal heart of the masses, who feel themselves to be oppressed and downtrodden. In the more sanguine of the best of them they dream that Socialism itself can become a religion. But there can be no religion in any sense, whether it be

in a democratic, aristocratic, or socialistic community, unless God-life be in it, practically;—that is, vitally organised there. Then only will Religion rule, walking as a truly Divine Presence, stilling even the rising waves of Hell itself, where Revolutionist and Anti-revolutionist are threatening to meet in the shock of mutually destructive animosities.

How for saving this generation from such dread climax God-life may be organised, and has already, in incipient yet fully ultimate degree, begun to be organised, is the main purpose of this narrative to make generally known; and whatever men there may be of good will anywhere, who have been providentially endowed with any means and powers whatsoever, and who, having attained a knowledge of the Divine-natural law of life, can resolve in God to devote all such means and powers to its support and furtherance, will be doing the one thing needful—the only thing possible—so far as lies with themselves, to shield the present men and peoples of humanity from such frightful cataclysm—the totally destructive and, no doubt, bloody class-warfare—that without such organised God-help is surely inevitable, sooner or later. But the aim of this writing is not to exhort, but only to make a presentation of the most fundamental facts that lie at the root of all truly righteous human endeavour; and they who read must themselves, if they will, do their own exhorting. To the above, therefore, only the following self-evident statement may be added:—If the “Dives” of old had not been a son of Israel, and, therefore, taught by the theo-socialistic Law of Moses, and instructed by all the Prophets, he would not have been held responsible for the miserable state of Lazarus at his door. So the modern “Dives” will only be held

responsible for all the miseries of the slums, and all the calamities of warfare, according to his own instruction and light.

Yet the result will mean the ushering in of Judgment: but righteous Judgment, Divine Judgment, the Judgment that brings ultimate healing.

"No deadly cannon, no terrific hosts,  
No dominance of putrifying ghosts."

Only the unfit and evil who interiorly resist the inflowing Spirit and Breath will quietly disappear, and, as it were, without observation. But there will be a difference if the best of men prove irresponsive. There are two alternatives. If there is due, full responsiveness, then the most blessed results will follow, in a pure evolution, gradually, through all human families, beginning from the most quickened centres. But should there prove to be no capacity, or insufficient responsiveness in these, then the Judgment would sweep from internals throughout the whole world, leaving very few for the new beginning, as has been told in the writings of the *New Life*, privately printed. But this record of facts assumes the due degree of receptiveness of soul in the most responsible of the present races of mankind, only waiting for the light to appear and the hour to arrive, or otherwise the writing of it could never have been undertaken.

(So God be praised for the bread and wine of Life!)

But, in the meantime, the general body of humanity, and the personalities of every individual man and woman, are being rent in twain. The Divine Breath is everywhere, making for universal love and unity, instilled through the inmost degree of every soul,

and seeking therefrom to rule and sway the whole being—all its life and works. But, on the other hand, all the remains of the old heredity, and all the social institutions in the midst of which that life finds itself, have just the opposite tendency; and thus there results in universal society, also in each distinct family, and within the bosom of every individual personality, an internecine warfare, that can have no termination until either one or other of the forces is absolutely overcome. Save in the establishment on the Earth of a pure Theo-socialism, thorough enough to shake itself entirely free from every form and order of social life that is derived from the evil past, there is no end possible to this immeasurable torture on such procrustian bed of the long-suffering race here below.

Yet was our Breath-house no Monastery: it was no Nunnery. The Monkish ascetic habit that the earliest strict Christians wedded themselves to, and that the Buddhist affects, brings no solution to this problem. From misunderstanding of various passages of the Hebrew scriptures some have inferred that the angels are sexless, and that God is sexless. But this is not true; the problem is to be solved by the purification of sex, and not by its abrogation—or rather, it is by an absolute reversion of the present base inversion to its direct opposite, which the sexuality that is of God is. Therefore to find God in sex again is the problem of problems that must be solved.

At present there is practically no idea of any just form or order of human society even in the most experienced and advanced minds, whether in practical politics or in theory. The former Prime Minister of Great Britain considered himself justified in undertaking a long and bloody war in defence of

the interests of that immense wide-spread Empire ; and the Labour leader in the same parliament apparently regards it as impious to learn or practice any trade of war whatever. Tolstoi, also, the immensely revered Russian writer and oracle, holds a like view, but going further towards complete anarchy, not even advocating the use of the popular vote as an instrument. But should the responsibilities of actual government ever devolve upon these, or such as these, no man can foresee what they might or might not do. It will be remembered that Robespierre himself began with extreme humanitarian views.

It is vain for sanguine self-reliant optimists to assume that they themselves can adopt and carry out the Divine counsels of the Sermon on the Mount. These counsels never can be fulfilled except in the established and realised Kingdom of God upon Earth. In the earlier days of preparation, providing for such Divine result in the future, the calls of such servants as were Moses and Joshua could not be as that of the children of the realised Kingdom itself ; and when the first disciples of the Lord failed to embody the Kingdom, the Master commanded any who had no sword to sell his garment and buy one ; at the same time showing that for them too the day was over, for that time, when full providential shield without force was their all-sufficient reliance. Therefore, now, what must first be sought is the establishment of the Divine Kingdom, and until this is indeed won the above-said Divine counsels, which were given in the hour when hope for immediate realisations was firm and unshaken, must truly be fervently and deeply cherished in the heart, but to attempt to carry them out,

according to the letter, in the governments of the Kingdoms or Republics of this world, which are all essentially the Kingdoms or Republics of Mammon, is surely foredoomed to failure. If it be said that George Fox undertook it, it must not be forgotten that he did not do so of himself, but as truly called of God to be a King of the New Life in Him. So he divorced himself from all earthly politics whatever, and in his loyal endeavour to fulfil this Divine call, lo, his whole life on Earth became but one long Martyrdom. It was in the function of this royalty that the Lord forbade him to doff his hat before any of the rulers of this world, whether styled "Protector" or "King," and only to "thee" and "thou," everyone of them. If all the other "friends" followed him in this, they may have done so on their own responsibility. But not so with their leader, who was veritably the God-appointed King of England on Earth then, and, as is revealed in the writings for the New Life for this day, has continued ever since then to reign as King over the English Heaven, even until now.

Again, for present - day illustrations, President Roosevelt, the earnest-souled present American Ruler, advocates the use of arms and physical force in all government most strenuously, and would acknowledge himself to be otherwise utterly helpless. But the rising politician in the same Republic, Mr. Brandt Whitlock, a confessed supporter of Mr. Roosevelt, yet condemns all use of force, while feeling constrained notwithstanding to wield it himself in his office as Mayor of Toledo. Such contradictory instances might be adduced almost indefinitely, and each extreme view, however apparently contradictory to the others,

may be supported with plausible reasons almost indefinitely also. In short, practically the whole mental atmosphere of every land and country under present conditions is indeed enshrouded in dense fog; and whence does this fog originate but in the very fountainheads and germs, humanly speaking, of all the families of the human race? There is a very able and acute modern thinker, socialist, and utopian romancer who recognises this very clearly, Mr. H. G. Wells, and he thinks and writes that this evil may be remedied simply by the more skilful scientific regulation of sexual relations, and of the subsequent rearing of the children under state control. But God is the Supreme and only real fountainhead, and without direct access to Him all human regulations, however skilful, are vain.

All aspiring earnest-minded men, seeking and hoping for the effectual reformation of society, must come to realise one thing, and that is, that the real causes of the evil and consequent misery of this world are not superficial. but deep seated—so deep seated that no devices of man in himself, or without direct Divine guidance and aid, can effect any substantial or permanent cure. The word of the ancient Grecian sage to the man seeking wisdom was—"First know thyself!" And what has the experience of all the ages since then taught him as by demonstration? Only this, that in and of himself, for any permanent vital good or advantage, substantially speaking, he *knows nothing* and *can do nothing*. But this conclusion almost all men resent and so repudiate. As far as is known in all subsequent history there are only two men who have fully accepted this fundamental counsel, with all its consequences, and given themselves absolutely and



wholly to live up to it. The first of these was the Lord Jesus Christ; and the second after Him, and derivatively from Him, Thomas Lake Harris.

THE VICTOR.

"He who has mastered Woman's fire  
Is stronger than the Angels bold.  
They bring for him Apollo's lyre;  
His hand illumines the chords of gold.  
Then Heaven descends to move in earthly ways;  
Led by the march of his victorious lays.

He who has fathomed Woman's way  
Is wiser than the Angels bright;  
For he has bound the pale decay  
That slays and murders by delight.  
Then Heaven is glad by him to weave its robe,  
For Immortality has touched the Globe.

He who has conquered Woman's thrill,  
That holds Earth's Monarchs at her feet,  
Shall rise above the Planet's chill,  
And with the Solar Angels meet.  
From Circe's hand he wrests the Golden Bowl,  
And saves the bright infusion of the Soul.

He who has broken Woman's chord,  
Where, magical, the serpents twine,  
His home shall be God's Bridal Word,  
Incarnate so for morn to shine.  
His burning spear against the Terror hurled,  
Shall stand a flower, and blossom for the world."

—From "Songs of Fairyland," 1878.

## CHAPTER V.

IT has been commonly said that Mr. Harris was a Spiritualist, and is a Spiritualist.\* Now the truth concerning that must here be given as nearly as can be. But, in endeavouring to do this, the writer of this narrative will have to go back to the earlier days before he could himself have been a personal witness, as he was then living far from America. He will therefore aim to be as brief as the largeness of the subject will permit, and its important bearing on the development of the life-history that is being undertaken.

Thomas Lake Harris was born at Fenny Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, England, on 15th May, 1823, and five years afterwards his parents emigrated to New York, taking their son with them, and settled in the town of Utica in that State.

The main significant facts known of those early days are as follows:—He was the only child, and until his mother died, when he was in his ninth year, the humble household, without doubt, was most peaceful and harmonious. Between mother and child it is certain there was the fondest and deepest attachment. The fervent piety of the former was all of the deep heart, so that it mattered little upon what ostensible dogmas it was founded, and it was through her that were sown in his soul the germs of that

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\* Mr. Harris was still visibly present with us in outward form when this was written.

pure Godliness that flowered out in after years, and bore such marvellous fruit at last. But the father was different; his faith was strongly rooted in the hard, narrow Calvinism of his sectarian creed, and through this his son was shut out in great degree from his affection. But this not immediately, for it is recorded that for a time after his mother's death he worked diligently under his father, who had started a store in Utica, helping him with his accounts, although then but a mere lad. So far as known, all continued friendly between them until after his father married again, when the stepmother is said to have treated him ill, and wounded him on the tenderest side by speaking disparagingly of his own dearly loved mother. This he could not endure, and as his father appears to have been no shield, the son was made to feel himself almost an alien in his father's house. This is told as being the main outward cause of his allying himself as soon as his mind began to mature to the sect of Universalists, whose religious principles were in most respects the opposite to those of the Calvinistic Baptists. But, while in doing this, it seemed something of a departure from his earliest religious instruction, he felt he was being drawn by it nearer to the soul of that departed mother at whose knee he had first been taught to pray to the Heavenly Father. In real truth it seems plain that he was gradually being led providentially through many trials and troubles at this period, as always thereafter, so as to be uplifted in due course of time high above the dogmatics of every man-made religious creed whatever.

Some time after this it is said that he fell deeply in love, and no doubt with the lady who became his first wife, and the one who mentions it speaks of

"the idolatrous way in which he talked to them of his *fiancee*." In this also we have an indication of the wholly natural way in which he was being led through the dim twilight days of his earliest youth, and therein providentially shielded from the unspeakable dangers by which that most critical time is beset in this most unfortunate of worlds. And through it all, as has been explicitly made known, the soul of the beloved mother was ever hovering near; and, through her, the Divine Mother of all.

The memory of this departed mother remained with him ever a hallowing influence in his soul that never forsook him. From his earliest childhood he had always experienced some degree of spiritual vision. First of all, and earliest of all, he dimly remembered in after years how the Fairies visited him in multitudes, weaving charming and gleeful spells round his infant pillow, and, later on, the ascended spirit of the beloved mother was providentially used as a medium of heavenly communication with him after her decease.

While only about twenty years of age, having joined the Universalists, he had already become an ardent preacher, and on one occasion about this time, while he was passing through a state of agonising despondency and spiritual struggle, she came to him in his bedroom, appearing as in a luminous cloud, and radiating around him an influence of quiet peace. Laying her hand upon him she only said, "My dear child, my poor child, you must always remember that God is the Father of all men, and that all mankind are your brothers." This, though all, was enough; it restored his calmness and brought him just the spiritual comfort and strength he needed. Forty years after this time, in his dedication to the first volume of "Star Flowers," he speaks of his mother

in the exquisite lines given below. In them it is clearly indicated how it was the Divine Mother within her, coming in response to her innocent earnest prayers, while yearning over the life and fate of her unborn child, that alone enabled her to be such a mother as is there described :

DEDICATION TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF  
"STAR FLOWERS," 1886.

"Nine months I lay in a Lady's womb :  
She folded me all in her laughing bloom :  
She hallowed me while I filled and fed  
From the nectar-wells of her mother-head.  
Wisely and kind she planned for me  
In the antenatal infancy.  
Now to mine age return the hours  
I slept in her life's embosomed bowers,  
Until the melodies rise and well  
From the joys that grew in her blossom-bell.

To-night danced round me the Sacred Nine,  
A sister-band in the Mother-twine.  
The charm, the spell their motion caught  
Have led me again where the Mother wrought.  
I feel, as the soul in verse takes wing,  
Of Motherhood as a holy thing ;  
A state that in woman forms and grows,  
From birth, through time, to the shadowed close ;  
A Good that is in her as Truth in man ;  
A form from the Infinite marriage-plan ;  
A power to shield, to build and bless,  
That sways by her sceptre of queenliness ;  
A power that shapes from the Bridal Word,  
That toils through the years for a hope deferred ;  
A power, its path through the gloom that plies,  
And cheers and illumines and sanctifies ;  
A power that, did its full force unfold,  
Would gather to man for his Age of Gold,  
And bear him aloft, when the years are dead,  
To bowers that circle God's marriage bed.

If I have said, as a man may say,  
Of mysteries held in the Woman's way,  
The words but as flights of song-birds flit ;  
For the wealth of her loving is infinite.  
My infant breast as a lyre she strung :  
Her musical bells in my heart she rung :  
The chorded bands of my sentient powers  
She ranged as the breaths of her passion flowers.  
Ere I was born to the outward loss,  
She signed my brow with her passion-cross,  
Baptised me all in her wells of flame,  
And sealed me to God by the Holy Name.  
Ere I was formed to hands and feet,  
Her prayers grew in me to force complete.  
Ere I was fashioned to breast and brain,  
She wove for their lines by her music-strain.  
Ere I was wrought into lips and eyes,  
She kindled firelights of her sacrifice,  
And charmed a spell for my infant breath,  
Sweeter than kindness and stronger than death ;  
And if I have toiled for the planet's joy,  
To God the mother brought forth her boy.

By words that kindle, and loves that burn ;  
By thoughts that well from life's deepest urn ;  
By tears that diffuse, all warm and wet ;  
Star-fire in fragrance of violet,  
This sacred song of my sunset days  
I consecrate to the Mother's praise ;  
For souls that hunger, and hearts that ache,  
A gift from the child of

ANNIE LAKE."

It was about two years after this time—in the year 1845—that Mr. Harris was married to his first wife, whose maiden name was Miss Mary Van Arnum, to whom, as said above, he had become ardently attached. She bore him two sons, in the course of the five years of their wedded life, who lived to receive the Divine Breath. The mother herself, not

being organically fitted to open to New Life Conditions, in the ultimate degree, was called away from the external to her heavenly rest, in 1850.

The blessed manner in which she was visited from Heaven when the end came, and was received up, as if carried thither almost in her husband's arms, is most beautifully described in an early periodical now not accessible, and where also were given some sweet lines commemorating her, ending thus :

“Pure bosom!—that pillowed my head;  
Fond bosom!—her babies that fed.”

After his marriage, for two years more he continued his preaching, until at length he appears to have come into another despondent state of mind on account of feeling in the people to whom he ministered an almost total absence of faith in any reality of the higher life hereafter; and at this time it was that he first had his earnest attention drawn to “Spiritualists,” who, it was affirmed, had positive communication with that life. He therefore determined to see what reality there was in this alleged fact, in the hope that it would give him the means of demonstrating it to his people by direct evidence.

In this the earnest-souled youthful preacher had no idea of what an unpopular step he was about to take, or if he had he determined to confront that unpopularity unflinchingly. All the churches were already up in arms against the unholy thing, and denounced it uncompromisingly without attempting to look into it at all—the professed watchers of the Fold in this hour of supreme necessity proving themselves thus to be utterly unfaithful, or at least impotent and unreliable, with this single exception.

It was about a decade before the middle of the last

century that the great uprise of modern Spiritualism began, and this was felt to be the most startling event in the history of Christendom, and is still so felt, touching as it does to the very vitals of Religion.

Now, it is recorded that there was an uprising of similar phenomena in Palestine at the time of the first Christian advent, and this, if it had not been counteracted, would infallibly have wrecked the Israelitish religion, and thereafter, no doubt, in course of time, all remains of true religion in the world. But it was met in that first century by the Divine Incarnation in the person of the Son of God, who overcame it in essence in the temptation in the Wilderness, and in last effects on the Cross of Calvary.

The parallel cases of the two uprisings of the Spirit world, coincidently each with a great Divine advent, are no doubt according to a universally prevailing law. In the nether world of Spirits the approach of such an advent is anticipated and feared before its manifest arrival, and a counter movement from beneath is organised against it.\* How the Infernal Power was met in the first case the record of the New Testament makes known; but has there been no one found so Divinely fortified in the recent case as to enter into the midst of the contending forces, discriminating with God-rectified and balanced mind between the good and the evil, seeking to harvest, as a messenger of God, the good seed, and meeting at the same time the evil powers with

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\* This is fully declared and explained in "The Concept of the Word," issued in 1878.



dauntless brow, however threatening in aspect, or clothed upon outwardly with delusive appearances of truth? Let us see.

Andrew Jackson Davis, called "The Poughkeepsie Seer," had been developed into a very remarkable clairvoyant about four years before this time, and apparently also into a successful healing medium; and by the publication of his earliest essays, under the title of "The Principles of Nature: Her Divine Revelations," he became the most well known "Spiritualist" of that early day. It was to him that Mr. Harris now repaired on this great and important, if very risky, quest. This Mr. Davis, however, to all seeming, was no Devil, no Lucifer, but one who appeared to those who met him as a very kindly well-meaning young man, who, no doubt, sincerely thought himself a genuine seeker of truth. Nevertheless, in spite of all possible good intentions, he was no longer himself, or master of himself, when Mr. Harris came to him. In the latter part of the year 1843 there came to the village in which he dwelt, while quite a juvenile, and working in a simple handicraft, a lecturer on mesmerism—or "hypnotism," as it would be termed now—called "Professor Grimes," and he told of such seeming wonders that Davis was immensely attracted; and when this Professor invited subjects from among the audience to come forward to be operated on, the lad presented himself, but he affirmed that the attempt failed entirely. However, a few days after another Professor of the same art, Mr. William Livingston, called upon him, and offered to try to mesmerise him, and young Davis, being full of keen curiosity on the subject, and nothing daunted by his first failure, submitted himself again to be

hypnotised, and this time with abundant success. In his published volume, "The Magic Staff," he describes the terrible sensations he experienced during that operation, as he felt his whole conscious life being forcibly extinguished, as it were, within him, in spite of his almost frantic efforts of resistance, as he began to realise that it was proving successful. He says he had always had great fear of death, and he thought this was death that was overcoming him.

Here will be quoted from his book the main part of that dread description, for it bears a fundamental relation to our subject, as being a presentation of the exact opposite of that which is in true Divine and vital order; and also because Mr. Harris was, for a time, to come into close relations with the one who by means of such process had seemed to become open to exceptional powers both of supernal vision and of miraculous healing, or at least of remarkable powers of diagnosing disease and prescribing seemingly effective remedies.

"First," he says, "the ten thousand avenues of sensation were illumined with the vivid flames of electric fire. Anon, all was intensely dark within. Dreadful and strange feelings passed over my body and through my brain. . . . I felt the different senses that connect the mind with the outer world gradually closing. Alas! methought, despairingly, are they closing for ever? Thus my senses yielded imperceptibly to the subduing power. I could no longer hear the busy and active world without, nor feel the touch of any object living or dead. . . . Is it true then, I thought sadly, that my sense of hearing is closed?—closed to seal the reality of an eternal silence! Can this be so? . . . No, indeed! the moment has arrived. I will submit no longer to

this dreadful and dangerous experiment. Never shall my marvel-seeking and dreamy mind again lead me into such fearful perils! Yes, I will speak and protest against this dreadful operation. But oh, how frightful! My tongue seemed instantly to be enlarged, and clung violently to the top of my mouth. . . . I made a desperate effort to change my position—particularly to disengage my hands—but (horrible beyond description!) my feet, my hands, my whole body were entirely beyond the control of volition. . . . All was lost. . . . What could I do? . . . Where am I? Oh, I am so lonely! Alas, if *this* be Death! . . . Every moment I approached nearer and nearer to a mysterious dark valley! . . . Every wave of thought wafted me nearer and nearer to the fearful vale of inconceivable darkness! . . . Horrid thoughts of disorganisation continued to distress me. . . . I seemed to be revolving in a spiral path, with a wide sweep at first, and then smaller; so that every revolution on my descending flight contracted the circle of my movement . . . and thus down I sank to the lowest depths of forgetfulness."

Then he says afterwards, regarding his waking to "physical consciousness": "The darkness continued with my ascending movement to increase and expand, till I gained the margin that bounded the ocean of that dreaded oblivion. . . . My senses were again opened; light broke on my dimmed vision; sound vibrated through my ear, etc." Then he speaks of how astonished he was to see the people about him talking animatedly about the wonders he had manifested during his state of unconsciousness, of which he knew nothing. They told him how with his eyes closed he read a newspaper held to

his forehead, etc., etc., and how, besides these things, he had described the diseases with which they were affected, and all they said, "to our perfect satisfaction." Also, how strange to him it seemed to find "an unremembered period, a blank in my mental history, yielding a harvest so mysterious!" And so, being charmed with this, and notwithstanding the terribleness of his first experience, he submitted himself again and again to be hypnotised, and found himself each time manifesting apparently increased power. He not only diagnosed disease, but he prescribed remedies that were said always to effect complete cures. After that he says he could see also into Nature. The walls of the houses first became to him brighter, "and then transparent," so that he could see the interior of every house and every object within it. "It was now as easy for me to see the people moving about their respective houses as in the open thoroughfares. . . . The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible . . . all were laid open to my vision." And it was from this state of vision he began, in time, his discourses on "The Divine Principles of Nature," dictating them from the hypnotic state. Afterwards he came into communication with spirits, who called themselves after the names of persons who had been alive on the Earth; but one is called his "Guide," with no other name, the leading of whose word he always seems to have followed. This Guide also appears to have effected several obscure communications with him even before he had been mesmerised, and to have been able so to influence his steps as to have gradually led him to encounter those who could exercise this occulting effect upon him, and by that

means have him drawn more fully under his spirit influence.

Young Mr. Davis continued his spiritualistic work in the lines indicated above for about four years more, before Mr. Harris felt impelled—or, I may truly say without irreverence, as was said of the Lord in His lowly earthly pilgrimage—"was driven of the Spirit" to visit him, in order that he might enter into temptation, and so through temptation, and overcoming the evil Enemy that he should encounter in it, enter into the clear light of Divine Truth. Not that it is to be implied that Mr. Davis was "the Devil"—certainly not, as has been said before—but nevertheless he had opened an occult pathway into that desolate wilderness that the Devil inhabits, and where no bread is to be found that will support the life of man, and where, therefore, pangs of hunger for the veritable words that come forth purely out of the mouth of Deity have to be endured, such as only the man of truly God-quickened soul can experience, until they are indeed heard and received.

It was in the year 1847 that Mr. Harris came to him, when he was twenty-four years of age, and Davis just about twenty; both young, but the elder the younger in spirit; full of youthful optimism and ardour; ready to believe in the goodness, truth, and sincerity of every man who professed to be moved by pure and elevated aspirations. We must remember the time: that this was in the very beginning—then the very small beginning—of that great movement in occultism that has prevailed so immensely since with an ever-widening sweep. To Mr. Harris then it was all new, and it spoke to him with an irresistible appeal, seeming to open such a door to the verification of the supernatural as was hitherto undreamt of.

And we must remember what he was: an ardent preacher to the people, seeking with all his might to rouse them to the highest aspirations and noblest deeds; and believing at that time that he could do so by the mere fervour of his own soul. But after toiling thus for fully five years, as he found himself unable to accomplish what he so zealously strove for, and hence began to sink into deep despair, lo, here appeared, come to his succour, a means that seemed to him for a little while would infallibly enable him to hew in pieces that obdurate crust of disbelief in the reality of any kind of supernatural life, within which the souls of his people appeared to be absolutely imprisoned. With enthusiasm he accepted both the worthiness and intrinsic goodness of all the Davis manifestations. Was not this, he thought, the supernatural being brought down to a scientific demonstration that all minds must accept? And he did not confine himself to Mr. Davis's manifestations alone, although he regarded him as the foremost and most advanced of them all. He visited other mediums wherever they could be found, to test their reality by actual inspection, and when he had satisfied himself of their genuineness, *as manifestations*, he ardently and voluntarily enlisted himself under Davis's banner and direction, and getting his consent and commission, he started forth as a missionary to preach far and wide this proven reality: *that the spirits of those who had lived on Earth did communicate from above, and were actually communicating, with men still living in the flesh.* This was the theme he had set himself to instil into the minds of men with all his power.

Davis evidently felt rather stunned by this ardent enthusiasm, and gave his consent to his becoming

his missionary in this way rather unwillingly; at least, with nothing, apparently, of Mr. Harris's own enthusiasm. In fact, the two men were of totally different natures and characters, and never could have worked together long. Mr. Davis was an out and out individualist, and had no concern whatever for the drawing of men into a higher organised social condition. In fact, he expressed himself as being even antagonistic to anything of the kind. He wished, or at least his "Guide" and the other spirits with him wished, every man to stand apart, thinking his own thoughts, and endeavouring to fulfil his own individual desires, and especially that each should seek to evolve his own inner nature by artificial development of mediumistic conditions. This last idea, indeed, seems to have been the very core of the practical teaching, as unmoral moralists (though not necessarily *immoral*), of himself, his Guide, and spirits with him. But Mr. Harris's whole soul was intent always from first to last on the purpose of uplifting all people into some higher socialised form of nobility. This to Davis was very distasteful; but he was always easy-going and indifferent as to what others thought, so long as they did not press upon or interfere with himself, and while Mr. Harris was away lecturing enthusiastically as his missionary and advocate, he let him go on doing so as much as he pleased. But when he returned from his preaching tour there was trouble.

However much Mr. Davis himself may have been a youth of pure and chaste habits, yet, after having become open to the influences of the spirit world through mesmerism, he had perforce either to adopt the rule of the spirits or break off entirely his occult



relations with them, for so long as such connection subsists the spirits controlling will permit of no deviation from their way. When at first Mr. Harris came to him, he, Davis, was doubtless living in simple chastity, but on his return, after several months, a great change had ensued. He had been led into association with a married woman, whose husband was still living, and he had begun to express views that were frankly and openly lax with regard to all obligations of permanence in the marriage tie, and so had begun both to teach and act on the principle that whenever married partners came of themselves to believe that they were no longer adapted to one another, they not only might, but ought, to separate and choose other partners whom they themselves believed to be more suitable; or, as he expressed it, truer affinities. But, as said already, Davis was no longer himself after he had become open to spirit control, and this change in him therefore is not to be attributed to himself, but to the controlling spirits with him. But all this was a great shock to Mr. Harris when, on his return, he was informed of it, and on finding also that Mr. Davis was actually allying himself to this married woman, who seemed to be a very gaily-dressed lady, he was both greatly shocked and unspeakably distressed, for his own idea of the marriage tie was that its sacredness was absolutely rooted in God, and that what God had joined together no man could lawfully sunder. And then, again, the idea that he entertained of Davis's inspiration, and of his spiritual guides, was so uplifted—held so immensely high—that his reliance upon them had been almost unlimited, regarding them as superior even to the Bible in this respect, that they came with present



scientific demonstration, at least as he then believed. But now, finding what he did on his return, he came to him in a state of great agitation, and said that God could never continue to bless him or sustain his inspiration and spiritual gifts if he did not live a life of purity. But Mr. Davis justified himself with great placidity, and said there was no impurity about him, and that what he was doing was perfectly right and correctly moral. This to Mr. Harris was like a stunning blow, and although he did not let it make an immediate separation outwardly, yet deeply the severance was complete, and so, externally also, they soon drifted apart. But with Mr. Harris himself this was a soul-agonising process.

Here, indeed, was the *crux*. By it he was brought face to face with that which indicated to him the principle that is, practically speaking, the basis of the New—the redeemed—Life of man in God, namely, the absolute establishment of all human sex relations on the only pure foundation possible, that, namely, of Divine ordinance, not merely in name and by ceremonial, but in truth and reality.

It appears that it was as an issue from this that he felt profoundly drawn soon after this time to a deeper study of the writings of Swedenborg, wherein is made known the heavenly principle of the “conjugal” or “counterpartal” marriage, which is truly of God from Eternity, and which constitutes the real or only true indissoluble marriage. But it is nowhere recorded, so far as the writer knows, that such study was the original cause of Mr. Harris embodying this principle in his future teaching. It is to be inferred rather that he was first directed by the heavenly messengers that were sent to him in response to his earnest prayers to take that study up in order that

his mind might be opened into the Divine rationale of this profound subject ; for, in this matter, Swedenborg was truly God's specially illumined messenger. Only it is unqualifiedly made known that Mr. Harris himself never was taught any fundamental religious principle from without in the first place, but from beginning to end he received everything of the kind from within. Even messengers sent to him of God, and direct from Heaven, only came as guides and aids to his free intelligence—even the priesthood of that special Heavenly society to which it is recorded that he interiorly belonged, the "Heaven of the Crimson Dove," never attempted to dictate. This the writer believes to be strictly in accord with everything that is on record ; but the reader will understand that this part of the narrative is necessarily based primarily on the evidence of others, and yet that it is confirmed abundantly by later, more intimate, and direct knowledge.

Mr. Harris was not the only one who at this time had joined himself to Mr. Davis : among a few others who had also done so was one of much intelligence and remarkable gifts, Mr. S. B. Brittan, and he also felt scandalised by the matter above written of, but not quite as Mr. Harris did. He was at this time acting as Editor to Mr. Davis's periodical, "*The Universcœlum*," and what troubled him most was the injury with the public to the periodical and the cause, that would ensue from the scandal, and when Mr. Harris separated from Davis he and S. B. Brittan became for a time close friends, and they now consulted together as to what was the right thing to be done under the circumstances. Mr. Brittan, however, had taken into himself much more of Davis's materialistic-pantheistic principles than Mr.

Harris had, and tended to ally himself with spiritualists generally; and Mr. Harris for some time did so also, but in a manner that was peculiarly his own.

In a conversation the writer had with him many years afterwards, he spoke of that time and period. He described it as being the most fearful part of his life. What he said in effect was this—"I knew not what to do to find again my footing on any solid ground, so I threw myself unreservedly into the arms of my God for deliverance, and, trusting simply in Him, I had, like other spiritualists, and as far as I could in unison with them, to seek myself to enter as a medium into these mysterious states, in order, with God's help, to find out what were the bottom facts concerning them. This seemed to me to be absolutely the one thing needful that had to be done, and that I must do it." But when he came to attempt this the experiences were awful, and as he became open to the world of spirits he found that he could make no single move in safety except through direct prayer, and then this persistent state of prayerfulness, directly to the Lord Jesus Christ as Almighty God, so infuriated the spirits who were not good that they poured into his sensitive organism the most excruciating tortures. This they were able to effect more fully as he became more fully open, but the Divine power, drawn to him through prayer, invariably brought relief and delivered him; and from that time on, without cessation, the Lord Himself was his constant guide, and through the medium of good angels, especially sent as occasion required, led him on step by step. None other than such could be with him while through unceasing prayer he maintained open communication of his

soul with God. Not that he had not on his way, from time to time, to encounter evil spirits. This he had to do, as in many places of his writings is most graphically told; but through prayer to God he always overcame. This was the golden life-secret that it was given him to reap through these experiences. He entered into them from no spirit of curiosity, but solely as a duty and work that he felt laid upon him, even by God Himself, to be carried out to the fulness; for he now realised that he was standing in a crisis that was the turning point for the dawn of a new era in human history.

To the above record from Mr. Harris's own spoken words it may be added that it is to be learned from many places in his writings, and especially from the first volume of "*The Arcana of Christianity*," that if men on this earth only could live truly prayerful lives, continually seeking thereby to order their whole way purely according to God's will, there are none of the mediumistic methods practised by modern spiritualists to hold communication with the spiritual world that would be dangerous; and the only reason why they are so on this orb of ours is that men who do this in any deep and true sense hardly exist upon it. But on the unfallen orbs of space, where every man does so, without exception, all or any of these methods are occasionally practised with perfect safety, and those pure, godly, prayerful men are never led by them into any kind of illusion. But it has never to be forgotten that this world is in an abnormal state, environed by hosts of more or less evil spirits, and the occult influence of these upon the spirits of men alive on its surface makes it absolutely impossible for them to rise into, and maintain, such a truly prayerful life, without going through similar almost

unimaginably strenuous struggle to that Mr. Harris himself had to exercise. The Divine visitation that came to him, that met him on his heroically toilsome way, and there, in answer to his first mere feeble prayers, grasped him by the hand, alone enabled him to maintain the state, and overcome every enemy that endeavoured to break through it. To man of himself this was impossible; only "*with God* all things are possible."

Returning to report of the conversation held with Mr. Harris, he further told the writer of a long talk he had with Mr. Brittan one night when they were rooming together. The subject of that talk was prayer, and in the course of it Mr. B. said that, for his own part, he could not understand how the reasonableness of prayer to God could be maintained; and he brought up every objection to it that the materialised mind can propound. But Mr. Harris declared that with every subtle and cleverly phrased objection, as it came up, a complete and satisfying answer was immediately given him to speak, and that this went on for a very long time throughout the night, until finally Mr. Brittan had to confess, "Well, I must say that, as you view it, it does seem to be reasonable." It is impossible to express how deeply the writer was moved by this simple narration from Mr. Harris's own lips, and he himself in narrating it showed how great a weight of significance it carried in his own mind. How tremendous the problem was! and how characteristically the two approached to grapple with it, each in his own distinctive way. One of them had found a clear way out, God-illuminated before his face; the other full of doubts, yet assenting to the cogent words of his friend at the time they were spoken,

whether or not able to hold to the full spirit of them permanently. However, Mr. Brittan became deeply attached to Mr. Harris at this time, and remained his helpful coadjutor for some years after. He also wrote, by special request, the very intelligent and elucidative introductions to "The Epic of the Starry Heaven" and "The Lyric of the Golden Age," to be found in each volume. Although his intellectual point of view differed in many respects from the poet's own, being more from the plane of the natural philosopher, yet all his remarks breathe throughout a spirit of open-minded wisdom that serves well the purpose for which they were written.

The date of this conversation with Mr. B. must have been somewhere about the close of the year 1847, which was Mr. Harris's special time of spiritual transition from the shifting sands of the guidance of spirits to the solid ground of the absolute guidance of God, *sought and found*.

The practical question, the solution of which was then and there being undertaken, and so fully ventilated, between those two that night, may well be regarded as the most fundamental of all questions, and most far-reaching in its consequences, being no less than this—to use Mr. Harris's own words as closely as can be remembered—"Is any practical reality of Religion or Godliness to remain alive on this Earth or no? For it all depends on this one thing, whether any real ability remains in man to exercise, and maintain, such practical and efficient prayer to God, as would sustain the union of the human soul with the Divine Spirit in such degree as to evoke real Divine aid for every real human need. If this proved to be impossible, then Religion on this Earth was proven indeed to be dead. But

on the other hand, if it could be proved that God was both the hearer and answerer of true prayer, then indeed it would be demonstrated that Religion is yet truly alive." At the same time, he also made it clearly to be seen that by no superficial way could this solution have been arrived at.—It is referred to a few pages back, how in the first century the supreme spirit of evil that afflicted our world had to be sought and encountered, in order that that solution might be effected then; so again at this close of the Christian Era that same spirit of evil—in all essential respects—had to be encountered once more, *in the very realm of spirits*, before this fundamentally important—all-needful—solution could be again achieved. The Scribes and Pharisees of old would have nothing to do with making such an attempt, and so again in our own day, they in Christendom who correspond to those Scribes and Pharisees of Palestine would have nothing to do with any such thing. But in the former case ONE was found, "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah," who did make the encounter; and now again in our own day another has been found, who by direct spiritual, and thence also bodily, descent, is the Daughter-Son of that Divine Twain-One, who first entered the lions' den to conquer, and to make the way of conquest a possibility for whomsoever could follow thereafter, being so called of God. And something of the style and order of this last encounter, and of the fruits of its victory, is what is now being attempted to be told.

And yet it must be acknowledged, and the belief here recorded, that many good men have become open, mediumistically, to the spirit world since the time here written of, and have endeavoured to



maintain entirely disillusioned states through prayer to God, and that, ostensibly at least, in the very name of Christ Jesus, without having attained to any manifest fruitful results. But the cause of this is only that the way is so exceeding strait and narrow in such a world as this is. The Master Himself foresaw that this would be the case with many, who, He said, "would strive to enter in, and should not be able." The writer of this narrative, indeed, shrinks not from affirming his belief, as the fruit of his almost life-long following of the path, and devoted study of the whole subject in that devoted service and pursuit, that only one man of all those who have made the attempt, as following by himself alone in the steps of Christ, has attained to the full and complete deliverance and entrance.

Of all work that can be performed in this world, true prayer to God—to very God—is the hardest and most stupendous of all, and because when it is won and maintained, it is the most fruitful of vital good to mankind and the whole world of all other work whatever, therefore it is resisted by every adverse power in it, with an animosity and persistence that is only short of being absolutely infinite, because it has been limited by the Infinite God Himself, through His incarnation in the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the separation from Mr. A. J. Davis there occurs a rather obscure interval of Mr. Harris's life, while his spiritual state was not yet fixed. He retired to Mountain Cove, at Auburn, New York, in company with Mr. James D. Scott, who was also a mediumistic man, and while together there they jointly edited a paper called *The Mountain Cove Journal*. The writer had access to files of this paper



in 1861-2, and read a good part of them, but retains a very dim remembrance of their contents. He only recalls to mind that the articles seemed to be written by various hands, and he never felt sure what portions were by Mr. Harris himself, and what by others. The writing was very unequal, and he cannot remember that any of it showed that intrinsically and unintermittently pure, Divinely-led quality that characterises everything from his hand from the year 1850 onwards. Persons unfriendly to Mr. Harris have criticised very sharply the incidents of this Mountain Cove period; but the writer does not feel much concern or ability to enter into the merits or demerits of their affirmations, not having access to reliable records of the facts upon which they are based. Yet he feels quite certain from such things as he can recall from readings in said journal that during that time Mr. Harris was gradually approaching those solid Divine foundations on which ultimately his feet became firmly planted. There were evidences also of his being continually the subject of a special over-ruling Providence. But his association with Mr. Scott ended in a complete rupture, and then also the publication of *The Mountain Cove Journal* ceased.

During all this time Mr. Harris appears never to have lost connection with his New York congregation, and the first reliable record of his ministration there during this interval is to be found in his own words introductory to "The New Republic," published as late as 1891. These words, therefore, will be quoted here. He writes as follows: "In 1848 I was minister of 'The Independent Christian Congregation' of New York. There was a growing and alarming body of juvenile destitution and crime in that city. During one pleasant summer week, for some unknown reason I was unable

to think out my usual discourse. A strange brooding quietude and stillness possessed the mental faculties. Saturday evening came, leading with it a calm that became intense: that made in the senses a suppressed thrill.

"Returning to the solitude of my study, it seemed that a voice, that was rather an intelligence than voice, filled the air and played a rhythm into the brain, generating words, 'We wish you to write for us to-night.'

"I sat down at my desk, and the words of the Christ came for a text: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.' From this I went on to write as rapidly as words, or the symbols of words, could be traced on the paper; yet with most absolute self-possession and concentration of mental passion. No pause, no intromission of foreign thought till the whole was written: no cerebral excitement, but the continued breathing rhythm, diffused in solemn yet joyful calm.

"I read that discourse on Sunday morning to my great congregation: read it in that same mystery of vibrating intelligence, quivering with love, calm as the stillness of a perfect night in midsummer; while from eye to eye it seemed as if the hushed, melted audience diffused an atmosphere that held the dew of tears.

"As the people rose unwilling to depart, Mr. Horace Greely, one of the office-bearers of the Parish, stood up in his place and requested the audience to remain. A public meeting was organised, and 'The New York Juvenile Asylum' was born from the deliberations. A committee of the Parish was placed in charge of the initiatory work. 30,000 copies were distributed in pamphlet form as rapidly as possible. The discourse,

in parts or in entirety, was copied in leading dailies. And, heretical as the author was considered, the sermon was preached verbatim on the following Sunday from leading orthodox pulpits; good Dr. Muhlenburg, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, prefacing by saying that it was borne in on his heart to address his people on the subject, but that this discourse said what he wanted to say in better words than any of his own. A charter was procured at the incoming session of the Legislature; the gifts of the city of New York were supplemented by a large public appropriation: lands were purchased and an edifice at once commenced: the good work so far accomplished.

"The course of public life led me away from New York at no distant period. The incident was almost buried from memory, till some years afterward a solitary wayfarer, in the dusk twilight, weighted with huge griefs and burdens of the People's care, I passed a great edifice, enclosed in ample pleasure grounds, on an eminence in the suburbs of the city. I heard from it the chorus of many voices of children singing their evening hymn. I asked a passer by, 'What building is that?' He answered, 'The New York Juvenile Asylum.' Verily, 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

Surely the above indicates an immense religious advance beyond the Davis period. Nevertheless, he was at this time only approaching the full openness of his life to the Heavens, being manifestly led, however, by the Heavenly Father step by step, through ministering angels and good spirits sent to him for that purpose.

He had among his New York congregation at this

time, and after he had changed its name to "The Church of the Good Shepherd," many superiorly endowed persons, both by nature and culture; concerning whom, however, the writer cannot venture to be more particular, having no very sure records to draw upon. His hearers were then far more numerous than they ever became subsequently to his explicit Divine call. In the year 1863 the writer found a volume of magazine articles by Mr. Parton, a then very popular writer in periodicals, and in one of them is described how, while quite a young man, he had gone to New York at this period—towards 1848—led thither by a kind of hero-worship of the famous editor, Horace Greely. He was personally unacquainted with him except by sight; but having encountered him in the street on a Sunday forenoon he determined to follow him wherever he might be bound, and he was thus led straight to the Church in which Mr. Harris ministered, of whom he seems never to have heard; but he was immensely struck both by the preacher and by the peculiar demeanour in the church of the great editor. The latter, he says, went directly to his seat, and sitting down there, immediately, to all appearance, went fast asleep, and remained so, without apparent change, throughout the whole time of the service from beginning to end; yet probably he both heard and took note of all that was transpiring, as editors seldom fail to do. But it was the entrance of the preacher that made the chief impression. Mr. Parton described him as coming in with flashing eyes while walking up the aisle, as if seeing no one of the congregation, but gazing far over their heads, and, when he got into the pulpit, still maintaining the same aspect of being unconscious of anything but some vast supernal

presence, he began a discourse upon heroism of life according to such lofty ideals as he had never before heard expressed. These are the only two significant incidents that can be culled from any remaining records of the few years immediately preceding 1850.

## CHAPTER VI.

WITH this year (A.D. 1850) we enter upon a new and most important period of Mr. Harris's life and mission, when he began definitely to reap the first-fruits of all his wrestling with Fate in God's own name. It was in the month of March of that year, at about ten o'clock one evening, before he had retired, and while still wide awake, that a majestic angelic man descended, commissioned to show, and bear witness to him of the fact, of the instilment into the deep interior of his mind, in germ, of the substance of his first purely Heaven-inspired—God-inspired—poem, in which everything uttered is safeguarded by providential shield from all intrusion of disordered or illusioning influence.

This event indicates what may truly be called his arrival at the threshold of that state of perfect Divine leading, which was with him thereafter always, with unintermittent constancy, in all those works that were in the direct line of his mission, and of which this "Epic of the Starry Heaven" was the first. In the account of that great sermon on behalf of little children, given in the previous chapter, there is seen, indeed, a foregleam of this, which indicated something of the manner in which he was being led towards it, and which was also providential in a subordinate degree—in fact, an earlier evidence, as if to encourage him on his way, of the effect of his constant prayers to God, to be led purely by Him in all his spiritual experiences.

But this year was the time of the ingeneration of the poem only; and before it could be actually uttered and sung three whole years and nine months had to elapse, while the preparation or growth in the poet's deep mind and interior being was being brought to maturity; then this whole poem, of about six thousand lines, was dictated to friends who from time to time acted as amanuenses, with a rapidity beyond all precedent—viz., in the short space of twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes, in twenty-one sittings, beginning 24th November and closing 8th December, 1853.

Truly this comes before the modern mind as a stupendous natural miracle; but it is not with any mere external natural wonders that this narrative would deal, except incidentally. It is the wonders of human and angelic life, and the previously unknown wonders of creation, that are revealed in the substance of the poem itself, and of the far greater works that succeeded it, that are here the subjects of real interest; also the tremendous fact of the opening up of hitherto veiled and closed faculties in man's interior nature by which knowledge of things deemed hitherto to be wholly beyond man's reach here below is shown to be attainable, if it pleases God to lift the veil.

But there is another thing that must here be referred to before going further; for it seems from the history of Spiritualism as if that veil can be lifted by mere human artifice, without any regard to God at all. Man's own self-will and self-desire—the essential and absolute “Devil”—thus becomes the modern tempter, causing him to say in his own mind, “All this is in my own power, and open to me already if I have only full faith in myself.” So

man, believing this, has essayed himself to tear down that veil, and *has seemed indeed to effect it.*

"At last comes 'Spiritism' misconceived;  
In selfhood reasoned, Christlessly believed,  
Held in the proud conception of self's thought;  
The 'god of this world' whereof Christus taught,  
The god who in degeneration grows,  
And is degeneration to its close.

"Behold your god, O Peoples, ye who swim  
In the self vortex. Yield your fates to him.  
He asks no martyrdoms; he gives you fees  
Of fond self-praises; mutual flatteries.  
He tints Elysium on the selfhood's eyne.  
'Take ye the world. See all thereof is mine,  
And I bestow it unto those I will :—  
I, self, incarnate in you, am you still.'"

—"Song of Theos," 1903.

But "he that entereth not by the 'Door,' but climbeth in some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And so it is to be deemed of man when trusting to himself alone he seeks to fathom the mysteries of the Occult world that it has pleased God to veil. And, indeed, all mere experimenters from scientific curiosity fail to find anything that is truly reliable, and become the subjects of endless delusion; and even when, perchance, they bring themselves face to face with some veritable fact, in their eyes it assumes such an aspect that they can make nothing of it. *This is because they have crossed that line beyond which all mere worldly wisdom is of no avail.*

But, nevertheless, the fact remains, and is brought fully into view in this poem and all the following works, that man does possess in the inner structures of his being immense ranges of faculties by



which, when it pleases God, all the wonders of His Universe, however distant in space, and however interior and deep in the realm of spirit, can be opened up to his cognition. These are the wonders—the only wonders of real intrinsic value—that are here sought to be brought into special notice, and concerning which this “Epic of the Starry Heaven,” by Divine permission, and strictly under Divine guidance, is the first written word: initiative to all the greater words to follow thereafter—all of them essentially lyrical, essentially words of song—so bearing witness to these stupendous facts.

It has to be recorded here that from his earliest childhood Mr. Harris was a very remarkable poetical improvisatore. Lyrical speech from the first, indeed, seems to have been innate in him, as if it were his own most natural form of expression; but he was shy of such utterance before others at this early date. Only in private with one lady, who was kind to him, so far as is now known, did he then let it be heard or known of; and Mr. Richard M'Cully, in his book on “The Brotherhood of the New Life,” published in 1893, quotes from a letter of hers, dated the year previous, and addressed to a friend in Scotland, as follows:—“When in Utica he would come to my sitting-room of an evening, and sitting down in a rather high chair—one which allowed him to swing his feet rythmically—he would compose poetry by the mile; and it was really poetry—exquisite thoughts exquisitely worded. My memories of these quiet hours are very beautiful. There was nothing impressive about his person then; he was too thin, really lank, but his eyes were very full of thought, and his voice had a rare charm. But to none other of the large family that lived under that

roof did he ever exhibit his wonderful gift. His poetic utterances were to me like views of sunrise and sunset, which we enjoy internally, but which we cannot remember."

The following verses—short extracts from "Song of Theos"—although written so lately as 1902-3, are applicable to every verse and book in the whole series—this earliest poem no less than all the others:

"In song the world began, in song Divine  
That swept full bosomed through the cosmic veins.  
In song the world shall end, the world of crime:  
World of self-passion torn to deadly pains.

"Draws nigh the Goddess, Wingéd Victory:  
She who to olden sight Heaven's Dove became.  
Song, touch in worship to the holy knee,  
Carol for joy in Christus-Christa's flame.'

"The Mystery, to mind inexplicate,  
Till Mother Christa freed Her bosom gate,  
. . . . .  
She opens in Word-billows of sure song:  
More than the stars are, populous and strong.

. . . . .  
Of old men knew and prophesied in part:—  
The Mystery opens: God is heart in heart."

"Little by little, grain by grain,  
Build coral isles beneath the main.  
The sun leads purpose in his shine,  
So purpose in this verse of mine.

"Sounds of innumerable wings;  
Choir-voices of supernal kings!  
Floods of life-mercies pulse in flow;  
Earth quivers to the undertow.

"Flesh is alive to imminence  
Of God, through spirit, soul, and sense.  
I lift the verse-rod; on its star  
Alights the Dove of Avatar."

Poetry is not regarded in the world as a vehicle for fact, but only for fancy and fiction, which have nothing to do with science. But this idea is the fruit jointly of miseducation and the misleading experience of life, such as man's now is, that has fallen prone to the Earth, almost entirely devastated of every element that can properly retain the name of "life," in any full sense of that word. Its science, so called, is a science of little more than the dead shells of fact, hardly of truly substantial fact at all. But now, the things revealed in this first fully-inspired poem of Mr. Harris's, called "The Epic of the Starry Heaven," and in the other works succeeding it, are facts indeed of God's Universe, in the true and living sense of the word; and being able to accept these, and such as these, as true and substantial verities, becomes an absolute necessity to everyone as he begins in any deep degree to advance in that New Life which the Divine Breath initiates.

But it will be asked, Where is the demonstration of this?

As it was said in a previous chapter concerning the Fays, and how they are known, that they are known by the Breath, as God Himself is known; and, as it is said in Mr. Harris's own words in "God's Breath with Man," how is it that the Lord Jesus can be known by anyone to be veritably God Incarnate? that it is known by this, that "as they ask that He will reveal His hidden name, each will discover that as he thinks that Jesus is not the Lord, his frame will chill, and the bosom be oppressed by an intolerable load; will feel, in a word, that death is rushing in to take possession of him"; so now likewise it is to be said, while he can only think of those stars of the sky that shine throughout the

night, and of the sun that shines by day, as mere material orbs that radiate mere material light and heat, he will feel the New Breath within him begin to cease to lift the bosom with its rythmic motion, and a horror and dread as of a kind of DEATH UNIVERSAL will begin to take possession of him. And now, indeed, our earthly astronomy, in its whole present form, substance, style and order, as Mr. Harris again and again has truly borne witness to, is full of the spirit or essence of this death, and it positively infuses it into the spirit, body and brain of all men of any culture first, and, by secondary effect, into all men whatever. So death, in idea, coming in thus through the superior organs of the spirit and brain of man, threatens a universal reign of death in the world throughout. And this would, indeed, be irremediable, only God has not forsaken the world, but has re-entered it by such door as has proved to be available through the faithfulness of one man.

"The Scientific is the end of man.

Minds fashion into science and are lost ;  
For the Creative fires through Heaven that ran  
Show to them then as sparkling Nature-frost.  
To think into them doth the mind exhaust  
Of the immortal that its essence fed.  
Earth's evolutionists the line have crost  
That separates God's quick from Nature's dead :  
Thence Nature, as the cause, moves in their logic led.

"So Spencer is a Buddhist in disguise,

Reflecting Nature by her surface lines.  
The wreathing Heavens, by awful destinies,  
Wither by years as the autumnal vines.  
Each fruited star, for human life that shines,  
Becomes at last a shell of arid stone.  
Persistent force the system discombines :  
Nature into a Cosmic dust is blown :  
The full result at last leaves formless void alone."

—"Star Flowers," Canto ix., Nos. clxxxiii. and clxxxiv., 1887.

It must not be imagined that the outward appearances of the orbs of space, whether suns, planets or satellites, can be any reliable guide or test as to the living conditions existing on those orbs. It has pleased God to set them so far apart in space that all communication should be impossible to the external man, not interiorly opened. There are many planes of human existence on every orb, and most of them shut off entirely from the view of the eye of man here; and there are multitudes of inhabited orbs also, called "Aromal," that are totally veiled from him. He sees only certain effects produced in the outward aspect of things from that all-abounding life that ranges all the way from the unimaginable glory of God's own dwelling-place down to the smallest starlet of space destined for human and creaturely habitation.

"Conceive of this by a simplicity,

A truth-point led into the reasoning sense.  
In fourth-dimensioned wisdom rise and see;  
Put on a thoughtness from omniscience;  
Exalt the Word-breath till it rules the frame,  
Then feel the universal by its flame.

"So, as the Word-ways open in the brain,

This realm a fourth-dimensioned space is found.  
If the ways open not, 'tis the profane  
In ego and its lusts that bars the round.  
To-day the men of Jupiter and Mars  
Might touch the sense, but that earth's ill debars.

"When open earth shall touch the open sky,

And open sky with open earth accord,  
The lustful ego in its wrath must die:  
As failed the tempest when it met the Lord,  
And the coiled whirlpools folded to a glee,  
And there was breathful rest in Galilee."

—"Conversation in Heaven," 1894.

When the incarnate Lord stood on the Earth He knew, but all it pleased Him to say then concerning all those other orbs of space was this: "Other sheep I have which are not of this household, and them when I come will I bring with Me, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd." The whole Universe is the one fold, and the all of Humanity in that Universe are His sheep therein to be safely folded—"one fold and one Shepherd."

This, however, does not necessarily mean that the Lord in His outward natural mind possessed such knowledge of the stars as modern astronomy teaches. His knowledge was all from the Divine inmost, and only embraced that lowly external, that is the field of natural third dimensional understanding, so far as was needful for the fulfilment of His Divine mission; and it was from His own Divine degree of knowledge that He spoke.

Light breaks in on old texts as the truth of life in creation opens. What meaning did there appear to be in the Divine saying, "Know the truth and the truth will make you free"? Many expositions have been made of it, but only very partial meanings found, or could be, until the doors of all the "many mansions" in the Father-Mother's house were opened, and intercommunication between the dwellers therein commenced and established. But thus indeed does the substance of the real truth make all the children free to that whole house, both in all the Heavens and all the Earths.

Some in reading Mr. Harris's book, "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," published in 1892, have felt perplexed as to how and why it was he devoted so much space to describing the origins and subjective modes of existence of the orbs of space,

both solar and planetary, and both those relatively near to this Earth and many that are immensely remote. But the reason is that for the opening of the conditions proper to man in the fully evolving new Christian age, the old narrow dead order of thought regarding all creation has to be brought to an end. His heart and mind have to open out towards the whole immensities of the living Cosmos, all unitised throughout all its diversities, all vitalised, all humanised, and, through its humanities, all God-inhabited and pervaded.

“Loose from part-thoughtfulness of times ago,  
 Loose to the Wholeness that is God revealed—  
 'Tis Nature, Nature, quivering to unbar :  
 'Tis Nature, Nature, holds the Avatar.”

—“Song of Theos,” 1902-3.

He who breathes in God, breathes also in the whole Humanity of God ; and when God breathes in man, breathes into him also, in God, with God and through God, that whole Humanity, all as one. In Him there is no separateness any more.

“The stars are steadfast in their place,  
 Because they feel the Lord's embrace.  
 Through faith we may an insight win  
 To Christ who dwells the world within.

“The soul that Christ in Nature sees  
 May touch the great world's organ keys,  
 And wake the vast and awful base  
 That thunders through the suns of space.”

—“Regina,” 1860.

Aldebaran and Sirius are as near to our Earth as is the Mother to the child in her bosom, when the affections of their vast humanities are drawn in God towards our suffering people.

Then, when such blessed conditions come to be

realised here, there will be seen again, on the human countenance of this orb, that smile of perfect content that wreaths the face of the child, laid in rest against its mother's bosom, from the very gladness and peace of the inmost Heaven of Innocence. But some will perhaps protest that all this is only fond imagination and no reality; therefore I will affirm—dropping the third person for the nonce—simply as a direct participating witness, that, by gift of the Living God, and in the power of His Breath Divine, such state of perfect blessedness is realisable, and has already begun to be realised, by those who have entered consciously into the first full degree of this New Life. The writer of this narrative, in all he says here, speaks of that he does know, and only of what he has himself, in his own small measure, realised in his own person in unison with the others, and therefore his testimony is trustworthy, and that which ought to be received.

And besides all that, it is a testimony which in due time everyone will be able to confirm for himself, if he remains faithful to his highest light and purest Divine leading.

In light of this, it should hence easily be understood that the acquisition of all the knowledge above spoken of, pertaining to the distant orbs of space, is not by any material means, except as through the rapport and spiritual—or rather vital—connection that subsists between the humanities that inhabit them,—and this all in God. Thus this living knowledge that is so acquired is all from internal to external, and not like that of the cultured scientist of this Earth, that is entirely by the opposite way; seeing primarily of the crust and shell of things only, and inferring from such observation, so far as he can, what the real



nature of that veiled life may be. Except in and through the Divine Breath in man and all its fruitions, the yet to him unknown harmony and agreement that subsist between the internal and the external can never be unfolded: and by no other means than this also can the great gulf, that divides all that as yet are called "Science" and "Religion" here below, ever be bridged.

From the time that "a fourth dimension of space" began to be spoken of, the mathematicians sought to take it up and explain it in terms of the mathematics of Euclid. But when Mr. Harris adopted the phrase as a fit and true form of expression for a divinely vital fact, God—that is the Lord—was declared to be its only reality. Except as in Him the idea of space is nothing but fictioned form. (See the whole of that precious poem, "Conversation in Heaven," 1894.) The Divine ascended body of the Lord Jesus Christ is the only reality of all space. When Thomas touched the hands and feet of that Divine form, and also the wounded side, and said, "My Lord and my God," it was not the dust that he touched; but it was that the inherent sense of the fourth dimension was awakened in him by that Divine Presence. And it is in that sole reality also that the whole visible universe of Creation subsists.

Mr. Harris was not the only one who bore witness from the internal to the universal fact of the stars being inhabited—or else in preparation for such habitation—by races of mankind in all essential respects like those of this Earth, except that they are in every way superiorly endowed. Swedenborg in the previous century had his eyes providentially opened to the same great fact. He met the

spirits of such also in the spiritual world mingling occasionally with the departed spirits of our Earth. These last, however, Swedenborg affirmed could not at first believe that they were really from other orbs of space; not until it was demonstrated to them by undeniable evidences. And he himself could only view them—and the stars also whence they came—obscured under dense shadow, because of the theoretic persuasion, self-derived in the logical working of his own mind, that evil existed by a law of necessity wherever men lived as free-born spirits. It was impossible that his mind could be freed from this idea while he was only opened in the spiritual degree. It is from the celestial degree of the spirit only that it can become clear how free-born human beings can maintain an absolute innocence while in the full exercise of that inherited freedom.\*

But although everything seen by Swedenborg concerning the stars of space was thus much obscured, and even distorted from the truth, yet the presentation of the fact, even thus imperfectly, was without doubt a necessity to the opening of the spiritual degree of the understanding, which it was his special mission to effect. But it was to him

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\* In the great Sakiamuni also—he who became the “Buddha,” the great light of Asia—the same dark cloud prevailed, and in a far more terrible, or truly universal, form. Derived from like natural working of the logical faculty in the human brain, evil to him assumed the aspect of being an absolute and eternal necessity of all organic existence whatever; and hence in his eyes a total and absolute deliverance from such existence became the only hope of man, and his only righteous aim. He had no knowledge, and apparently no prophetic gleam, of the universal Divine redemption that was to come thereafter through the very Christ of God. Nevertheless it is manifest that he himself was essentially animated and inspired from the same Divine spirit; as is evidenced by his practical counsels of morality and humanity.

like "seeing men as trees walking," as was said of the man whose blindness was healed by the Lord, while his sight was as yet only half restored. But notwithstanding that, his corroborative evidence was substantial and valid, as to the great main fact itself, which, therefore, does not depend upon the witness of one Seer alone. The knowledge of it is one of the most absolute necessities and consequences of that universal opening of all the doors of the human soul that is the destined inheritance of man in the new Christian age.

It will now be clear why this first book of the series should be such as it is; and why its being uttered, sung and written was an absolute necessity in the beginning as a preparation in man for the incoming of the New Life itself in concrete form, through the Breath, into the body of the race. Also it was an absolute necessity to Mr. Harris himself in preparation for the great life-work that was before him; not only for what it made known, but by toning up all the finer structures of his body by the melodious vibrations of the celestial song that thrilled through every nerve as he chanted it, the roads were being laid and the channels opened for the fuller celestial and Divine descents that had hereafter to ensue. And also, by the same means preparations in his structure were being made for the opening of those deeper degrees of the Breath that had to follow, if ever his destined work in the world was to be accomplished; for it can only have been the first degree that was as yet opened. The writer does not know positively at what precise date this actually occurred in Mr. Harris's own person, as he is not aware of a precise statement of the fact

being recorded ; but judging from all the general facts known, he feels little doubt that it must have been about this very time, or just before it, for the ingerming of the poem must have been entirely in and through the Breath. He will therefore quote here the overture to "Regina," a poem published in 1860, in which that opening is described, without exact mention of date, but referring in general quite manifestly to this period.

"In a city of the Earth-world lived a Poet, in his prime,  
He had won by ceaseless labours many praises of the time,  
Striving ever in the selfhood, through the wild world's battle  
storm,  
To arouse the trampled nations to the combats of Reform.

"Like a dying gladiator, who must battle to the last,  
Words of hope and cheer he uttered though the life was  
failing fast,  
Till a mighty Angel shivered, with his strong right hand, the  
glass  
Of his Fancy's cloudy palace and its dome of burnished brass ;  
Then he fell to earth despairing, while a pulse of inner breath  
Faintly quivered through the bosom in the bitterness of death.  
For long nights of mortal anguish, like a martyr who has lain  
Breathing on 'mid reeking corpses where the jackals tear the  
slain.  
He was trampled till Derision made a byword of his toil ;  
He was numbered with the fallen, he was counted with the  
spoil.

"Visions of Messiah's glory passed before him as he lay,  
Till within the awful Morning lit the poor down-trodden clay,  
And he felt the Breath eternal, while a second life began  
To unfold a shrine within it for the coming Son of Man.  
Then the form rose, slowly moving, all its heart and mind  
aglow,  
With the anthem sung by Angels eighteen centuries ago ;  
In their mystic tongue he chanted songs that, inly understood,

Made the demons blanch and tremble in their war against  
the good,  
While the sweet celestial music, as it echoed from afar,  
Seemed the birth-note of the day-spring or the bride-song of  
a star.

“He had known earth’s hollow praises and had cast them  
under feet;  
He had smiled with Faith and Duty in affliction’s furnace  
heat;  
He had bled for others’ sorrows and had toiled for others’  
needs.  
‘Now,’ the solemn Angel whispered, ‘lay aside thy withered  
weeds;  
Clothed in pure effulgent raiment, lift thy golden harp and  
stand  
With the priests of God’s high altar, in the deathless Upper  
Land.’”

—From the Overture to “Regina,” 1859.

Such is the written record of the opening of the  
first degree of the Breath in Mr. Harris himself—a  
great fact of prime importance in this life history.

But now, as regards the substance of the “Epic of  
the Starry Heaven” itself, it should be remembered  
that, being the very first of the poems, it is the least  
mature of all Mr. Harris’s works. Only the most  
general and initiative of the great practical laws of  
the Life must be looked for in it, and its style,  
as compared, for instance, to the splendour of “Star  
Flowers,” written about thirty years later, is relatively  
simple in language and versification. Nevertheless,  
immature as it is, it stood, when it appeared, unique  
in the world’s literature. It is not to say better, or  
more beautiful; it is simply out of comparison with  
anything else then extant. For the uniqueness of all  
these writings, from the least to the greatest, is  
witnessed by this, that by the Breath they are

realised to be solid from the deepest ground ; and so charged throughout with living substance for the sustenance of the life of man, even when to the external ear the language may seem to be exceptionally simple ; no external artifice whatever having in any case been permitted to alter or modify it, merely to please the ear of the superficial reader. But the high unique quality, spoken of, is found by the quickened and Breath-pervaded inner ear, in the ever-present, never-failing affection of utter Divine innocence, and by the inner Divine music that, through the Breath, and what, in Mr. Harris's phrase, is termed "the plexial sense and understanding," the soul can ever feel in every line. Even as a man, as a bridegroom, rests deeply and profoundly in the arms of the Eternal Bride, now he can say :

"Here we are safe from all our foes,  
Safe by the walls of Love's Repose."

And, in further elucidation of such profound fact, here may be quoted the "Song of the Counterpart," given under the heading, "The Book of Paradise," in "Gifts of Innocence," 1878.

"She caught a chaplet from a glowing bough  
Blossomed, with fragrance rife,  
And said, 'Receive the lyric garland now,  
I crown thee—I, the wife!  
This wreath of melody above thy brow  
Bloomed on the Tree of Life.

"Till men shall sing with us they cannot rise  
Into our Garden Bower ;  
By harmony in harmony, the skies  
Evolve their wondrous power ;  
By harmony in harmony, the dyes  
Of Helios tint the flower.

“I weave my life in thine, by all the words  
Where to our lips unite ;  
I move in thee to Earth, by all the chords  
Of minstrelsy and might.  
By one pure energy the song affords  
Uplifting and delight.

“By the free motions of the Muse are wrought  
The spells that free the mind :  
Till the soft frame is in the vortice caught,  
Where Heavens their force unbind.  
Deliverance by the Muse to man is brought :  
A swift melodious wind.

“The respirations that the bosom lift  
Move in a rhythmic play ;  
By harmony in harmony, the gift  
That overcomes decay.  
Till solar beams destroy the wintry drift  
To feed fresh blooms of May.

“By harmony in harmony, shall fall  
The temples and the towers ;  
The frosts disperse, and Man's funereal pall  
Be made his couch of flowers ;  
And rise the diamond roof and jasper wall,  
Inclosing Eden's bowers.

“By harmony in harmony, we lead  
Our own to that sweet place ;  
By harmony in harmony, we feed,  
And solace, and embrace,  
Till Earth's illusions, that from sight recede,  
Leave God, for time and space.”

Elsewhere such shall be looked for in vain. In the Hebrew Scriptures the promises only of such possibilities are found, but no ultimate realisation. Through them, by analogies and “correspondences,” the fled life may be abstractly reached up to in the spiritual Heavens, but no man here below can live on that alone. In the writings of Swedenborg there is a foregleam of what might be in its direction, but

no actual ultimate attainment; because his state could not open and advance in the degree needful for it, and because his genius was philosophical, but not poetical or lyrical, nor in the full sense ultimative. The dark cloud of evil, to him apparently universal, enshrouded him, and from the dense shadow of it he never, while on Earth, found any path of exit. The Scriptures of the New Testament even barely touch its fringe. The Lord could not open to the Jews: "If I tell you of Earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of Heavenly things?" He could therefore only refer to the future and say, "When the Holy Ghost is come He will lead you into all truth"; and that future only fairly opened, into its first beginning, when "The Epic of the Starry Heaven" found utterance.—Why need we speak of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Extravaganza*, of Milton's "*Paradise Lost and Regained*," of Dante's "*Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso*"? The now beatified authors of them would hover downwards towards the crumbled dust of their old imaginings and say, "Art thou come to spy out the nakedness of the land?" Not but what they were all precious in their day—and memorially precious even forever on that account—they supplied something wherewith to fill the great void in the soul of man, though they could not satisfy or quench that enormous hunger and thirst, through whose pangs the generations were all dying down into the ever-yawning graves, one after the other. But hark to the glad new voice:

"Creation's outer gates unbar:  
Our kindred greet us, star by star:  
How flows the choric song!  
From sister-band to sister-band,  
What joy is in the Marriage Land,  
The rapture to prolong!



"No death is in the holy skies,  
Men to swift Angelhood arise,  
Each beauteous bridal pair  
In chariots of the Sun go forth,  
Transfigured to a nobler birth,  
No graves, no graves are there."

—"Hymns of the Two-in-One," 1876.

" . . . Great Milton failed in flesh :

. . . . .  
A greatness was upon him, and a glow,  
He sank, mind-fettered in the puritan.  
Love Yessa met his ear-sense faintly so :  
He felt, and music from its fountain ran.  
He, but as Christ's half-child,  
Chilled to the brain. Alas ! and then the van  
Of the brave inspirations that began,  
Faltered in fancies wild.  
Yet Milton's epic had a grand beginning :

. . . . .  
And he uplifted many songs thereafter  
In England's heaven, where he met sweet reward ;  
Songs of aerial-hearted wooing laughter ;  
Songs in high honour of Our Lady-Lord.  
But never hath prevailed  
The epic, as it might have been."

—In "Dawnrise," 1893.

Only these three — "The Epic of the Starry Heaven," "The Lyric of the Morning Land," and "The Lyric of the Golden Age"—were dictated in partial state of trance ; and that not induced by any external means, but purely by Divine visitation through ministering angels, as told in the Introduction and Appendices to the poems. Therefore, essentially speaking, the whole narratives are the poet's own, according to the experience and direct

knowledge of the deep interior of his spirit; only the external senses and faculties being held in partial suspense by the trance state that was thus induced. Hence, too, even the limitations and immaturities of his own mind and spirit are reflected in them—and more especially in this earliest one—not excepting any misconceptions that may have taken form deeply in his thought that had not yet been removed by more perfect Divine instruction and interior advance of state. To make this point clear, which is important, one such may be explicitly told, as he himself has recorded it, substantially as follows:—It is written in the Introduction to the first volume of “*The Arcana of Christianity*” (published in 1858) that he had a notable interview with an Angelic Ancient of the Golden Age of our Earth in what is designated as an “*Emblematical Garden*.” In this garden were visible both Sun and moon and stars all shining together. And as regards the stars, in each was seen a majestic man, and beside each man a woman; and their faces were all turned towards the Sun, and they absorbed his brightness; and in the Sun was seen the countenance of the Lord shining in His glory. Then said the Ancient, “These are the Sciences of the Divine Truth which glorify the firmament of man’s intelligence. You see them deriving brightness from the Lord because He is Himself the Truth of truth. They all derive their existence from Him, and for this reason in our subjective states we see the Sciences of Truth like the stars illumined by the Sun.”

“Now look again,” said the Angel. He did so, and he beheld a fictitious star, and it fell while he gazed upon it and disappeared. “That which you have now seen,” the Ancient said, “is a false doctrine

which has been cast down from your understanding. When human beings upon your orb are in process of regeneration the hereditary superstitions which they have imbibed from infancy, and the false doctrines received through their own mental action, are seen glittering with wandering and meteoric luminosity; and as the true stars appear the false ones recede, and are visible as if they fell from Heaven. You imbibed a false doctrine in your youth concerning human punishment, and for a brief space held that men after death, irrespective of their moral character while in the body, were rapidly advancing in wisdom and goodness. The last vestiges of this doctrine have now been eradicated from your mind; wherefore you saw a meteoric ball expire."

The above is an abridgment of the record of a very important experience, on the way, that this God-led aspirant after true knowledge for the sake of perfect service was visited with, which reflects a light specially illuminating this initiative era of his life when the poem was dictated; and also generally illuminating its whole earlier course before the Breath had culminated, and the foundations of the New Life in his organism were fully established. Much later on—many years after this time—he issued a circular, advising his friends that all statements made in his writings should be regarded as *obiter dicta*—words by the way—and hence they must in no case be held as final, or absolute and full statements. Such a thing, indeed, in any scripture written for the eye of mortal man, however held as supremely sacred and veritably God-derived, is not, properly speaking, a possibility. In the most perfect instances they are true only so far as the actual conditions permit—both in him who speaks or writes, and in those on whose behalf they

are given. All scriptures whatever are destined to be superseded by the greater Scriptures that shall be given hereafter. For want of knowledge of this universal truth with what countless woes has not the human race been visited, and in what endless succession of sandbanks has not its vessel been stranded! But no less for that were all the great Scriptures veritably Divine; no less were they truly inspired, and the writers of them veritably God-led, so far as was possible without doing violence to the inalienable freedom of the human soul. In view of the latter consideration thus it is written in the Epic itself:

“In the great audience chamber of the spirit,  
The Inner Temple that the Pure inherit,  
Freedom unlimited, the right of Thought,  
Is God's own mandate to all spirits taught;  
He who to spectral shadows bends the knee  
Abjures the worship of the Deity;  
And those who kneel to creeds of human thought  
Deny the faith in Heaven to Angels taught.”

But there is one notable respect in which our modern age differs from the Ages past, and that is that this is especially an age of Science, requiring strict and clear statements of fact, and also like verifications of them. Also, this Age is ruled specially from the West, and the former ages from the Orient — “Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.” The vaguely grand and glorious was sufficient for the Past; but now the grand and glorious must be gathered up and folded in, for the sake of practical evolution of life, into clear scientific statement of facts, which are fact indeed; yet fact that teems with ever evolving and unfolding life that remains never fixed for any moment, but from moment to

moment and from age to age is ever changing from lower and simpler form and order to that which is ever higher and higher, ever more complex and universal, and yet, at the same time, ever more practical and ultimate. But this, of course, is only in those periods when evolution is in the advance, and not in these unhappy times when, to all seeming, the movement is retrograde, or when there is no movement at all, but mere stagnation, as so many of the sad records of history have borne witness to.

But whenever a true Seer and Messenger of God appears some great and new advance in evolution is heralded; and such is the case now. Did Darwin track out his idea of evolution through his guesses derived from the most diligent study of all the dead vestiges of the past, and the faint hints of changes observable in the present, when all life is under grievous suppression, and any observable ascensive evolution is, in point of fact, non-existent? Now the true and living ideals of evolution must be attained by the experience of all life in the future, rising day by day into ever higher degrees of harmony, beauty, and perfection. But this can only be won as the Divine Father-Mother of all life, and their true laws of life in Christus-Christa, are voluntarily received and embodied through the Breath of God in Man, the Holy Ghost.

“Did man but clasp creation’s shell,  
He must in recreation dwell;  
Must in his flesh feel God alive,  
And in victorious flesh survive.”

—“Song of Theos,” 1903.

But in the meantime the truly God-given Seer, having been uplifted by his gift into true vision of life as it

is in the orderly and sinless orbs of the Universe, and as it is in the uplifted and glorified Heavens above them, tells reliably, so far as is possible, of the order by which all life has evolved and is evolving there; not given to be a pattern for men of this Earth to be ruled by, but only presented so as to serve as an inspiration and encouragement. For the futures of every race and people of every world rise up as a revelation of wonder, and of an order hitherto unknown—altogether unique—before the eyes of every other race of peoples in every other orb. And this lowliest orb of all, yet whereon it pleased God to reveal Himself in the most ultimate form of flesh, actually born of woman, in simplest, lowliest, and most brotherly-sisterly aspect, as a man indeed, visible to every eye of flesh as veritably one of themselves—the most unfortunate family of His whole creation—for such orb, so favoured, in no limited mind of man can its destinies yet be wholly made known; only such things have been provisionally foretold concerning it as are absolutely necessary for man in the present, to maintain his sure vital hold on all that God is giving now, and that thereby he may steadfastly persevere until the fuller evolutions of the future are disclosed.

The main purpose of this narrative is not literary; but the three following extracts from “The Epic of the Starry Heaven” are here given, as illustrative of the life, in its first uttered expression:

“I can no more control  
The mighty thoughts that visit me, than can  
The dust rebel against the kingly man.  
My nature like a harp is overswept  
By Angel fingers.

“ Oh, I oft have wept  
O'er the consuming agony that burns  
Man's heart to ashes, and fills up the urns  
Of the sky's ether with the smoke of grief,  
I've seen great Nations wither as the leaf,  
And poor men perish, pale and stark, before  
The feasting spendthrift's menial guarded door ;  
The weakling beaten, trampled to the ground,  
Lashed into madness, scourged like any hound ;  
The pale young orphan frozen into stone  
In wintry streets unheeded and alone ;  
And the sweet daughter of some mother dead,  
Forced into infamy for lack of bread,  
Like a fresh flower, plucked, prized, then trodden down,  
Knelled to destruction by the Bigot's frown.  
But these shall be no more.

“ Oh, Lord, thou art  
Drawing from Earth's dear breast the poisoned dart.  
Thy Earth, like Thee, hath worn its crown of thorns,  
And staggered on its dark and mournful way,  
And bared its flesh to feel the lash of scorns,  
With none the impious hand of wrath to stay.  
Thy Earth hath been upon its cross extended,  
The midnight darkness o'er it hath descended.  
The wormwood and the gall its lips have drunk,  
The hands of labour and the weary feet  
Have been transfixed in agony complete,  
And its great Martyr heart hath never shrunk,  
But taken into itself War's burning spear.  
Its dying cry hath rent the atmosphere,  
' My God ! My God ! why hast thou me forsaken ?'  
Its very garments from it hath been taken,  
And gambled for by impious priests and kings.  
It hath been buried in the sepulchre,  
Fierce warriors placed lest it should quickening stir  
And rise again, and roll away the stone.  
Angels have watched it through the midnight lone,  
And starry planets, sleepless, pouring down  
Their light, as garlands its dead brows to crown.

"The grave could not hold thee, thou Crucified one  
And even so, Thy Earth  
Shall rise again to an immortal birth;  
In all its veins Thy Inspiration run."

---

"There are twelve great chords in the Solar Harp,  
One chord alone unstrung;  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And again it finds a tongue,  
Joy! joy! joy!  
That chord is touched with a living spark,  
And the Earth grows fair and young.

"There are twelve Great Angels above the stars,  
And they sit on their thrones of gold;  
But the throne of one by Death's iron bars  
Was crushed in the ages old.  
Joy! joy! joy!  
For Earth's throne is again among the stars  
And she sits in the angel fold.

"There are twelve great nations in solar space  
And one of them sat in the gloom;  
The sun of its glory veiled its face  
In the darkness of the tomb.  
Joy! Joy! joy!  
For the twelfth great nation lifts its face  
And glows with immortal bloom."

Being translated in spirit to the planet Mars, the following is what he saw and heard upon an Island there:

"Within this blest retreat the Muses have their seat,  
And Heleconian fountains flow like wine.  
I see an alabaster shrine,  
That like a fountain changed into a flower  
Of silver light, forms an immortal bower.  
Each separate drop is like the whitest pearl.  
I see a fair-haired girl,



Throned like young Raphael's Virgin, far within.  
Diaphanous veils of light, rose-hued and thin  
As the transparent halo of a star,  
Enfold that wondrous shape. She calls from far,  
With voice like nightingale's in bowers of June,  
When Earth, and Heaven, and man are all in tune.

"The shrine she dwells in vibrates from her thought,  
As if its marble were by Angels wrought  
In harmony and union with its life  
That pulsates in her veins.  
Her nature is unconscious of all strife ;  
Smiling she sings the strains  
Of conjugal delight ; and by her side  
Her Bridegroom sits, calm-thoughted, splendour-eyed,  
And inspiration gathers from her song  
And wisdom.

. . . . .  
"And they are one forever and forever.  
In love and wisdom like a blended river  
Of strength and beauty, whose remote extremes  
Are interfused, being bound in tempered beams  
Of God's own brightness ; for the living Zone  
Of God's own Spirit blends the two in one.

. . . . .  
"For God's great love o'er all who love doth lie,  
And all who love are stars that beam on high,  
Bound in the circle of eternity,  
In-winding till they blend complete, and find  
Eternal oneness in God's heart and mind.

. . . . .  
"We all are lovers in these pure dominions—  
Each mind, each heart, is bridegroom or is bride.  
We soar immortal on ecstatic pinions ;  
Love reigns in all—Love, Love, the glorified.

"There is no knowledge save the truth of love ;  
Each Truth unto its own dear Love is wed ;  
In dual flight from heaven to heaven we move ;  
With deathless feet the crystal air we tread.

. . . . .

"In strains like these the Heavenly choir sang on ;  
The tones recede—the shining train retire.  
And now a second choir  
Take up the theme and chant in unison.

"Star unto star in ethers wed,  
Heaven is to heaven in marriage led,  
All Loves and Wisdoms interflow—  
Goodness and Truth commingling glow.

"And thus material worlds have birth,  
And thus unfold the flowers of Earth ;  
And thus the golden East renews  
The glory of its deathless hues.

"Goodness and Truth in one agree ;  
The pure harmonious family  
Of wedded spirits evermore  
The God of Truth and Love adore,  
In endless union rising on  
Till Inmost Heaven is inly won.'

"Whom God hath joined no force can sunder.  
Annihilation only can destroy  
The nuptial bower of their immortal joy  
And sacred bless—that veiled, that hidden wonder,  
The Eden of the heart !  
Their natures blend, and they are made a part  
Of the Eternal Beauty, Love and Truth,  
Which lives in them, conferring endless youth.

. . . . .

"'Tis written in the scroll the Heavens believe,  
And taught in their bright synods, that the Lord  
With wedded souls who in sweet gladness live,  
Dwells radiant, making there His presence known—  
Writes on man's mind the tablet of His Word,  
And forms in woman's heart a seraph-guarded throne."

In such manner as the above-given extracts very partially show, opens for man the first glimmerings of the living science of the Living Universe.

## CHAPTER VII.

AS related in the previous chapter, it was on 8th December, 1853, that the dictation of the "Epic of the Starry Heaven" closed, and it is on record that on the 1st January immediately succeeding—*i.e.*, in the year 1854—the architypal ideas of a new poem, "The Lyric of the Morning Land," were internally inwrought, by like agency to the other, into the inmost mind of the poet; and from that time till the 4th of August of the same year these architypal ideas were gradually unfolded in the internal, until at length they descended to the external, when the whole poem was spoken and sung during parts of about fourteen days; the actual time occupied in the delivery being only about thirty hours, although it consists of many more lines than the previous one.

In this poem we enter upon interior personal history. Here is the beginning of records concerning the development of Life in the deep internal of the one who was destined to become the central or pivotal personality to inaugurate the New Christian Age. In the first and immediately succeeding chapters of this narrative, an attempt has been made to record the earliest simple facts concerning the outward genises of the same great Event. But the true beginning of the New Life in man is primordially in the conjugal marriage—the marriage of counterpart with counterpart. It is only thus that

God, One-Twain, enters into man, one-twain, so being, and so continuing to eternity, the essential fountainhead of his life. It is for this reason also that the first personally historical poem concerning that Life begins with the record of the counterpartal marriage in its celestial degree; and had this not first ensued in its celestial degree in 1853-4, as recorded in this "Lyric of the Morning Land," there could have been no possible ultimation of the Life in The Use in 1861.

And now, although this is not mainly a literary history, yet the extracts that follow must needs all be included in it, for they are essentially organic part of the life history itself and of the history of The Use; and each one is so included purely and alone for this reason.

The Lyric is divided into three parts, and as the first two are in great measure introductory, for the special purpose of this narrative a presentation of what is contained in Part III., entitled "The Sun," will be sufficient. But while the "Lyric of the Morning Land" is mainly a poem of personal history, as has been said, it also carries on, as do all the other books that follow it, immense cosmical revelations; and, as illustrative of this, will first be quoted from it in full, the glorious "Song of the Marriage of the Stars." Also, it is a necessary introduction to the human interior marriage of counterpart with counterpart.

SONG OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE STARS.

I.

When in the stars, when in the stars,  
The morning dawns purpurial bright,  
Sweet Hesper talks to Golden Mars  
Across the sea of heavenly light.

## II.

There is a speech, there is a speech,  
Whereby the Worlds for aye commune,  
And Wisdom born of Love they teach,  
What time the sky grows red with bloom.

## III.

And this they say, and this they say,  
In music chanting evermore,  
Bright day is ours, immortal day,  
The day whose light is never o'er.

## IV.

Across the seas, across the seas,  
That through the heavenly spaces roll,  
They chant what each one witnesses,  
They chant the nuptials of the soul.

## V.

As Two-in-one, as Two-in-one,  
In vision once I saw them all  
In music circle round the Sun,  
Throned each upon its emerald ball.

## VI.

What are the Stars, what are the Stars,  
That sit upon their orbéd throne,  
And in their glorious flamy cars  
Traverse the great sky's milky zone?

## VII.

My heart made quest, my heart made quest,  
As I beheld that vision grand;  
This answer thrilled my tuneful breast,  
"The Genii of the Morning Land."

## VIII.

There is a law, there is a law,  
Unknown to men of Earth and Time,  
That gives the bright ones that I saw  
Imperial grace and strength sublime.

## IX.

Beneath their sky, beneath their sky,  
As in some vast cathedral space,  
They stand and worship silently,  
With glory filled from God's own face.

## X.

And then they sing, and then they sing,  
In music filled with mystic awe,  
While all their spheres around them ring,  
The grand Apocalypse they saw.

## XI.

There is a scroll, there is a scroll,  
Unfolded to that Heavenly Band,  
A Lyric born from God's own soul,  
The Gospel of the Morning Land.

## XII.

There is a spell, there is a spell,  
Whereby they rise and chant as one,  
In glorious music where they dwell  
Within the Temple of the Sun.

## XIII.

Go up, my heart, go up, my heart—  
A whisper 'mid their tuneful band—  
And learn the grand seraphic art,  
That fills with speech their Morning Land,

## XIV.

I rise to Heaven, I rise to Heaven—  
In vision I am tranced afar—  
Immortal sight to me is given;  
An angel sits on every star.

## XV.

A sea of fire, a sea of fire,  
Beneath me rolls on every side;  
The Planets in celestial gyre,  
Appear as angels glorified.

## XVI.

What meaneth this, what meaneth this?  
I inly ask, and I am told  
The Planets thrill with Angel bliss,  
And have, like Earth, their age of gold.

## XVII.

As wed the flowers, as wed the flowers,  
They rise to Nuptials vast and grand,  
And dwell in endless bridal bowers  
In Heaven's conjugal Morning Land.

## XVIII.

'Tis strange to me, 'tis strange to me,  
That human forms to stars belong,  
And yet in breathless joy I see  
That every Star's an angel strong.

## XIX.

In robes of white, in robes of white,  
A Bridal Angel Mercury shines;  
She sits upon her orb of light,  
As one who mystery deep divines.

## XX.

Her argent globe, her argent globe,  
It thrills with bliss my happy eyes,  
Unknown, unvisioned splendours robe  
That Intellectual Paradise.

## XXI.

Be still, my heart, be still, my heart;  
O hush, thou beating bosom guest;  
'Tis all adorned with stately art—  
For lovers pure a palace nest.

## XXII.

O whisper low, O whisper low,  
Melodious airs to me, and tell,  
As from that angel orb ye flow,  
Of those who in its glory dwell.

XXIII.

Soft came the airs, soft came the airs,  
My bosom thrilled, my temples fanned,  
And said "Bright Mercury's bosom shares  
The joy of Heaven's own Morning Land."

XXIV.

Upon his throne, upon his throne,  
The Hesper planet sang to me;  
His glowing face effulgent shone  
With strength and grace and majesty.

XXV.

He looked in love, he looked in love,  
As Bridegroom on transfigured Bride,  
And said through heavenly space I move  
The Virgin Mercury beside.

XXVI.

And then I knew, and then I knew,  
That, bound in endless marriage ties,  
That glorious twain together flew,  
Co-equal partners through the skies.

XXVII.

"Yes, we are one—yes, we are one,"  
The Bride-star to her Bridegroom said,  
"Through me thy holy horizon  
With golden flame of love is spread."

XXVIII.

I saw the twain, I saw the twain,  
As Angel Bride and Bridegroom, stand  
Within the Sun's imperial fane—  
The Nuptial-fane of Morning Land.

XXIX.

A voice to me, a voice to me  
Awoke my spirit: then I heard  
That voice vibrating deathlessly,  
"Fly back to Earth, thou Eden-bird."



## XXX.

"Sing, Poet sweet—sing, Poet, sweet,  
To all who live on earthly strand,  
The stars in heavenly nuptials meet,  
And Marriage crowns the Morning Land."

The personally historical past takes its commencement when our poet, in his ascension towards the "Isle of the Lily Queen," is seen accompanied by a brother poet,—but one who, in his early youth, succumbed to the cruel conditions of the world ere his thought found utterance, and died unknown. Hence this poet is heard singing of the woes of that life he had just risen from; a strain that is in marked contrast to all that follows. Of this song the few lines following are a fragment:

"We are shadows, we are shadows  
Fading with the night of time,  
Till the poppy wreaths we twine  
Overcome us in the meadows.

. . . . .

"As the stream to ocean glideth  
To its burial in the waves,  
We are hurried to our graves;  
Death alone etern abideth.

. . . . .

"Mournfully, O mournfully,  
Chant the dirge and toll the bell;  
Earth is but a burial shell  
That enfolds us ere we die.

. . . . .

"Letting stars our setting see;  
Phantoms of the night are we."

But as this sad song of the friend ceased, the coming blessedness began to herald its approach :

"We breathed deliciously. There came a scent  
Of new-blown lilies. A Divine content  
Diffused itself in music through my breast,  
We seemed to be of radiant wings possessed.

. . . . .

"I saw a lovely maid,  
Whose locks were golden, with a hazel shade,  
Whisper into a little infant's ear—  
A fairy child—and through the atmosphere  
He flew towards us, and, in music said,  
'Blessed art thou to heavenly nuptials led ;  
Blessed are they whose lips, on Earth unfed,  
Have drunk the wine of immortality,  
Thirsting for which on Earth they fade and die.

. . . . .

"Blessed are ye, O lovely spirit pair !  
Like a twin star your coming tinged the air  
With purple radiance ; welcome to our strand,  
Welcome to airs by fragrant odours fanned.  
The island of the Lily Queen invites  
With its unvailing fulness of delights,  
And ye are welcome, as sweet joy that flies  
To fairy lovers in their paradise.'

. . . . .

"The Lily Queen lay sleeping, and her head  
Was fanned by swaying turquoise flowers, that fed  
The air with incense. O'er her form was spread  
A mantle, sparkling like the ocean's foam.

. . . . .

"Alone,  
Eclipsed in thought by loveliness unknown,  
I gazed on her transcendent face.  
Her beauty radiated golden light,  
And as I looked she woke. Intense delight

Suffused her face, a virgin lily-bloom  
She blossomed, and her heart's Divine perfume  
Wafted towards me.

. . . . .

"My heart's eclipse  
Was ended. Like the moon beside the sun  
Shining in new-found radiance I begun  
To glow in her sweet presence. I had found  
A spirit like myself, though she was crowned  
Regnant, and I an homeless wandering form.

. . . . .

"With divinest art  
She touched the inmost lyre strings of my heart.  
I trembled as a dew-drop when it blends  
With the pure lily's fragrance, while she bends  
Her silvery leaves to drink the fragrance in :  
I felt a new-born life in me begin."

The above fragments give a glimpse of the introduction and first meeting of the Poet-seer and the Lily Queen in Heaven. But all that follows in the wonderful poem, even to the full consummation of nuptials in the great "maelstrom of white light," and all concerning the great one called "Apollo" and his angelic bride, who were the guardian angels of the Poet and the Lily Queen; and also all concerning the hosts of Fays who were summoned to appear, must be learned from the poem itself: no abridgement would suffice; and what this writing aims at is simply a true record of *the Life*, in its insemination, its growth and evolution, in the primal pivotal twain-one, and thence in the body of Humanity, in its own Divine-natural law and order.

But just at this time an angel came to the poet, and reminded him of a joyful poem with which he

had been inspired when, in his more external state below, he was passing through an ordeal almost of despair and in intense suffering. It was the third time in his career that he had been so overcome; the other two occasions have been already spoken of. This poem the Angel asked him to repeat now, which he did, as follows :

## LOVE IS ENDLESS.

## I.

As I mused, in fancy friendless,  
While the shades of evening fell,  
From the land where angels dwell  
Came the whisper, 'Love is endless,'  
Endless, endless!  
From the land where angels dwell.

## II.

From my thought the veil was taken ;  
In my heart I knew that Love,  
From the holy home above,  
Gently came my soul to waken,  
Waken, waken,  
From its blessed home above.

## III.

Then from all its load of sorrow,  
Lifted up, my mind was free ;  
Full of gladness, dawned on me,  
Love inspired, a better morrow,  
Morrow, morrow,  
Full of gladness dawned on me.

## IV.

Heavenly dew of peace descended  
And my Lord, from His Divine,  
Comforted this heart of mine ;  
All my grief in love was ended,  
Ended, ended—  
Comforted this heart of mine.

## V.

Jesus speaks the heart's evangel,  
    'Love is endless'! His behest  
    Fills with life the happy breast.  
Nearer He than man or Angel,  
    Angel, Angel;  
    Love is endless in my breast.

## VI.

Nearer draws the blest Elysium,  
    Perfect glows the holy spell;  
    Love is endless; all is well.  
Brighter grows the heavenly vision,  
    Vision, Vision;  
    Love is endless; all is well.

The closing sixteen lines of the whole poem are as follow:

"Oh! Life of love in Heaven  
    For thee I yearn  
Yet from bright morn to even  
    I turn, I turn.

"The Heavens are all receding  
    Once more I tread,  
With feet all bruised and bleeding,  
    Earth's regions dead.

"Tumult and storm roll terribly beneath me;  
    And mortal night  
Seeks with its woes and agonies to wreathe me,  
    But still there's light.

"Earth is not as it was, Heaven's radiant Angels  
    Thrill the dull atmosphere with songs Divine;  
The Christ descent, foretold in God's Evangel,  
    All hearts shall quicken as it quickeneth mine."

The spirit that breathes in this whole "Lyric of the Morning Land" is nothing less than the germinal beginning of the New Life itself in the order of its descent into the body of Humanity from God in the celestial degree. The experiences that went before were all preparatory, leading up to this; for—as told many years afterwards in "The Lord the Two-in-One"—except to man twain-one God Twain-One cannot really become known, and so cannot be received by him in full degree into his interior life. And thus it was—as is written in the Hebrew Scriptures (and handed down manifestly from the most ancient traditions of human origins of the earliest fathers)—that originally Life came from God Twain-One to man who was created twain-one likewise—that is to Eve-Adam—"God breathed into his nostrils the Breath of Life, and man became a Living Soul." So here we find recorded the renewal of that same order of Divine Advent, in the deepest the Celestial degree of the spirit of the man, who, being essentially twain-one, is uplifted in God into the realisation of the counterpartal marriage, and so to the consciousness in that degree of his recreation in the Divine image.

But one more extract must here be given, for a very special reason, regarding the "Iliad" of Homer: taken from the commencement of the Third Part, headed "An Interlude."

Throughout the whole of the Old Testament of the Hebrew Scriptures the field of revelation has the aspect of very severe restrictions in certain directions. These restrictions were enforced by the depraved conditions of the time in which the revelations were

given, and of the people to whom directly they came, notwithstanding that the interior spirit and Divine intention within them were absolutely universal, as is evidenced both from their opening in Genesis, and from the terms of the Divine call to Abraham: "For in thy seed shall all generations of the Earth be blessed." Yet, in the dispensation given under Moses, the Jews and Israelites as a people were circumscribed and shut off absolutely from all the nations of the Earth "until the times of the Gentiles should be fulfilled" by the most stringent enactments; and however much this may have been a necessity on account of the grievous state of the world, and of the time, and of the unfitness of the Israelitish people themselves to be opened to a larger liberty, there ensued from it many unhappy consequences. From taking root in the intense natural selfishness of that people, the consciousness of being made the subjects of such enactments of isolation engendered in their bosoms an enormous pride of race, and such a contempt and scorn for all other nations and races of the Earth as was beyond all bounds.

One special part of the Lord's work when He came was to burst asunder these bands of restriction, and to open the nation again to its universal human mission, if it would and could so open. Nevertheless the early Christians imbibed from the first disciples the persuasion that all the religion and teaching of other nations, called "Gentiles," was inspired by demons, and was both false and evil through and through; although the Lord made it manifest in many instances that the Gentiles and Samaritans were better and more open to receive the truth than were the Jews themselves. Yet still, so late even as the thirteenth century after Christ, Dante, in his poem,

which reveals the common thought of Christendom in his day, represents the spirits of all Gentiles who had no knowledge of Christ as condemned to Hell for ever, beyond all hope. But now, in the very opening of the New Christian Age, all this is dissipated forever. Not alone in their deep interior spirit are the Hebrew Scriptures Divine, lo, the poems of Homer also are filled with a deep interior Godly spirit of purity, to the Seer, whose eyes are opened in God, to penetrate to the true interior of their inspiration. And, also, it may be noted, as in accord with this, that the latest learned students of these poems have brought out into general light the fact that one manifest aim in them was to present to future generations such a view of the old traditions as was very different from their actual old barbarous import, showing that there was a Divine humanising instilment even into the very letter of those writings, besides the deep interior meanings discernible to the eye of the God-illuminated Seer. (In them it is said, for instance, not that the living body of Hector, quivering in torture, was dragged round Troy, but only his dead unconscious form.) And thus it came to pass that from these ancient well-springs were watered the roots whence sprang the great and glorious flowering of the Grecian people.

It is recorded in "The Lord, the Two-in-One," that the Lord, Himself speaking, declared, "Dearer to Me is the humanity of Greece than Moses and all his host of Israelites, for whatever enriches and beautifies humanity enriches Me; and these My servants have opened and enlarged the vessels in the human mind by means of which the Word descends to be the light of nations."

Therefore here now are introduced some significant



lines from the "Interlude" concerning the "Iliad" of Homer :

"Great Homer's Epic hath an inner sense,  
 The Tale of Troy, inspired by lyric art,  
 Is couched in symbols ; at a period hence  
 The world shall see that inner Poem start  
 To outward majesty. Great Priam's son,  
 Paris, on whom the rival Graces shone ;  
 She of the golden cestus, and the eyes  
 Fed with ten thousand heart-idolatries,  
 Winning him from CEnone, his pure bride  
 By gift of Helen, with her wonton pride,  
 Sensuous as if a thousand adders lay  
 Within her bosom, each a burning ray  
 From the foul essence of demoniac spite :  
 Paris, the recreant spouse, is type of light  
 Turned into darkness, mind in sensuous thrall,  
 Soul that enslaved by sense forsaketh all  
 Things bright and beauteous, that in Heaven are seen.

"O radiant Paris ! did'st thou then so soon  
 Forget CEnone ? Did that fatal boon  
 That Venus gave thee teach thee to forget  
 Thy pure sweet spouse ?

"Alas, alas !

In Homer's 'Iliad' we behold a glass  
 Of our own age. Earth is a second Troy,  
 Where crowned adulterers fiercely feed on joy,  
 While the avenging Furies lift the cry,  
 'Vengeance !'

When Heaven's conjugal angels fly  
 From Earth, destruction waits it. Souls are lost,  
 Not where amid the fires of Eblis tost,  
 But when chaste love hath lost its sanctity,  
 'Tis then they perish and heart-festering lie."

"Forget, forget, my soul,  
 The evils that Earth's multitudes control.  
 Look up, look up to where  
 The Hesper star illumines the heavenly air,

And thou shalt see a brighter lovlier face  
Than Paris saw. A maiden from the race  
Of Hesper comes, and in her hand I see  
A golden apple : this she offers me."

" 'Mortal youth, to Angel Maid  
Wedded in the twilight shade  
Of the realms of mystery,  
Hark,' she says, 'O hark to me,  
Golden fruit of love is thine,  
Brought from Heaven's conjugal clime ;  
He this sacred fruit who eats  
Feeds on heavenly marriage sweets ;  
Love perfumes its fragrant sphere.  
Glowing fruits like these appear  
Only where true hearts abide,  
Angel Bridegroom and his bride.

" 'It shall thrill thy spirit veins  
Till thy heart is free from pains,  
Share it with thy bride, and she  
Nuptial hymns shall sing to thee.  
Lovlier, fairer Paris thou,  
True to heavenly nuptial vow,  
Sweeter, dearer, she beside  
Than CEnone, Paris' bride.  
Take it, for it comes to thee  
From the Lyric Graces three,  
Faith and Hope and Charity.' "

What, then, is this counterpartal marriage that is so essential to the Divine-natural life in man? What is the "counterpart" to man or woman more than any other person whatever of the opposite sex? It is that in and through the true counterpart every man and woman is married to very God. God Himself is the only real Bridegroom, God Herself is the only real Bride.

"Love is more than we divine—  
Sacramental bread and wine."

Of the true counterpart of man—her full name is  
Worship:

“Not langrous is she, nor sentimenta.,  
She touches Christa’s knee.  
Her low-breathed murmurings are sacramental,  
Lone with Divinity.

“She is the confluence of living forces,  
Uplift in time and tone,  
Draws life to love and serve from primal sources,  
In God her fact made known.”

It is not for increase by offspring alone that the true marriage exists; all the beatitudes and increases of life whatsoever spring from it, both in every individual man and woman, and in the universal round of socialised life. In marriage as at present known, all sexual life makes for increased energies in competition and warfare, because the natural sexual heart loves its own alone. But when God fills all marriage, then the pure sexual fire will instil and potentialise the pure energies that are of love, and make for harmony, and that unquenchable spirit of never-ceasing zeal of service that springs from such love in every such truly wedded heart; for it is from the fire of love universal, that ever descends into it from God.

This is the reason why it is Theo-socialism alone that can triumphantly persist and endure with unfailing energies, and that Socialism without God in the conscious life is doomed to flag, and fail and die. But in the true marriage which God infills, there is occultly a universal social marriage, and all the fruits thereof and all the offspring thereof belong to God supremely, and, in God, belong to the social all, and are loved and rejoiced in by the universal social heart,

and thence by every individual Divinely-wedded heart, with an ardour that is utterly unquenchable, and in its essence indeed is infinite, having the Infinite God for its source and fountain-head.

To all these beatitudes of life the true counterpart of each individual soul is the eternal gateway or door, because each twain of man were conceived and born, as one, of the Divine loins and of the Divine womb, ere as seed they descended to the loins and womb of their earthly representative parents, so again to be born in these forms of dust by which they appear, in the present order of life here below, outwardly separate, till in the order of providence they are ultimately made one again in the true marriage.\*

But this is a mere outline, and infinitely more is included in it than it is possible to say here. For that the whole series of writings of the New Life must be turned to; and still immeasurably further, namely, to everything that shall be revealed in the full experience of the New Christian Age hereafter. The outward marriage is declared to be pure and holy only in the degree in which each partner is so

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\* Shakespeare, by a flash, had a gleam of what mere natural sexual love is, without God, when he wrote:

“Take those lips away, that so sweetly were forsworn,

And those eyes, the break of day, lights that do mislead the morn,”

for he dimly knew that in the true sexual, God—Himself-Herself—is expected to be found, that being its foreordained destiny. But when that God-rise—that Sun-rise—is not found there, then the last—the supreme—secret hope of the soul is crushed out and destroyed, and the man sinks down into the bottomless abyss of despondency and despair. Deeply, within himself, it ever seems, by flashes, that Shakespeare knew everything; only it failed in the full round of ultimate expression.

Was he not born to write for a vaster stage than those narrow boards behind the footlights of the Globe Theatre—viz., for the great stage of the whole globe of the Earth? It seems as though it must have been and should have been: God knows why and how it was not so; and may be the one who was Shakespeare's old infernal enemy knows also—or did know, before he was obliterated.

holding, or endeavouring to hold, in God and His Divine Spirit, as to serve as a medium for the true counterparts to descend and be at one with them, that so also they may be made at one with God, and with the social all, both in body and spirit.

Thus in the above few paragraphs an attempt has been made to present, in simplest form, a view of that "normality" of man that the greatest of all songs, "The Song of Theos," seeks, in God, to evoke in the universal human breast of this sad planet of Earth.

"The norm, the norm! Awake the sense  
That leads the norm to evidence."

"Self grew from out the quick'ning dust,  
The norm dared in by God's 'Thou must';  
Out of God's passion to create;  
Out of the Word inviolate;  
Seed of the Beatific life  
'Twixt God the Husband, Goddess Wife.  
Ah, wouldst thou in thy norm hold part?  
Love God, Twain-One, with all thy heart.  
Unto this end thy norm has trod,  
Imparadised, a seed of God,  
A daughter-son. As thou art wise,  
Unto this end thy fortunes rise."

"To the simplicities of common life  
The mightiest of mysteries uncloze.  
Flesh and its spirit never more at strife,  
Blend in the hallowed love-life, and repose.  
Behold what manner of redemption this?—  
Christ-Christa blissful in the common bliss.

■ "Pass through the holy death as I have passed,  
And thou in holy life shalt live anew.  
And thou in Father-Mother thence shalt cast  
Thy lot into Christ's fleshness, and pursue  
The service of redemption to its end ;  
The common people in the Common Friend.

"Redemption is the great all-friendliness ;  
The death of apathy, disease, distress ;  
The common peoples in the common feel  
Of Christus-Christa, through life's rounding wheel.  
Pivot and Force, revolving in the gyre,  
Renewing flesh in Holy Ghost and fire.

"'Tis God redemptive in the sexual ball,  
—God Potency by Righteousness ; the call  
Of God diffusive by the fragrant breath,  
When kiss to kiss love's passion witnesseth,  
And every thrill the hallowed loves inspire  
Drinks from the Holy Spirit its desire.

"Kiss to the lips of life's Ascendent Sun.  
Hail Christus Penitrant ; now is begun  
His fleshed re-entrance to mankind's duress ;  
Incarnate Righteousness in Holiness.  
In fourth dimension, shadow-veiled in third—  
He radiates Redemption, He, engird,  
Twain-one in might of world Redemptress—  
Shall He flash forth, our Lover-Loveress?

"He can but open to the Commonweal,  
As men are quick to rise and full to feel.  
He can but open—Heaven's Arch Adam-Eve—  
As men shall ope flesh-eden to receive.  
Bearing our limitations He arose.  
He touches flesh as selfised bars uncloze,  
That hold Him from the many ; them from Him."

But now a few significant statements concerning the  
great fact itself, as it was at that time experienced

in the deep internal, should here be made. It must be held in mind that Mr. Harris himself had no outward consciousness then of what had ensued—that is, no explicit consciousness; nor did he have any for quite a number of years afterwards—not indeed till several years after The Use itself had taken ultimate form. Nevertheless, from internals, his whole outward life was essentially ruled and swayed by it; yet the writer knows that through all the intervening years he never allowed himself in his thought to presume upon the fact, merely because it was so verbally embodied in the poem. It was never permitted in his conscious will to rule his external acts until that which had already ensued in the deep internal had begun to take palpable embodiment in his outward flesh and consciousness. The principle of counterpartal marriage was indeed always taught as the fundamental basis of the Life, but no specific fact of the counterpartal presence with any was ever breathed of until it had manifestly worked out into the external. And one thing relative to this subject the writer can speak of from direct knowledge, namely, that some years before Mr. Harris had ever come to speak of his own counterpart as positively known in ultimate degree of thought, he had declared “as a priest of the Most High God” that two members who had been already married externally, were one also according to the deep internal. But this was because it had become manifest just at the moment when the second partner had passed through his transition, the other having likewise done so some time previously. Except as thus brought into clear light, it was usual to assume provisionally, at that early time, that the married partner was also counterpartal. Even with Mr. Harris himself it was

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so ; and when Mrs. Harris asked him, "And what then of the Lily Queen?" he replied that that to him also was then still a mystery. This fact illustrates strikingly the kind of unpresumptuous loyal obedience which he exercised throughout his whole actual life ; always waiting until the truth was explicitly made known, and then faithful to it to the uttermost.



## CHAPTER VIII.

THUS, in the previous chapter, is brought to a close the account of the first historical poem, which is indeed the true opening of the life-history this work is seeking to set forth; and the other writings, whether in form of poetry or prose, that succeeded it from time to time, will likewise be taken up briefly, and in so far as that life-history is disclosed and illustrated in them; it being the aim of the writer to keep close to that one practical purpose in all he sets down, so as simply to make known, as far as he is able to do, the life, from internal to external, of the Pioneer—the central pivotal personality—and the life-history also of that “Use” that he lived to establish in the world as his Divinely-given mission.

The next poem of the series, “The Lyric of the Golden Age,” may be regarded as a magnificent interlude rather than historical, and therefore shall not be specially dwelt on. Yet something must be said, as it opens up some matters of immense general interest. In mere poetical composition it surpasses all that went before it, and gives the highest and most advanced thoughts of the great poets of the age immediately preceding—Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, etc.—in language, it can be truly said, in no wise inferior to their best utterances while in the outward flesh, and at the same time delivered entirely from those deeper frailties and imperfections that inevitably

pertained to them while in their earthly pilgrimage. Here they spoke within the shield of that special Divine Providence by which the poet-seer was himself enveloped. It was of God that they were drawn thither, and they spoke or sang while there under like Divine holding to that in which the poet himself spoke in his own person; yet each one, according to his own original nature and genius, only delivered, so far as was possible, from his earthly aberrations.

The question as to the identity of the individuals with the earthly prototypes cannot be solved by outward judgment of their recorded utterances. It depends for its warrant entirely on the reality of the Divine leading of the Seer. What he saw and declared regarding them is true only as he saw in God, and in the Divine light: no other light than this is of any avail whatever in the matter; and therefore there it must be allowed to rest. One thing is sure: Mr. Harris, for himself, in all he wrote and uttered in all these words and works, had only one supreme solicitude that never left his heart and soul for an instant, "Do I see this in God and in the Divine light?" Or again, "Am I here holding and held in God, and in His Divine Spirit?" And it is manifest everywhere throughout that his unceasing prayers to that effect never failed to receive their due response.

At one time he was questioned regarding Byron whether he had risen already from all his imperfections to so high a state; and his answer was to the effect that it could not be so understood, absolutely, because he had been passing through great alternations of state, from very low down to very high up, and it was unknown to him then how long this might not continue. This throws a helpful

sidelight on all such questions that may arise in the mind of any reader of Mr. Harris's works.

Also it should be said, that, as in "The Lyric of the Morning Land," there is presented a widening out of the field of revelation beyond that of Israel, so as to include the Grecian traditions as given in the poems of Homer; again here the arms are opened to embrace the scriptures of India, tracing back the sacred name of Brahma to the period of the Golden Age of the Earth, and so to fountain-heads of pure divinity; although in the Vedic writings are only to be seen partial and broken gleams of that original perfection and purity, much mixed with legends and ideas of the non-Aryan peoples. Also it is told elsewhere how the relations are especially intimate between the most ancient of the Hindu forefathers and the Heaven of "Lilistan," in which latter is being embodied the Divine-natural life for this Earth in first principles—that is, in the electro-vital degree. The pivotal twain—one of that Heaven—its King-Queen—have in deepest vital principles an especial spiritual influx from ancient Hindustan, through her who is named the "Lily Queen." So thus sings the King as given in "Bridal Hours" (1875):

"I sun myself in the tropic band  
Of thy unzoned Indian charms;  
My Aryan Bride, in the star-flower stand;  
O! love me deep in the lotus land,  
And flow through my petaled arms.

"My Bridal Girl, whom the Golden Lord  
Led forth from the gleaming shore!  
Wake joy in my heart by the deeper chord;  
O, love me deep in the Vedic Word—  
In the flower that Brahma bore!"

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And again, in another place it is said that the Lord spoke to Lily, in the King's presence, in an ancient Indian tongue that the latter did not understand. Such are some of the deep ties that bind the races of the Earth together in the deepest principles of being. Beside such things, how paltry seem the bickerings of their external life!

Beyond these remarks, the writer must not linger further on this "Epic of the Golden Age."

## CHAPTER IX.

THUS was closed that series of momentous utterances initiative to the fuller disclosures of the real substantial life of man, both on the outward orbs of space and the universe of heavens above them. They had, in the first place, necessarily to be given through states of trance, previously to the time when the external bodily state of the race had itself become transformed and renewed in sufficient degree, by fuller descents of the Divine Breath. But from this time these conditions began to change; but only through tremendous combats, toils and sufferings of the pivotal personality—the pioneer—the opener—into the light and “path” of Life.

In his earliest years, as has been said, he lived, as a dutious child, in a pious household of simple Calvinistic Baptists, and when after his mother's death his efforts to unitise there were repressed, he conjoined himself to the more liberal sect of the Universalists with ardent fervour. And here again, when he could wake up no sufficient response to all his zealous efforts for them, and in hopes of finding a remedy for this, he sought to unitise himself with like fervour to the Spiritualists, only to be overwhelmed with disappointment in the manner described; so now he was led by the Spirit to seek a soul-unity with those who were styled “The New Church” or “Church of the New

Jerusalem." Wherever he came, and wherever he found himself, from point to point—from stage to stage—he ever endeavoured to unitise himself with those whom he found there. Unity, and the spirit of unity, he ever sought for with all his soul wherever he came. But his difficulty was that his own soul was no simple hard-shell, without any quick life inside of it. His, from the very beginning, was a God-impregnated soul; and hence among whomsoever he came, he brought with him this ever-growing, ever-widening quick spirit of life from God, that never could accept any stand-still or finality. That Life must have its way, however much all the hard-shells round about him might be disturbed or offended by it. But just at this stage, besides the beautiful hymns that he was always pouring forth with endless profusion, he wrote a little book called "The First Book of the Christian Religion," in which all Swedenborg's "doctrines for the New Jerusalem" find simple dogmatic expression. He evidently thought at that particular time that he could pour the whole new wine, with which his soul was filling up from God, into those bottles without bursting them. But it took not any very long period to demonstrate that this was impossible. Yet he wrought for unity with the good men who marched under that banner so far as he could, without suppression of the Divine Spirit within him. But this little book was only a very minor part of his work at this time, and is mentioned only because it is the last sign or indication of any attempt to base the New Life upon a dogmatic foundation. All such purpose he afterwards entirely repudiated. Prescriptive doctrines, at the best, could only be a temporary help, and

sure, with advance of life and state, to become a positive obstruction.

It was during the period that this book was growing into shape—about 1855—that he was married to Miss Emily Isabella Waters, who became his second wife, and who was his great support and whole-hearted coadjutor both at this time and during the earlier years of The Use. Also, she was the first person after himself who was opened to the Breath. She remained in her earthly service until all God enabled her to do here below was done, after which she was received up into Lilistan in the year 1883.

But the great literary work that Mr. Harris was now approaching was the book entitled the “First Volume of the Arcana of Christianity,” and, together with it, the starting of the monthly periodical, *The Herald of Light*.

The first volume of the “Arcana of Christianity” is in many respects one of the greatest of his works and may truly be said, in point of fact, to be epoch-making. But to call it a literary work gives no true idea. It was a Life-work—a work reaped through enormous vital toils, such as only the words of the one who himself dictated them, can give any adequate idea of. Here following, therefore, are given quotations from them, as written in the Appendix to the volume:

“Early in the month of March, 1857,” he there declares, “the Lord saw fit to subject me to a trial, in the shape of a personal interview from Infernal Spirits, allowing them with entire freedom to hold communication with me; leaving me, at the same time, in perfect liberty to accept or reject their

direful fallacies. The spiritual degree of sight being opened into and through the ultimate-natural, while in full possession of my normal powers, I began to see Demons as external men. It was, as has since in the Lord's Divine order been made known to me, resolved upon by Evil Spirits, that my physical existence should be destroyed, the Demon, by name Joseph Balsamo, acting in consort with the superior and inferior of my own Infernal Genii, doubtless having some vague premonition of Divine judgments about to fall upon them, planned a subtle scheme to bring to bear upon the enfeebled physical system the magic of the Infernal World.

"If I narrate facts, to which numbers of living witnesses of unimpeachable character bear testimony, it will seem to many as an idle tale. Strong in the consciousness of right, I address myself to the work, invoking the Divine blessing on the statement it is now in order to relate.

"The lesser in power of my Evil Genii is, or was, in the hells, a poet of no mean quality, nor did he hold himself inferior to any in the varied splendour of his intellectual endowments. It was entrusted to him to commence the work. Here let me introduce such an account of his first visitation in an objective manner, as was noted at the time."

But the writer of this narrative will not quote here the sayings of these Infernal Spirits, as there would be no present use in it, and to dwell on such things except for ends of positive use is hurtful. It was necessary that they should be published at that time in all their bald hideousness, as a warning to all who were becoming open to the spirit world, whether by artificial means or by original tendency, to show to what dangers they had become open; and it is well



that they should be there on record to be referred to by all when occasion should arise. And yet it should be said that here and there are some lines of exceeding beauty, where the Divine Sphere has descended in such power as to make the Demons themselves speak in the very voice of Heaven; as where Margarate is represented as saying:

“I heaved a sigh within my breast,  
’Twas love for those in sin that die,  
And, like a dove with golden crest,  
It soared in music to the sky.

“I breathed a prayer for souls entombed,  
It changed into a golden wand,  
With sacred almond flowers it bloomed,  
And like a sceptre graced my hand.”

At the close, on account of all his evil-intended words being changed to the opposite, by the Divine Sphere, it is said that “the Evil Genius seemed frantic with the desire to invert the language, leaving the victory with the Destroyer, and suffered exceedingly from his inability to carry out his design.” At the end of the ordeal the sorely-infested one was taken up to Heaven, and consoled and comforted there after all his trials. Then the account continues as follows:

“So passed away the early portions of the Spring. Soon after, finding it impossible to infatuate the mind with the fantasies of their inverted faith, they (the Infernal Spirits) ceased to communicate. No sooner had the New Church Publishing Association decided to issue their monthly *The Herald of Light*, devoted to the Orderly and Christian Spiritualism of the New Church, than every pore of the organisation through which these subtle Demons were able to inject an influence, was made the medium of a

constant attack, continuing, with few cessations, during the waking state. It was a fiery trial. Every article dictated for that periodical, from this period till the completion of the matter for the August number, was won by a terrific combat, their determination being apparently to close up all the avenues open to the Heavens. The temptation lasted, with scarcely an intermission, for more than four months. Remaining sometimes for hours in prayer to the Lord for strength to combat, while the physical frame was subject to unheard-of tortures, I knew what it was to die daily. Realising full well, however, that it was needful for Divine ends that I should thus suffer, and that my agonies were continually mitigated by an interposing influence, I sought silently and in entire resignation to bear the heavy load. Leaving the city occasionally for a rural neighbourhood, during the intervals between the Sabbaths, every step, as it seemed, was watched, and with the pertinacity of bloodhounds watching for human life, these unscrupulous enemies lost no opportunity of seeking, not alone the destruction of the soul, but of the body also; once being prevented only by an interposing Divine hand from casting the physical form headlong from a precipice. During this period, while subjected to the incessant storms of infestation, of which it is only in order to make the most brief mention, so great and manifest were the mercies of the Divine Providence that the Demons were unable to prevent the accomplishment of any real use. Rising from physical tortures, like those of the rack, and even while those tortures were still continued, through the opening of the interior planes of the mind, I was enabled to behold the DIVINE SUN, to receive copious affluxes of wisdom, and, day by day,

to perform all the uses of my providential calling, seeming not unto men to fast.

"At length, on the evening of the 10th of July, after dictating during the day from a state of internal illumination and with openness to the Lord, the attacks were recommenced with an unprecedented violence, until it seemed as if the body was being pierced with poisoned weapons, bitten by serpents, and burned with vitriol or fire. After remaining for hours in prayer to the Lord, an interposing sphere descended, and the body was enabled to receive needful repose. On the following morning, leaving a sequestered hamlet for the purpose of discharging ministerial duties in New York, while in a place of business in the lower part of the city, the most powerful of those Infernals, with some heavy instrument, smote me on the head, and gave a fiendish and exultant shout after accomplishing his end. Rallying against the blow, and having engagements to fulfil, I pursued my course through the city, while the physical system was resisting with all its might the potent influences brought to bear for its prostration. Having accomplished the various tasks before me, while still in the street the hands were smitten with paralysis, the arms became motionless, at the same time the head began to reel, and a dying sensation to seize upon the heart, while the nerves of locomotion refused to perform their office. With entire calmness and collectedness, lifting the soul in earnest, secret prayer to the Divine Combatant, the Lord, and beseeching Him for the descent of an influence that should hold the attack at bay for a brief space, the petition was answered. Hardly knowing by what process I reached the place, I

found myself in the house of a dear friend. Stating to the family that I was apprehensive of a severe and sudden illness, I was conducted to a sleeping apartment, which no sooner had I reached than the attack was recommenced in a far more intense and painful manner.

"At this moment, through the opening of the celestial degree of sight, the Angels of the Celestial Heaven were visible, and I was addressed in substance as follows:—'We can do nothing for you. You are to pass through this combat relying wholly on the Lord; nor is it given to us to forsee the end. Resist with all the energies of your spirit the Evil Genii who are endeavouring to destroy your body. Sleep not. It is the crisis point. Should you give way to this influence, natural death would at once ensue.' Suddenly, as when dense clouds intervene to shut out the last gleam of friendly sunshine, I was left alone without the assistance of the Angels, who heretofore had been with me to combat the Destroyers. Sensation retired from the surfaces of the body. The whole appearance became as that of a person in the midst of a closing experience of life. The spirit seemed to hover dove-like, almost disconnected from its external. It was found impossible to produce by external or internal stimulants a counter action. At last, in the final crisis, respiration apparently was at an end. The pulse was imperceptible. The heart became like a stone, and seemingly ceased to beat. At this moment a mother in the Lord's New Church, who with another friend was present, in the greatness of her sympathy, moved instantly to that end by a Divine Power descending upon her, clasped firmly the frame rapidly becoming

corpse-like and rigid, placing her heart against the paralysed and icy breast. A Divine influx descended through that loving heart, and establishing through sympathy, organic support, maintained for a period the systolic and diastolic action, till other mediatorial receivers of the truths of the Lord's New Church, summoned to the bedside, were in their turn made use of to support the exhausted functions.

From this moment respiration began in a new degree and victory was achieved over the Infernals.

“Many particulars of a deeply interesting nature are here omitted. Suffice it to say that shortly afterwards a higher degree of physical health, combined with a power of resistance and endurance hitherto unknown, became established. From this time to the present (close of year 1857) existence has seemed almost preternatural, and the mediatorial labours know no intermission. The dictation of nearly all the contents of *The Herald of Light*, both prose and verse, month after month; the reception and utterance of the book, styled ‘Hymns of Spiritual Devotion,’ published in March of the present year; the vast amount of labour involved in the volume of the ‘Arcana of Christianity,’ now before the reader; the regular morning and evening discourses and other services of the ministry on each succeeding Sabbath, wholly without external assistance; the duties of visiting the sick, assisting and comforting the bereaved, and ministering at funeral solemnities, not only in, but beyond the limits of the congregation to which I am specially devoted, have been but a part, and, to those who know the particulars, not the larger part of the uses which, through the Lord's guiding

and strengthening power, I have been enabled to fulfil. It is literally true that 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty, and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that, according as it is written, he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord.'"

To the above is added this final paragraph:

"This volume of the 'Arcana of Christianity' was dictated in the City of New York during the months of October and November, 1857. It is now published verbatim from the original and uncopied manuscript, no alteration being made save to supply omitted and erase redundant words. The work being dictated with extreme rapidity, the amanuensis was only able to perform her labours through a Divine influx from the Lord."

What recorded miracles are there anywhere, at any time, comparable to these, except in the transcendently Divine events of the Lord's own life, as incarnate man?

And now, of the great work itself, it can truly be said, that it opens up to the eyes of men—that is to say, of men interiorly quickened by the Divine Spirit—for the first time in human history, the whole life of man, and the whole life of the Universe of Creation; from inmost Divine fountain-head to lowest, outermost, external. Here are all the origins:—the origin of the Fays, the origin of man, from that Divine seed in him that is wholly of God, impeccable and indestructible, here called the "soul germ"; the origins of Suns and Planets and Satellites; the origins of the Angelic Heavens; and the origin,

historically, of Evil. But for all these the book itself must be read, and yet read with duly quickened intelligence, like that of the author of it—externally speaking—who never rests in anything as a finality, nor in any statement whatever as the last word on any subject. Nevertheless, this is the God-Inspired *obiter dicta* for that day and hour, and was the necessary word for the instruction of man then—and still remains so in great degree—to maintain in his soul firm faith in God, such as cannot be shaken:—Nothing short of that.

There may be some things in the mere verbiage of the book for critics to take exception to, but if so, they are merely superficial, and on that account it is not necessary to take any note of them.

But just before this great work was written, a smaller book of spiritual experiences also was given, and before his state had become so advanced, entitled “Wisdom of Angels.” In this little book, of great charm, those earlier experiences are given account of with great simplicity and modesty, stating to his readers in the Preface that, “by the opening of the spiritual degree of the mind,” he had conversed with spirits for several years in a sensible manner; a portion of each day since 1850 having been devoted by him to the investigation of the general subject of Man’s interior and immortal existence; and that he had arrived at results that candour compelled him to say are widely different from those of other explorers. But, he adds, how far this may be due to his own imperfections he “submits to his brethren of the Christian Church, and to the enlightened judgment of all such as have brought to the study of the great subject involved, those powers of reasoning

from spiritual causes to natural effects which are matured alone through the experiences of a regenerate life." It is in this spirit he begs his book may be read and judged. But to the above he adds this final paragraph:

"And now this book goes out upon its mission; watched over, it is believed, as a Messenger of Truth; and accompanied by the prayer of Ministering Spirits, that God may make use of it in His Divine Providence to instruct the ignorant and confirm the wavering in the truths of Christianity, which has its evidences in the intuitions of the Moral Reason, and its receivers, wherever Heaven unfolds its domain of holiness and light and peace."

These remarks in the Preface to this book were drawn from him by the sad fact that so many others who had entered into investigations of the subject, by becoming mediums, had come out before the world as professed pantheists, and deniers of Revelation and of the Divinity of the Christian Scriptures. But as he says in a later book, "The Great Republic—a Poem of the Sun":

"Full other light upon my path has shone,  
And I pursue it, let what will attend."

In real truth, among all students and investigators of the occult, Mr. Harris stood almost, if not entirely and absolutely, alone in the full confession of the Divinity of Christ and of Revelation. He alone had fully grasped the means by which such confession, from the full heart, can be sustained; and how he achieved it has already been described in this life-history. But in this book, the "Wisdom of Angels," a great deal of further light is thrown upon the subject. In it the various steps are revealed by which from



time to time he became more and more convinced and established, even up to the very threshold of those tremendous experiences through which he had to pass before that deeper degree of the Breath was opened in him, that enabled him to become the fully-illuminated revealer of those absolutely universal truths that are set forth, as in clear, full light, as of the Divine Sun itself, in the first volume of the "Arcana of Christianity."

This latter being given was an absolute necessity—as indeed were all the preceding works—on account of what was in due time to follow, in the laying of the foundations of God's Kingdom through the Divine Breath, and by means of The Use, in the social body of the Humanity of the Orb. If that book had not at this time been given and published to the world, no individuals whatever could ever have gathered to the pivotal central personality, or received the Divine Breath through him, he being enabled by God's visitation to stand in their midst, as a mediatorial instrument for its descent. And only so also, by fulfilling that supreme service to them, under God, was he enabled himself to pass through all the higher degrees to the Breath to its full culmination in his own organism, in the death of the old animal soul and the incoming of the new, that through faithfulness could inherit Immortality.

Is such a book Literature? Yes, truly. But it is unspeakably more. It is Life. It is a living stone in that stairway of all precious stones, leading up to the full entrance to God's Kingdom of Life on Earth.

But now a few words must be said regarding the monthly periodical, *The Herald of Light*. This was a most important addition to all his other work at

this time, and, according to all ordinary reckoning, this being added to all the other works above described, made the accumulation of labours and services a greater burden than it was possible for any mere man to carry; and so indeed, but for God, literally it was. Only by pure Divine Miracle was it done. Besides all the luminous general articles to be found in it regarding all things pertaining to the Life in general, there are numbers of beautiful poems, including two long ones that gathered together would constitute each a considerable book by itself. These are "Odora" and "The Children of Hymen"—the latter especially a book of such exceeding charm as is indescribable. The perusal of it, in the light and consciousness of New Life conditions, alone can give any true idea of it. And, indeed, the same may be said of "Odora."

There are six volumes of this periodical, averaging about 400 pages each, except the last, which ends abruptly, almost all dictated by Mr. Harris himself. They run from May, 1857, to August, 1861.

In them is seen reflected something of the author's widening view, and widening hospitality of soul, during the period. It commences aiming at a complete unity and limitation to the principles of what was then known as "The New Church," and in the first volume it is styled "A Journal of the Lord's New Church." But in the fifth volume a "New Series" commences from May 1st, 1860, with a new designation, as heralded in the "Salutatory" opening, as follows:

"All things announce the advent of a New Christian Age. Upon the horizon of Christendom the sun of a glorious era of liberty and love displays the foregleam of its coming. As an evidence

of this, incipient signs begin everywhere to be visible of Divine fellowship among all Christian men :

‘Names and creeds and parties fall ;  
God in Christ is all in all.’”

Hence the style and title of the periodical is changed to “A Religious and Spiritual Journal of the New Christian Age.”

But now, as a result and fruit of all these toils, Mr. Harris himself was brought into a new use, or series of uses. He now felt called in God to take a temporary leave of his New York congregation. At least he then knew no otherwise than that it was only a temporary leave. But it proved really to be the beginning of the ending forever of that local service. His call was now to go forth into the world, or at least to cross the ocean to Great Britain to preach there, as also henceforth in America, the Gospel of “the Breath of God in Man and Humane Society.” Yet it had not yet received that full designation. He had to approach the unwonted subject gradually, as simply the widening out and ultimatum of the simple gospel of man’s salvation through the life, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. How he did this, that wonderful series of sermons gathered together in about five small but closely-printed volumes bear eloquent witness to. There never were such sermons delivered. And yet when many of Mr. Harris’s works were being re-issued through the press in London in the year 1891, and the writer proposed, and many of the other friends also entreated, that some, at least, of these sermons should appear with them, this

Mr. Harris, in his own name, would not sanction, implying that now he felt their use was over and done with. This was much regretted by many, as they seemed specially adapted to reach the popular ear and touch the popular heart. But on reflection it became apparent that a profound reason underlay Mr. Harris's refusal to sanction their reappearance. Notwithstanding all the manifest eloquence of his discourses, he never did at any time appeal to the popular ear, as such. Never, the writer believes, did he consciously speak a word that was not for some immediate practical use in life. For people to go away from hearing him only to say "Oh, what a wonderful sermon!" would have been to him nothing short of profanity. What does he himself say of ordinary parsons, in "The Lord, the Two-in-One"? They come, as porpoises or whales gather in the sea, "simply to blow!"

But not all the time while in Great Britain was he engaged in preaching. For a time he retired into lodgings in a small farmhouse near Bolton Abbey. And there he wrote, or dictated, a charming poem full of many exquisite and deeply profound passages pertaining to events, that no external history records, that occurred on the planet that was destroyed, and on which what is called "evil" first made its appearance. The whole poem itself is entitled "Regina." In the books of the one who writes under the name of "Respiro" will be found many remarkable quotations from it. And when the volumes promised by Mr. Edwin Markham, the eminent American poet, appear there will doubtless be found still fuller quotations. But this writing only aims to deal with what directly pertains to the

practical life that was, and is still, evolving in this world; and the only passages quoted from the books in it are what have specific relations to that life. In the pages in the second chapter, where the Fays are spoken of, are several passages from "Regina"—and here will come in appropriately another short fairy piece—all pervaded by the charm of the fairy sphere. When they found expression, the poet had manifestly begun to feel the heave of the great tide-wave that was carrying him towards the fatal, yet blessed, consummation of his life—as a man born of flesh and blood—wherein "Death should be swallowed up in victory."

"Into the dying day! into the dying day!  
I follow the path of the flying fay,  
Into the dying day!

"I am no more on earth! I am no more on earth!  
I float in the sphere of a fairy's mirth,  
I am no more on earth!

"The vesper flame is lit! the vesper flame is lit!  
I glide away in the soul of it,  
The vesper flame is lit!

"Into the sunset star! into the sunset star!  
Where the beautiful dwell in their homes afar,  
Into the sunset star!

"Follow the flying breeze! follow the flying breeze!  
That sings from the breath of its melodies,  
Follow the flying breeze!

"The south winds' kisses fail! the south winds' kisses fail!  
The climes of the sunset star unvail,  
The south winds' kisses fail!

"Into the dying day! into the dying day!  
I follow the path of the flying fay,  
Into the dying day!

## CHAPTER X.

BESIDES "Regina," Mr. Harris while in England was engaged on a much greater work on the Apocalypse. But now, as he wrote in the May number of *The Herald of Light*—1861—he was called to return immediately to America. "Events," he there says, "which it was given us to perceive could not be deferred longer than the Spring of 1862, and which were momentarily to be expected, have burst to natural ultimates in a storm of blood and fire. We were engaged in receiving the conclusion of the work on the Apocalypse till within a few hours previous to our return home; nor had we time in leaving to bid farewell to very many precious friends." But this was not caused by any manifest political events in the external, but by immense changes in the internal conditions which preceded, and were really the causes of what ensued in the external shortly after. "The Anakim," he writes, "the sorcerers of the last age before the deluge, are in our midst. The breaking up of Civil Society, both in Europe and America, is their determined end. They seek to inaugurate a reign of blood such as the world has never seen"—this, it will be noted, was all written before the Civil War in America had burst forth—"but especially to suppress the new respiration as it begins to appear. . . . All things announce a reign of martyr-love, wherein the Church of the New Christian Age, clothed in sanguine garments, shall battle for the universal freedom of mankind."

Again he says, "We resume our place in the home field, not in weakness, but in power, for the conditions of the new equilibrium are nobler and richer than those of the state just consummated." Again: "The condition of the new equilibrium, in fact, is unique. It is impossible for us either to write or preach without having first devoted a corresponding strength to natural industry. We dictate this in the morning, after having closed the previous day with removing timbers and building stone wall. Wisdom is justified in her children. Upon this base of industry the temple of our spiritual work is now to stand. To this condition will press onwards all in whom the Divine Breath is beginning to descend. The operation of the Spirit is to perfect the body for mighty burden-bearing in every sphere. We hope to illustrate in our own person, if faithful, that great problem of the ages, the reconciliation of labour and intelligence in one form. We urge our brethren to press onward. The hour of deliverance draweth nigh."

The above represents the general order of his form of address to the external man just before *The Use* commenced. That building of stone wall he speaks of was upon the ground foundations of the very site itself of that "Breath-house" which was to be its cradle. And so we are here brought to the point at which this narrative of its history opens, in the first and succeeding chapters.

*The Use* remained at Wassaic, in the simple order of life and services already spoken of, from the Autumn of 1861 up to the close of year 1863. But then it was felt that what moderate amount of unused means the members of it possessed, should be utilised in some way that would enable its operations to

come into touch with the ordinary simple external natural man; and by that means, without any attempt at proselytation or indoctrining, that the spirit of The Use should be brought to bear upon the common affairs of the world. To this end a mill was purchased close to the larger village—or town—in Dutchess County of the same state of New York, called *Amenia*, about four miles distant from *Wassaic*; and also, with the remainder of their capital, “The First National Bank of *Amenia*” was established, of which Mr. Harris was made “President.” This was all for the sake of coming into actual touch with the people of the neighbourhood. While Mr. Harris was the President of the Bank, Mr. James A. Requa, a true member of The Use, and an old friend of Mr. Harris’s, became the “Cashier.” The mill was taken charge of by another brother, who also at first assisted in the bank. This First National Bank of *Amenia* had for its banking house only a small wooden one-roomed building, with a counter, and some temporary low divisions in it; its main feature being only one formidable iron safe, with a combination lock. But later a tasteful stone bank was built.

These investments were chosen for the reason that to the bank and mill of every neighbourhood all people were bound to resort from time to time; and between the counter and door of the bank were placed a number of chairs, and in the centre of the space a large round stove. Here the people come on business, together with others, would sit down and smoke and talk over their affairs and general politics; while the President himself would be frequently occupying one of the chairs in the midst of them, and entering into full sympathy with them, in a perfectly natural, ordinary, neighbourly fashion.



This was the school to learn how to do the ordinary business of this world in the Divine Spirit—that is to say, in the spirit of simple justice between man and man. And the mill was another such school, for the Spirit of God, in operation among men, is nothing other than the Spirit of simple justice between them in all their affairs.

How Mr. Harris himself felt about these things, is well illustrated in a few lines that he wrote one day in the mill, at its rough wooden desk, when things were quiet. He left the paper on the board, but unfortunately it has been mislaid, and the quotation following, being from memory, is not quite perfect, but it is as nearly so as can be recalled :

“The Angel, Alethron, stood with me  
Embodied in palpable air ;  
The peace of pure Heaven was within him,  
But around him a terrible glare ;  
The Demons, pierced by it, were scattered,  
Each fled, as a wolf to its lair.

“Oh, clad in their garments of beauty,  
Unseen as the stars are by day,  
The watchman’s, the sentinel’s, duty  
These Angels delight in for aye.

“My mill wheels roll on ! in your motion  
Ye tune to the airs of God’s Breath,  
Ye toil not for Mammon’s devotion,  
The Spirit rules in you, and saith,  
The hearts of my chosen move with you  
And they will be faithful to death.”

Soon after this change, Mr. Harris himself, and most of the others then living at Wassaic, removed to the neighbourhood of Armenia, and took up their abode there, chiefly in small farmhouses pertaining

to the mill property. At the same time several friends from the southern states, some of whom had owned slaves, got rid of all their property in the South, and fleeing from the land of slavery, sought to become members of The Use, and were admitted. So for a time these took up their abode on the small Wassaic farm that had thus become vacant.

And again, soon after this, another change ensued, through the coming to join The Use of Mr. Laurence Oliphant and his mother, who at length, entirely on account of their urgent persistence, after Mr. Harris's positive refusal at first to admit them, were allowed to join; and for a time they became hopeful and even useful members of The Use, though entailing fearful burdens and suffering upon the pivotal personality, from the states of the world, and especially of the aristocratic classes of Great Britain, that they brought in with them. Doubtless their coming, in spite of all that ensued afterwards, served some great and deep end in the purposes of the Divine Providence, in opening certain classes among the highly placed in the old world, and especially in Japan, to the knowledge and influence of The Use, who otherwise might never have been reached till long afterwards. And as to the misfortunes that ensued from their failure—misfortunes to themselves above all, and to all those whom they most immediately influenced—the writer feels, as he has said before, that he has no call now whatever to dwell upon them.

But this reference to their advent comes in here by necessity, on account of the practical changes in the movement and outworking of The Use, that ensued because of it. Just at this time Mr. and Mrs. Harris, accompanied by Miss Waring, had to proceed to England for the purpose of providing for the

publication there of the volume upon the Apocalypse; also the poem entitled "The Great Republic," and the first small work on the "Divine Breath." Mr. Oliphant was then also in England, being a member of Parliament, but his mother, Lady Oliphant, was a resident with the members of The Use, in one of the houses near Amenia. And now the question came up how their unutilised means should be invested in some form that would be connected with The Use, and serve in its widening operations in the world. Lady Oliphant, in Amenia, consulted with Mr. Requa, the cashier of the bank, about this, and the latter having paid a visit to the village of Brocton, on the shore of Lake Erie, about fifty miles west of Buffalo, gave her a glowing account of several farms—some of them of large extent—that could be purchased there, which he believed would make an admirable field for the operations of The Use. Lady Oliphant was delighted with this idea, and urged Mr. Requa to go over at once to England, and make the proposal there to Mr. Harris to have the Oliphant money invested in these farms; and this, impulsively, he proceeded to do at once, although at the close of the great war all landed property had greatly risen in value. But, when he came to Mr. Harris, in England, the latter also, for internal reasons, approved of the proposal, and on his return soon after to America, went himself to Brocton with Mr. Requa, to view the properties.

Then it was that the removal of The Use from Amenia to Brocton was decided upon; but the Oliphants' money being only sufficient to purchase part of the farms that were offered, it followed that all The Use's possessions in Dutchess County, both in Amenia and Wassaic, including its full controlling interest in the bank, would have to be sold in order

to make the proposed Brocton investment. This, therefore, was done; and as all The Use's affairs in Dutchess County had prospered, having the Divine blessing with them, good prices were realised from their sale. The Oliphants' own interest in the Brocton investments was therefore considerably less than half of the whole.

There never was, as some have supposed, community of possessions in The Use, in any legal sense. Every individual was duly invested with his own share of all properties, corresponding to his means, but of course all were essentially involved together in their increasing or lowering market values; and, unfortunately, after the whole war was over, these values began greatly to decline. But The Use's investments were in no sense made for private gain, but for public service.

The numbers of the Brotherhood gathered together at Brocton soon exceeded those who had wrought together at Wassaic and Amenia several fold; and there, in "the town" of Portland, in which the village of Brocton is located, they formed an important body, capable in some degree even of influencing local politics. But besides those of them who could so act, as "American citizens," there were others who could not, including for a time about twenty Japanese gentlemen ("Samuris"), and Mr. Laurence Oliphant himself. Of those Japanese, however, only about four became permanent members of The Use, in the sense of being home residents in it; and of that four, one, Mr. Kanaye Nagasawa, became for many years almost Mr. Harris's right-hand man, and, later on, when The Use was established in California, in the course of time, he was placed at the head of the vineyards and

winery at Fountaingrove; and, at the time of this writing, he still fulfils that most important function, looked up to and respected, in the highest possible degree, by all the brothers and sisters yet resident there.

Those of the above-mentioned Japanese who did not remain in near connection with The Use, did not leave from any disaffection to it, but Mr. Harris perceived that they were more fitted, by internal state, to serve their own countrymen in the spirit of The Use itself, in so far as they had been able to take it in, than to remain in its direct service; and one of the truest hearted of them, in the course of time, became in Paris First Ambassador for his country in Europe; and then, after serving in that capacity for several years, while yet in that city, he passed thence to his heavenly rest, in full heart loyalty to Mr. Harris and The Use up to the very end. Another was Ambassador in London, and afterwards became Governor of Tokio, where at length, sad to say, he was assassinated by a Japanese fanatic.

At Brocton The Use endeavoured to come into more public and outspoken relations with the people than it had done in Amenia; and at one general election for President, when Horace Greely was candidate in opposition to General Grant, all the members voted in one body for the former, and among these was the present writer, who had become an American citizen in order to be able to hold property in his own name in the United States; and also, he may say, for other reasons—mainly because America was the land, chosen by God, where the foundations of the New Divine Kingdom should first be laid, being the land, measurably, of largest liberty, and most freed from the old hide-bound social and other tyrannies, entailed upon the world through all the ages recorded in history.

In the more limited local elections, the community now, small as it was, counted, and had to be reckoned with, and in view of this Mr. Harris here initiated several new moves. One was by erecting at the railroad station, where many trains stopped, a handsome restaurant, where all kinds of refreshments were provided for the passing travellers, including wine—for we are no teetotallers—and served to them directly from the hands of the Brothers and Sisters of The Use. Also a tasteful hotel was built, which was served in the same way. Ere these things were started Mr. Harris one morning said that he had been feeling in very close rapport with the weary travellers and deeply depressed young men, and others, “longing, perhaps, for a good cigar,” or some sort of refreshment. (Mr. Harris himself smoked.) And now he remarked upon the deadly depressing atmosphere of this Earth, and how many were weighed down by it; and that he felt the oppressions in their very bodies as if calling out to him for some mitigation. In the Heavens and in all the orderly earths of the Universe, he said, the very airs themselves are full of stimulation, that causes all the people to move in joy with elastic step. “And when I take up a good cigar,” he said, “I feel the greatest longing possible to put it right into the hand of some such weary oppressed one!” And thus it came that these movements were started for the refreshment of the people. It was not merely material food and drink that were given out to them by those consecrated hands; for every glass of wine and helping of solid food to each passing traveller carried with it into the world through him an incipient ability to organic openness to the pure Breath of God; and thus, by the prayers of all

the hearts, a Divine-natural vital substance flowed into all the material substance, with refreshment—of what shall I say? If I must, I can say nothing less than this—of the very body and blood of Christ Himself! But all this hidden—deeply hidden—as if it were not.

Thus silently, in a small way, began the influence of The Use to open out towards all the breadths of the world. But now Mr. Harris felt that he must give some instruction regarding the purposes of the Life to neighbours round about him; and to this end the upper story of a barn was fitted up as a small chapel, in an inexpensive way, to which the people of Brocton and around were invited to come and hear, and also join in the simple forms of worship there instituted. By this means an effort was being made to broaden the ultimate field of The Use itself; and these efforts soon began manifestly to bear incipient fruit, for the hearts of many of the people about were being drawn by them towards the Life and its purposes. One, for instance, who was considered one of the hardest and keenest dealers in ordinary affairs, said one day to the writer: "Only just to hear Mr. Harris read a chapter in the Bible was worth a long journey," or words to that effect. The very sound of his voice had a subtle and peculiar charm. The angelic tones of Heaven seemed to vibrate through it. Some individuals also strove for practical service in The Use.

Another way of reaching the people was through a general store erected close to the hotel, that should be carried on, as far as possible, on the general communistic plan. A notice was put up saying that all the profits from the sales, beyond a small interest on the capital invested, would be reckoned up, and duly returned, *pro rata*, to every purchaser.

One incident connected with this store business may be mentioned as having a peculiarly interesting significance. One very poor small farmer, who supplied milk to a general cheese and butter factory, was convicted of having watered his milk, with the consequence that everyone afterwards refused to deal with him. On hearing of it, Mr. Harris himself wrote to him, or had word sent directly to him, that if he would faithfully promise to deal fairly and squarely in the future, he would find a steady purchaser for his milk at the store; and so the poor man was saved from having to suffer indefinitely in the future for his one fault.

Besides the above, other business, or works, were carried on—not to mention, of course, the general farming. One was the culture of grape vines, and the making and sale of wine. For it was here, and indeed before this at Amenia, that grape culture and wine-making first began in a small way. But later on, in California, at Fountaingrove, it became the main industry of The Use; and that wine has ever carried within it, and still does, the Divine-natural sphere of The Use; and hence, of God's Breath in Man, to all who partake of it. Why it is of the Divine wisdom that wine should be made from the juice of the grape, and even spirit distilled, for the use of the children of the Kingdom in the New Christian Age, will become clearer and clearer as time advances; because it is in the demonstration in man of the Divine Breath that this will appear; and the Lord's own words, that He used in contrasting the ways of John the Baptist with His own, will be justified in the evolution of life. All abuses of the good things of life will cease as the Divine Breath prevails in men.



## CHAPTER XI.

BUT in the meantime one especial deep change was beginning to evolve and become manifest even to the ultimate degree of the consciousness; this was the presence of the counterparts realised to the fulness even to the external. This, absolutely, in Mr. Harris himself; and in the others also in various measures of perception, according to the capacity in each one. Without doubt it was this profound evolution of state that caused the veiled reluctances, and tendencies to disaffection, in some, to come forth after a certain period into full light. For even in these the counterparts descended, yet holding themselves strictly in the celestial sphere, and endeavouring with all their might to uphold their dear ones in the same, and to draw them away from every tendency to inversion. In no respect were they involved with them in their ultimate disaffection. To these counterparts still the Divine Ones remained the real Bridegroom and Bride forever.

But it was in the pivotal personality himself that this counterpartal evolution first became manifest; and here, for the right understanding of what follows, the reader is referred back to what is said in the closing paragraph of the seventh chapter, where he will find it told that for years after his internal and celestial marriage with her who is known as the "Lily Queen," Mr. Harris had no

outward consciousness of what had then ensued.  
But now we come at length to

“THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.”\*

But what does this imply? To bring this stupendous subject into as clear light as is possible, some deeply beautiful extracts here follow from the above-named poem. They are a most essential part of this Narrative of the Life.

In the first place it is asked, Wherefore was the long, long delay? In the “Response” that here below follows the “Invocation” will be found the answer to that question; and although it only is given as in a parable, which refers specially to an “ancient bard” who may be regarded as, in fact, the absolute or ideal poet, yet every word of it is applicable to Mr. Harris’s own vital career at this particular stage, and to the conditions involved in his approaching conscious union with his counterpart, the Lily Queen, even in ultimates here below.

SONG FLIGHT (THE INVOCATION).

VIII.

Say, Earth, how was thy Poet born?  
Remember, O, remember,  
How sang the echoing elfland horn  
Through all thy purple chamber.

Say, Mother Earth, who bringst to birth,  
Say, in thy fated chamber,  
What genius passed the gifts to cast?  
Remember, O, remember.

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\* Written at this period, but not published until the year 1903.

## (THE RESPONSE).

## IX.

Nature is glad to bring to birth ;  
There is a gladness in the earth  
If but a daisy start  
Above her wedded heart.

But when the Poet from the cell  
Where the secluded Muses dwell  
Is wafted to the day,  
She meditates the lay

Of after years ; and if he turn  
To bathe within her sacred urn,  
Or seek the awful bower,  
Of her mysterious power,

She tries him sore and proves him long,  
Nor leads him sportively athrong,  
Impassive stone she seems,  
Till he forsakes the dreams

That with sweet sorceries, for bread  
Of life, the wandering tribes have led  
From the great Lord to swerve,  
The false and ill to serve.

He must ascend the martyr pyre ;  
He must dissolve in fervent fire  
Of sacrifice August  
Whatever is of dust.

He must restrain the wandering airs  
Of fears, of tumults, or of cares,  
Nor vibrate to a lay  
From lips of coarsest clay.

Then Nature smiles to show the grace  
And glory of her secret face,  
And Earth, a stone no more,  
With Mother-love brims o'er.

He shall behold the stars like birds,  
And hear the raptured bridal words  
Of that sweet lay they sing,  
With Nature listening.

He shall behold them, Bridegroom-Bride,  
Enfolding whilst through heavens they glide,  
And circling, twain-in-one,  
To God, the Spirit Sun.

He shall behold their stately men,  
As of each Orb a citizen,  
While as a mother mild,  
Arch-Nature owns him "child."

But No. XII. in this "Song Flight" is the Poet's own story.

I remember, I remember,  
It was said to me of old,  
"In life's shadowy December  
Shall a fairer day unfold."  
All was true as it was told.

I was pierced by poisoned lances,  
All my days and nights held pain,  
As the deluge that advances  
In the blinding hurricane,  
With white lightning in the rain.

Hearing, feeling, seeing only  
The tornado on its way,  
With a heart forever lonely,  
As a land flower washed with spray,  
By the tempest made a prey.

Growing fainter, growing weaker,  
With old age I made my bed,  
And the fleshness was a beaker  
Where the wine no more is red,  
But the last libation shed.

I remember, I remember,  
 Death beside my heart made place,  
 Mirrored in the wasting ember  
 Was his keen and cruel face—  
 "Come," cried he, "to my embrace."

As the storm, with power of scorning,  
 Mocks the pale sun rising far  
 In the bleak and haggard morning,  
 O'er the cliffs of frozen spar,  
 Shouting, "We the victors are."

So the ghosts of men unrisen,  
 Mocked the life that strove in me,  
 From the void that is their prison,  
 Sounding far with mocking glee,  
 "Death is victor—Death and we."

Aidless as the sea-mist drifted,  
 I was borne: yet Life is won,  
 As the sea-mist when 'tis lifted  
 In the rainbow round the sun,  
 Life is finished—and begun.

To which must follow—very slightly abridged:

#### A VISION OF THE SEA.

By night in visions of the sea,  
 I saw One drawing nigh to me,  
 Most as the Christ of Galilee.

The waves were agonies that rise  
 From all sad souls beneath the skies,  
 And all the world's tumultuous cries;

Destroying hate, devouring care,  
 Sorrow and heartbreak and despair  
 Were mingled in the tumult there.

I heard one solitary hymn  
 Far borne through vapours, dark and dim,  
 Weaving around that Ocean's rim.

Millions of birds with radiant eyes  
Flew o'er the waste, their plummy eyes  
Brilliant with tints of Paradise ;

And one sweet song from every bird,  
With solace for all hope deferred ;  
It was the music of the Word.

Then one kind warbler drew more near,  
And sang divinely to mine ear :  
" Sad heart, sore heart, be filled with cheer."

My soul to that sweet bird replied :  
" Lo the dark terrors of the tide ;  
No joy with me may ere abide ;

" My heart shall not be comforted  
Till One upon these waters tread,  
With might to rescue from the dead.

" Nor shall my cruel griefs abate  
Whilst childhood knows such bitter fate,  
And womanhood is desolate."

The voice replied, " This cheer I bring :  
Only as hearts to hearts shall cling  
Can any heart full find its King."

Then I was glad : a strength to serve—  
Yea, die for love and never swerve—  
Possessed me to the utmost nerve.

I shuddered as the quickening tree,  
Who feels the spring with agony  
That yet is more than extasy.

Moving majestic and slow,  
I saw the Man, whom angels know  
And worship, o'er the billows go.

" My Father and my God," I spake,  
" My soul her quiet doth forsake  
For hearts that waste, I pray Thee take

"This little life so fugitive,  
And fill it so with gifts to give,  
That mid this dying some may live.

"Sweet Lord, I cling about Thy knees,  
And cry from out these deadly seas,  
'Be mindful of Thy promises.'

"The love Thou givest me employ ;  
Fulfilling by so much Thy joy—  
Suppresst, it will my flesh destroy.

"My heart conceives this one desire—  
To shed the life Thou dost inspire  
As heavens pour forth the summer fire.

"Exile me from Thy presence then  
Till the great cycle sounds again,  
And I return with gifts of men ;

"Bearing the planets' fair increase ;  
Imprisoned harmony's release ;  
The bosom's breath, the being's peace."

Then once for all, methought I stood  
Lifted by Him above the flood ;  
Nay, He possessed my very blood ;

For soul of soul and life of life,  
Till, by the Spirit's holy strife,  
With substanded virtue flesh was rife.

He gathered up the deeps and made  
A land of garden, grove, and glade—  
None there oppressed, none there betrayed.

And after many days I slept  
In cool pavilions that He kept,  
Till from repose my being leapt,

Away, away ! as, cold by cold,  
The swathings of the sense unrolled,  
To find Him in His bridal fold.

"To find Him in His bridal fold." Did the Poet find again also his Lily Queen there? It is not so said; but the above fiery verses bring to the mind these lines from "Hymns of the Two-in-One," given about four years after this time:

"What calls the bride from coy reserve  
To gifts beyond all presage?  
Love in her own world sweetly serve,  
And speed the holy message."

Not yet do we find the Lily Queen actually spoken of, but surely her spirit is thrilling in every line, and this pervasion it is, without doubt, that whirls her beloved into such passionate prayer for the uplift of the afflicted race out of all their woe; and at last, a little further on, we come to the section headed:

THE LILY QUEEN.

I.

Why do I fill this autumn night,  
When airs are chill, and storms are strong,  
With wingéd numbers borne along  
On breaths of fragrance and delight?  
Love in my heart asserts her right.  
Her silver winglets round me play;  
She will not of her bliss delay,  
Nor shun the sacred bridal plight—  
The Two-in-One their own requite.  
Through time and space their seasons run,  
Therefore my heaven-on-earth begun,  
And there my Lily of the Light.

This was given in the year 1872, just eighteen years after "The Lyric of the Morning Land" was said or sung, and during that whole period, to the best knowledge of the writer, the Lily Queen was never once spoken of, except as by a passing retrospective



reference to the above said Lyric. How true was not this to the wise counsel of the Fay?

“Keep thou thy lips to silence prest  
Till music forms within the breast,  
And from the still delights are born  
Words that are lovely as the morn.”

## II.

She found me, stranger, when my heart was lying,  
At the Earth's door forlorn,  
As very Lazarus in faintness dying,  
While purple Dives, to my plaints replying  
With hard and bitter scorn,  
Sat quaffing from his leman's magic horn.

The leprous haunters of the street were plying  
Anear their hideous craft, and, sleek and shorn,  
Trod the smooth priests, each with his fellow vieing,  
To gather store of oil and wine and corn.  
Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe that I was born!

Then came my Angel, and her love, enskying  
This wasted essence, orbéd it in the morn,  
She found me, stranger. To her love-winds flying  
Are my swift songs, Earth's bridals that forewarn.  
Ah, joy is me! Ah, joy that I am born!

## III.

Our pinnacle rocks upon the sea,  
The purple sea of Sunrise Land;  
The balmy winds blow fresh and free—  
O haste, belovéd, haste with me.  
Our gondola of hollow pearl  
Floats o'er the mystic murmuring sea  
Within it smiles my golden girl,  
Gift of All-Mother's nuptial glee.  
She chants her exquisite refrain,  
And as the dawn from moon-mist free,  
Asserts her empire, born to reign  
In all I am and yet to be.

## THE COUNTERPART.

Love is the heart of heart, in human things  
Unseen, the counterpart pure radiance flings  
Without restraint of will, or strife, or jar,  
She comes the life to fill, as doth a star.

. . . . .

Love is the lyre of lyres—its living strings  
Wake, by swift moving fires the bride-girl brings.  
Suns may arise and set in purpled sea ;  
I wake, and I forget, love, love, in thee.

## MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

There is no marriage in the sense  
Known by the woman at the well,  
For souls of earth, departed thence,  
In Paradise to dwell.

The mortal things have passed away  
With Nature's passion that up grew ;  
In Heaven's Divine betrothal day  
All things are made anew.

They who in God are purely one  
Find, in the alcoves of His heart,  
The everlasting life begun—  
They meet, no more to part.

No more endures the bond of fear  
That links the generous to the base ;  
All two-in-one the souls appear  
Who see God face to face.

Behold the vast processions move,  
Circling Divine All-Mother's zone ;  
In Her first sacrament of love  
Each finds and folds its own.

. . . . .

A moment here, a moment here,  
Where God is Love and Love is King  
Revives the heart in blissful cheer,  
As flowers are fed by spring.

. . . . .

This is the true Parnassian shrine,  
Here the celestial Muses throng.  
Here Hymen fills with sacred wine  
The beakers of their song.

But now, however regretfully, these quotations from "The Marriage of Heaven and Earth" must draw to a close. One more at least, however, seems to be imperative.

During the long eighteen years of waiting spoken of, there were ever compensating visitations given forth from the Divine Mother Herself. These were all by the Fairies who came silently to bless and console from the heart of Her who is the Heart of all hearts.

And here now the Fairies themselves proclaim, as follows :

A FAIRY CHOIR.

"I am the fairy Golden Good ;  
I sing the worth of womanhood.  
I came to thee long time ago  
From Heart of hearts, that loved thee so."

"I am the fairy Chime of Bells ;  
Sweet bridal bliss my tone foretells.  
I came to thee long time ago  
From Heart of hearts, that loved thee so."

"I am the fairy Flower of Grace ;  
Spring blooms in me by open face.  
I came to thee long time ago  
From Heart of hearts, that loved thee so."

"I am the fairy Dawn of Day ;  
To ope the door of gifts alway.  
I came to thee long time ago  
From Heart of hearts, that loved thee so."

"I am the fairy Marginet ;  
My lips with summer dews are wet.  
I came to thee long time ago  
From Heart of hearts, that loved thee so."

"I am the fairy Zambolin ;  
When death flies out my loves fly in.  
I came to thee long time ago  
From Heart of hearts, that loved thee so."

And, lastly, the following must be given from  
"Songs of the Prime," which come in under the  
general heading of "In Lilistan" :

"Was it the note of a wonderful bird,  
Or the thrill of a seraph's hand,  
Or the inmost voice of the Bridal Word  
That spake in the garden land?  
A Motherly Presence within me stirred,  
And I felt my life expand :  
Hers were the fire-winged fays I heard,  
And the songs of this mystic land.

"The Mother of all, through the orient wall  
Of the earth-born life's uprise,  
Sped each wingéd one small, my unselfness to call  
From Her bosom, its paradise.  
I danced with the fay in his vocal hall,  
Or woke with a mild surprise  
Where the banner of angels float and fall,  
And the world in their shadow lies.

"The Christ-Child came in the orbéd flame,  
As the Crowned One only can ;  
With a lyric flame that no ill can tame  
His joy through my breathings ran.  
And a lily-white maiden He led, the same  
Whose life with my own began ;  
And the shy white nymphs from the rivers came  
And the reeds, as they piped for Pan.

“Down through the deep, where the shadows creep,  
A-cold with the world's despair;  
Far o'er the steep, where the panthers leap,  
Who made in its gloom their lair;  
Down through the deep of the tears men weep  
For the world's wild 'wilderer's care,  
This maid of His heart He led to keep  
Her watch with the angels there.

“The songs of the prime return to me  
As the glory after the rain;  
The songs that were stifled all silently  
In the gripe of the mortal pain.  
For my feet are led to the love-lit sea  
Where the lovers their prime regain.  
'Ah, lily-white maiden, I glide with thee  
To the home o'er the golden main.'”

## CHAPTER XII.

"THE home o'er the golden main," sung of in the closing quotation in previous chapter, is there named "Lilistan"—for the first time so designated; and now the reader will require to have some particulars given regarding it, for in the culminating poem of Mr. Harris's life it is represented that the Lord Himself, speaking in His own name, in the lines headed "Bestowal," makes this solemn announcement:

"EACH CRUCIAL DAY OF AGES MEANS NEW MAN :  
'TIS THE ADVANCING PRINCIPLE MUST ENTER ;  
AND NOW 'TIS LILISTAN OR DEVILSTAN."

The vast importance, therefore, of what is now to be told of this heavenly Empire it is impossible to exaggerate, its inauguration being the very core of the blessed Divine-natural destiny that God in Christ was establishing for the future of the whole world. Into this infantile Kingdom the Lord Jesus, one with the Lady Yessa, was instilling what must truly be called the Celestial quintessence of His Divine salvation—and yet a "celestial" that was bound to grow and descend until it should embrace within its arms the last, lowest, and most ultimate "natural" of this whole Orb, to redeem it from its every woe.

But as yet at this period, from 1872 to 1876, the upper Kingdom had not begun to descend into what

is known as the "interspace," which had been formerly occupied by evil or unpurified spirits between Heaven and Earth; and, as written in "The Holy City," it was then designated "*Æstivossa*," this signifying the "high country of Divine joy." Of this it is there said:—"It occupied a region of the luminous creation beyond the atmosphere of our globe. Its people were of two classes: first, young people, counterparts, selected from the most highly organised of children deceased from the natural world; and second, from similar young people, male and female, whose sexual counterparts are left in the natural plane below. These, of both classes, were trained, before the Kingdom was set off by itself, in an elder Kingdom. The Kingdom since its birth has been increased by the young of its genius removed from the natural world subsequent to that time. The Kingdom was organised in its nucleus in the year 1850, commencing to occupy from that event an island in the waters of the heavenly expanse, contiguous to an archipelego, known as the "sea of the golden islands." The lady known throughout these writings as the "*Lily Queen*" was the feminine sovereign of this incipient Kingdom, and then in the infantile period of sovereignty.

"(268) In the year 1853 the present narrator, a youth of the natural world, counterpart in the Word, having been previously advanced into the beginnings of the Arch-natural structure, was subjectively opened, and united with Lily, his counterpart, by the rites of the arch-marriage, in its interior and preparative degree, the record of which will be found in the writing, '*A Lyric of the Morning Land*,' published in the autumn of that year. From that period to the present (1879) the

spouse of Lily has been devoted to such affairs for the preparation of man for the New Life as were possible in the disturbed and dying condition of the natural race.

“(269) In 1861 he began to associate with him a few seekers for the Life, who were in the incipency of the new respiration, in the town of Amenia, Dutchess County, New York. From that hour this germ of the Kingdom on Earth has been maintained only by a living martyrdom, and by means of the constant presence of a force of royalty from God in its centre. In 1867 the family was removed to the town of Portland, Chautauqua County, Western New York”—which brings the statement to the period now being spoken of in this narrative, where the Lily Queen has descended to the full degree of consciousness in her spouse’s frame.

But with this descent of the Queen to the pivotal personality, simultaneously there was a like descent to the consciousness of each member of the society, according to his degree of capacity and organic advance in the Breath; for the counterpartal consciousness at this time was all in and through the Breath, although with some exceptions, in those with whom the breath-consciousness itself was not enough advanced. The Breath, as has been said before, has many degrees and distinctive forms, all quite recognisable to some at least of the recipients. And there is a form of it that is distinctively the “conjugal” breath—and in this it is that the presence of the counterpart is recognised and known with surest and safest Divine warranty, for God Himself is in the Breath. But the particulars of such consciousness can only be properly given or spoken of as it became known in the King, and was



by him lyrically sung and said; as true lyrical speech is its only properly native tongue or style of expression. In these things the humbler members of The Use most wisely were ruled by that profound counsel given by the Fay in:

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

No Fay reveals of what he knows,  
Till ends of use the lips unclose.

Still man from man should stand afar,  
Touching by rays, like star with star;  
Touching by circuits of the will,  
As energies their ends fulfil.  
In privacy, the spirit keeps  
At home with God, upon the deeps;  
In privacy, the spirit folds  
The force, whereby for Him it holds;  
But most conjugal things belong  
To that untold, unwritten song,  
That is through all the Heavenly Host,  
The motion of the Holy Ghost.

Tell not, if, in the secret night,  
Thy Angel touch thee for delight;  
Speak not of that mysterious way,  
Whereby her loves make bosom-play.  
Till man is Godlike for thy trust,  
Disclose not of her presence just,  
Lest he that Holiness bemean,  
Or slander by a thought unclean—  
Remembering this: that God conceals,  
Till deep experience reveals.

If one would seek to know by thee;  
Still 'tis the Ruler holds the key.

Lift up thy heart, as one who lifts  
His being to the Lord for gits;  
Remembering, still, that gifts are given  
From the deep secrecy of Heaven.

To thee may come thy Bridal Girl,  
But only through the gate of Pearl;  
If she perchance diffuse a spray  
Of sweetness o'er thy hard, cold clay;  
Or vibrate in thy suffering clod;  
She moves—to lift the will to God.

My name is "Secret"—I, a fay,  
With "Hold-for-God" my strength array.

And to this should be added an earlier Fairy Chronicle—No. 10—in order to make clear what the above beloved Fay meant by "The Gate of Pearl." It is headed:

MY DARLING GIRL.

They criticise my Darling Girl,  
Whose outer name is Duty!  
What rugged walls enclose the Pearl  
Of Preciousness and Beauty!  
She who with Pearl of Grace would dwell  
Must enter by the Oyster Shell;  
Jerusalem's gate, the pearl of pearls,  
Is builded by the oyster girls.

If one would fold his counterpart,  
Full, in God's golden morrow,  
With Duty's divers he must dart,  
Nor fear cold waves of sorrow.  
Whate'er may be her name or place,  
Each counterpart's a Pearl of Grace;  
Go deep in the sea,  
Where the pearl fishers be.

Closed in Duty's rugged walls,  
Hidden by the watery palls.  
The sea is deep, the sea is dim;  
Fear not! thou shalt not miss thy way—  
God holds in all, but most in him  
Who knows but to obey.

Here now is the occasion to speak of a seeming sad event which occurred nearly six years before this time, but which could not be written of in a way to be properly understood, until all the foregoing had been told regarding the relations subsisting between the respective counterparts in Lilistan and those on Earth destined for survival (not necessarily to the end of the age, for that never could be absolutely foreseen, but) until the full use that each could fulfil was completed. For the ability to do this the quotation given from "The Holy City" a few pages back affirms that in all cases one of the counterparts must have been received up into Lilistan before,—in early youth—so as to be able to hold, from the internal, for the vital inflow to the one in the outward. But it has been told also, at the close of the seventh chapter, of one pair in The Use who had come to their transition in the outward—one almost immediately after the other—and it was then seen, and solemnly announced, regarding these, that they were not one merely in the external, but one also as to the deep internal. From this it ensued that—normally speaking—there was no medium above, for the Divine vital elements to descend to either; though, of course, other means were provided, in the law of the exceptional, and by the latter provision the twain were enabled to hold in outward life and energetic service together for over five years. Their outward names were Mr. and Mrs. Requa; the former being cashier of the Amenia Bank previously referred to, and who was the active agent also in the purchase of the Brocton property. Almost immediately after, having accomplished this last service with efficient executive energy, he was called to leave the external, and to take his place above in the internal

service in Lilistan. By inner name he was, and is, known as "Steadfast," and by this name he is referred to in "The Lord, the Two-in-One," where mighty internal services in which he took part are graphically described. Also, he is again referred to in several of the other books privately printed. It was by a short sharp attack of apparently rheumatic fever that he was removed from the outward frame. He then became the medium to uphold his dear wife, whose internal name was "Golden Rose," in her most important service near to Mr. Harris's own person, for a long series of years; and she continued in the external up to her 87th year, when at last she too was called to Lilistan, to join her beloved one in the upper home, in the year 1907.

Of those who remained true and steadfast to The Use this was the only case of removal from the external up to the twenty-first year from its commencement—that is, to 1881—and this was in no sense a loss to it, for it changed what was merely an external executive force into an internal vital power, in restoring a pair who were in exceptional order, into that regular form and order of the life in which all are most fitted to maintain the efficiency of their Divine-natural service, as is written in "The Holy City."

## CHAPTER XIII.

INCIDENTAL mention has already been made of three books that were published just previous to the time above written of—viz., “The Arcana of the Apocalypse,” “The Great Republic: a Poem of the Sun,” and “The Breath of God with Man” (a small precursor to the larger book published in 1892). These books were further *obiter dicta* of great importance, and their appearance was absolutely a vital necessity for their day and hour. But since their publication they have been superseded by the later and more advanced works. They may be said to be the immediate fruit, in writing, of the opening of the Breath into the general body of the race through The Use. This was the work of that day, and the writing was the record of it. It was not yet known how the Kingdom was to take centralised form; and the book on the Apocalypse was addressed, as it were, to the general body of Christendom, when it was just on the eve of its dissolution, and when the seven churches mentioned by John the Revelator still stood representative of its distinctive divisional elements, as to the deep internal. All its pages are replete with precious things; but they have all to be understood as given for their special day and hour. The same also is true of the first little book upon the Breath of God, and of the noble inspiring poem, “The Great Republic: a Poem of the Sun.”

We now come to the next stage in the evolution and ultimation of the Life, when the Lily Queen descends to full external manifestation in the electro-vital degree. This may be said to mark the culmination of the first great stage of Mr. Harris's life in its Divine call; for except to man twain-one in full ultimation, God Twain-One cannot be manifested in like fulness. This fulness of ultimation, however, it must be understood, is in the "electro-vital"—the true "fourth dimension"—not in any dust-form of the Earth. A mere dust-form is no true ultimation, but only an appearance of it, that may indeed be inhabited and filled by the true, but in no respect can it be the true live ultimation itself.

It must be remembered that the true consciousness in Mr. Harris himself was in the electro-vital, and the descent of his own Lily in her own electro-vital form to him was now the supreme necessity of his life and service; and the only means by which he could draw her was by the power of music. Yet he himself was not a trained musician on any instrument. David, the king, was a trained harpist, but Mr. Harris was no trained pianist. This might have seemed an obstruction; but before the Divinely-quickened will no obstruction can stand. Having the best piano available well tuned, he sat down to play by sheer influx. Perhaps the absence of artificial training was a real advantage, so far as the supreme end in view was concerned. But at all events, he persevered thus for many days and weeks, and this in the presence and hearing of sisters well trained in music, whose ears seemed in no way shocked by such inartificial strains. It appears to have been wholly needful that the beloved Lily herself should absolutely rule every strain and tone, from her own Lilistan home above,

without being forced into any artificially determined forms from the musical culture of this lower Earth. The one thing needful was that the music sphere of Lilistan should pervade and rule, and so descend to Earth; and by that musical stairway, lo, the electro-vital form of Lily herself came down, in full substantial embodiment! Thus was the great end attained.

“In song the world began, in song Divine,  
That swept full-bosomed through the cosmic veins.  
In song the world shall end, the world of crime:  
World of self-passion, torn to deadly pains.

Even as the Divine Lady Yessa inhabited the Lord Jesus's body on Earth, so did the Lady Lily now dwell in the pivotal personality of The Use; but to a much greater extent in the way of manifestation; for of old the Divine Lady could not manifest outwardly, even by speech through Her Own, but now Lily spoke through the voice of Mr. Harris, as the Fairies had always done hitherto. And more than that—she was now able, when she willed to do so, to step right out in her electro-vital body, in full outward manifestation, in full view before the eyes of her own Beloved; sensible also to touch and hearing, as a fully-externalised embodiment. But although she could do this, and did, she had quickly to withdraw again into the beloved one's form, for the deadly cold of the world, as she stepped out, struck with such a chill into her as was beyond endurance.

Mr. Harris's internal name at this time, and from the very beginning of The Use, it should be said here, was “Faithful,” while his Darling's name was “Lily”; but they both received other names as life began to evolve and states advance. “Faithful” was

also Mr. Harris's fairy name; being that of his own inmost Fay—the norm of his life. Also “Faithful” at this time was the name by which Lily always addressed him.

Four years later, in “The Lord, the Two-in-One,” Lily is described in greater fulness, as follows:—speaking as in the common voice of the Brotherhood itself,—“it is now permitted to say of her, that as to earthly parentage, she is of one of the most ancient and illustrious of the reigning families of Europe; that she is a woman golden-haired and beautiful; that she walks in the midst of their Society; that she is able to appear in the objective from the subjective through her husband, demonstrative and palpable to every sense; wearing thus the likeness of the body which is the body of the resurrection; literally the first of God's returning angels in whom the resurrection of the body in ultimates is a fact demonstrated. Our Lily was taken as a child by decease from the natural world and specially educated in solidarity, that she might become a pivotal woman or queen in our Kingdom. She is literally as a nursing mother, and her presence in our midst a source of assurance, vigour, and delight.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

IT was not long after the descent of Lily to full ultimates that a change of base in the external had to be determined on. For the greater event that had to succeed, Brocton it was felt was not a fit field. Also certain members of the Society had to be chosen as a special environment around the pivotal personality, and for this especial end separated from the others; the particular reasons for which necessity the writer feels he need not dwell upon. It was in the year 1875-6 that steps were taken to select a suitable locality for this, and a tract of land of about 1,200 acres, near Santa Rosa, in California, was chosen and named "Fountaingrove," because high amongst its hills was an exceptionally abundant spring of flowing water. Thither in due time Mr. Harris himself, together with those above indicated, proceeded to establish themselves in the wilderness. The tract was quite uncultivated, with the exception of a few acres of low ground on which wheat was grown. But the hillsides were destined in due time to be transformed into the well-known "Fountaingrove vineyards"; only several years of roughing it had first to be endured — in tents in the first place, then in hastily-constructed shelters, until finally houses suitably built and furnished could be completed.

And here it was, even in those roughest, earliest days, that it pleased the Lord Jesus to make His second advent to this Earth in full ultimatum of

form. The record of that great event is all given in what must be regarded as the most important of all the books. It is designated in full,

“THE LORD, THE TWO-IN-ONE, DECLARED,  
MANIFESTED, AND GLORIFIED.”

The “Exordium” and first two chapters of this book are filled with powerful reasoning, cogent statements, showing why it should have been written. But these will be passed over here, where the purpose is only statement of historical facts so vitally fundamental in themselves that their simple presentation constitutes the most absolute and irrefutable of all argument to those who, in the most incipient degree, have begun to experience within themselves that supreme fact of facts in the vital constitution of man, the Breath of God. But when “The Lord, the Two-in-One” was written and given, the Divine Breath was hardly present in men in general in its ultimate degree, and therefore arguments addressed to their yet almost unquickened minds had to be presented, in order, if possible, thus to win an access to the inner, the vital ear. Only this one most significant statement in the “Exordium” must not be omitted. It is this: *“The truth that was in Christ was never formulated into revealed religion. It is the great unrevealed religion. Religion is always in travail to be revealed; but its revelation is a birth, and its birth would be society, and its society would be the marriage of the Earth and Skies.”* The reader who has just perused the foregoing chapters will already have some faint idea of all that is implied in these words.

But it is in the third chapter that the strictly

historical facts first commence to be given, and this chapter therefore will be here quoted in full, and afterwards all similar parts from the remainder of the book, especially those in which occur the Lord's own spoken words; for, as He said of old, "My sheep hear my voice"; and it is in their bosoms that is found the chord which vibrates and responds to its every accent. Therefore, for these reasons, the extracts will begin with what is written in the third chapter.

### OUR LORD MANIFESTED AS PRINTER.

In the morning there appeared with Lily (Chrysanthea) a company of celestial wives, such as had all been taken from the natural world as infants like herself, and they were all singing a nuptial song of the marriage of the Earth and Skies, while a shower of golden rain diffused fragrance and softness in the atmosphere. Chrysanthæus put forth his hand to take the raindrops where they fell, and they condensed in his palm like grains of sugared wheat. And one said, "Eat," whereupon he tasted them.

At this moment one of the matrons cried, "Let us go into the house, for this rain betokens that a great tornado of judgment respiration is speedily to sweep through the Earth below us, and Lily (Chrysanthea) and Chrysanthæus require that we should assist them in making preparations."

After they had returned fully into the natural world, the Lord Jesus came into their bedchamber wearing upon His head a printer's cap. The sleeves of His under-raiment were rolled up above the elbows, and a printer's apron was tied over His other garments about the waist.

Seeing Him, Chrysanthus began to smile, and the Lord said, "Good morning, my son." And Chrysanthus answered, "Good morning, Father; what would You have me do to-day?" Our Lord spoke and said: "All things are now ready for the declaration of My second appearance in the heart centres of the human race. I have taken this dress-manifestation to signify that through the printer's types men are first to hear of Me. What think you of it?" Then Chrysanthus replied, "Whatsoever is good in Thy sight, my Father, is good in mine." But the Lord answered, "You are outwardly in the natural degree; but I am outwardly in the arch-natural, and thence I descend into the natural. Talk to Me, therefore, from the wisdom that you have in the natural." Then Chrysanthus answered, "Father, I perceive, according to my thought, that the way of the types is the way that would occasion the least disturbance." And the Lord answered, "Yes; and, moreover, I can give confirmation; for as when a conduit is opened into a reservoir the water flows in the channel that is made, so when men take these words and apply them to the opening of the mind from without, the Holy Ghost will flow through the opening that is effected in them."

Then the Lord laid His hand upon the heart of Chrysanthus and said, "See now, My son, I will My heart into thy heart; for out of the Word have I begotten thee. Lo, thou art Mine, and I am thine; and I give Myself to thee that thou mayest give Me to the world." Then the Lord said to Lily, the wife of Chrysanthus, "It was said of old that Adam fell through Eve; but I say that Chrysanthus shall rise through Lily, day by day."

And Lily responded: "Lord, come forth through us, two-in-one; come forth in Thy own husbandhood." And the Lord said, "Ask Me more." And she said, "Lo, Thou art the King of Kings; but in Thee dwells, and through Thee proceeds, Thy wife, who is the Queen of Queens. This thing I ask, that as we reveal our Lord, we may reveal our Lady also."

Then the Lord stood forth in the resplendence of bridegroomhood. His garments flamed to royal purple, and the rays, opening and dividing through His temples, shone upon His head as a crown of fiery gold. And He put forth His hand, and flames rose through it like a sceptre; and with the sceptre He touched Lily upon the forehead, and she kissed His hand kneeling before Him, and Chrysanthus knelt by her side. And the Lord said, "Come up and see Her." After this the Lord withdrew.

### OUR LORD TEACHING.

Our Lord Jesus appeared again to Chrysanthus, and said unto him, "Men cry out after Me, and I hear their cries; but I cannot deliver them, because they have formed about themselves conditions under which the laws of God's order will not work deliverance." And again the Lord Jesus said, "They will not be saved, though I can save them, because they insist that they will be saved in institutions which I cannot save." And still again Lord Jesus said, "Who is there that is willing to forsake father, mother, wife, children, country, sect, tradition, custom; yea, houses, lands, and life even for My sake and My Divine purpose? How can I save them when they have made themselves as conforming Jews? I could

not save a man who clung to the letter of Moses' law. Such men could not then be my disciples—how then now?"

"Then Lily said, 'Lord, they do not know the way.' And He answered, 'Surely, daughter; but they have a way of their own, which they call my way.' Then Chrysanthus said, 'Blessed Father—' and the Lord smiled, anticipating the unspoken sentence thuswise: 'I know what you would say. They attribute to me all that is in their writings, which they call the scripture. This is my Scripture, and they shall receive it. I taught tentatively. I committed my thought to no man. They were unprepared for it. I was crucified while in the midst of the work of preparation. What I said was but partially incorporated into the Records that profess to be the history of my life. Men hear me, as children in the night hear rain pattering on the roof, but know not whence the rains come, or what is the law of their operation. But now I come to make known the law, and men shall believe, because the law, when stated and put in operation, is more demonstrative than any miracle. I will not be served by credulity, or by superstition, but by reason.'

"Then Lily looked in the Lord's face reverently, as if she had a word to say. And the Lord, seeing her thought, said, 'Daughter, it is good. I will put my law into men, and make it operatively redemptive from head to foot, and altogether. You say, "How is it possible?" But you are only an angel. I will tell you in part. The wind blows about the hovel, and men hear it, and it sounds like a soothing lullaby, and they fold their hands to sleep; but I rule the winds and rains, and I will send a wind which will unroof them by and by.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Lord, that is judgment.' And Lord Jesus answered, 'I am come to judge the world, but not as the priests declare it; for the Judge is one who judgeth where His people ought to be; and if He finds them in houses where there is pestilence, or where they are beset by smiling courtesans, He puts forth His arms and carries them out into a new place, where He can judge them as to their aptitude for His service by assigning to them employments suitable to their several capacities. I am the destroyer of the circumstances that make evil and restrain good; I am the Saviour of the World.'

"Then Lily said, 'It is hard to save a man who lives in a house that his very flesh has grown into, so that the house is part of him and he part of it; and the pestilence that has impregnated its foul walls and floors flows in and out of him like the sea.' And the Lord said, 'Who is there that I cannot save? By re-assuming his humanity I can save a devil; and I will save from the beginning to the end of hell. I will enforce my law on Earth until it shall be as clean, my child, as you are.' Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Lord, you have kept the best wine to the last.' And Jesus said, 'I come to save to the uttermost.'

"At this a great glory lightened His face, and there appeared angels, who sang; and while they sang there fell a gentle shower, as of sunbeams, that were water globules in their exterior. Then one cried, saying, 'Behold, He talked with you as a man talketh with his friends; but in Him we adore Most High God, who dwelleth in His frame.' But now the Lord was no more visible to the eye, though the whole place was still perfumed with the lingerings of His external presence.

"Then one said, 'Chrysanthus, dare you give all these things to the people? I was on earth; for a thousandth part of what you have dared to utter my reverent brethren cut me off as an apostate member of the priestly body; and that pre-eminent bride, the church, who calls herself the Lamb's wife, enjoyed the spectacle of the burning of my poor flesh.' And Chrysanthus answered, 'I have long thought that I should probably be murdered, yet neither dreaded nor desired it, but coolly faced the present and contingent peril. My religious friends call me hard about the churches; yet there is not one of the persecuting sects but that, could its evils be made dominant by clothing it with absolute civil authority, would find precedents from Scripture for the execution of its enemies.' Then one replied, 'We are all martyrs, we men with you to-night; and, what is more, such was the perversion wrought in our consciences by ecclesiastical education that we should probably have thought it no sin to put to death any arch-heretic.' 'I,' said another, 'heartily believe it.'

"Language is inadequate to portray the blessings that our Lord has kept back. One feels in His presence as if a thousand years might pass as a night. He will woo men into their lost humanity; and so call them to Himself. In communicating with Him it is as if the words that He spoke grew and filled within one; as if they left sweetness on the palate, and the sensation of a banquet within the body. Such words as are in this present writing may startle; perchance for the time offend; perchance be utterly rejected. The Lord expects offences and rejections. He knows how hard it is for the intellect to accustom itself to modes of thought that are foreign to its perceptions. He will only, when some



noble, fervent, but miseducated believer turns his face against such delarations, smile to Himself, as if He said, 'The rest is for me. I have failed to reach this good man with my mercy by this method; but I am not exhausted; in due time I shall reach him.'"

#### FROM CHAPTER V.

#### ORTHODOX OBJECTIONS TO OUR LORD'S PRESENT TEACHING. HIS REPLY.

"The objections to the reception of the things written herein, on the part of just men, desirous of doing right and of believing accurately, are entitled to consideration.

"Chrysanthus said to the Lord Jesus: 'Dear Father, there are many who love You and hope for Your coming; but the method by which You have chosen to descend, and the means You have selected to announce Your Advent, are so foreign to the modes of thought in which they have been educated, that these things will seem to them the illusions of some visionary man.'

"The Lord answered, 'They have never been taught to expect me in the sequence of law. They are like children who have been promised apples, and looked for them to drop out of the sky, instead of growing from the trees of which the seeds were given them. But I say to you, that the seed that I am here planting shall bear fruit for all mankind, and men shall eat me and live.'

"Chrysanthus answered, 'Even so, Father, but may I talk with You further?' And the Lord answered, 'Whatsoever you will; I am present that you may.'

"Then Chrysanthus said, 'I place myself in the attitude of the Christian disciple, as the term is now understood, and I say, as one who hears these things for the first time, This is not that Christ who came of old; for if it were He would come in the clouds of heaven with all his holy angels, and array before Him all nations, and separate the sheep from the goats, and say to them on the right hand, "Come, ye blessed of the Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"; and then to those on the left, "Depart, ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." After this He would assign the wicked to everlasting punishment, and endow the righteous with life eternal.'

"Then the Lord answered, 'How if I say there are no righteous men. There is not a man in the world but that, in some degree, has fed me, clothed me, sheltered me, and ministered to me; and there is not a man but that, in some degree, has refused to feed me, shelter me, clothe me, and minister to me. When a man is both a sheep and a goat shall I halve him, and consign one half to perdition, while I save the other half?'

"Then Chrysanthus replied, 'I know not how to make answer.' But the Lord whispered, and a child stood forth, dwarfed, and seemingly about four years of age, whom the Lord took in His arms and said, 'I will open his lips; he is just dead as to the body. Observe now that he is just what he was in the world. He does not know what has passed over him.'

"Then the boy began to cry, 'Here's yer Sunday papers.' At this our Lord said, 'He thinks, in his dream, from the employment he had in his poor

body.' But now the child rubbed his eyes, yawned, stretched himself as if awaking from sleep; and his first words were, 'What the hell shall this poor cuss do for grub? Jesus Christ! Crackey, how hungry I am!'

"Again the Lord touched him, and the boy, now half-awake, cried out, rubbing his head, 'Damn my lice!' Then the Lord Jesus breathed over him, and sleep passed on the child, and he was taken away. And the Lord said, 'O righteous Father, for this I was incarnated, that I might save the little ones; and I will save them to the uttermost.'

"Then He took a pebble in His hand, and said, 'Chrysanthus, my son, what words are engraved on this pebble?' Chrysanthus answered, 'Scortation.' And the Lord said, 'It is so. That pebble but now, was the shell of that child's seed vessel. He was begotten of crime. Had he grown to manhood he would have been a reprobate; but learn this—if I make those who are called converted men speak from their secret heart, as you have heard this child speak from himself, every one of them will cry, "Give me that which does not belong to me." If I take their wives in the same manner, each of them will say the same thing. How, then, can I make distinction?'

"Then Chrysanthus answered, 'Lord, is this all?' And the Lord stretched forth His hand and said, 'My sheep hear my voice. If I touch the springs of volition I infuse myself. Do I save those only who desire to be saved? Nay, I cannot save any man until he begins to desire only that his race may be saved, and who gives himself a sacrifice for their salvation. I come not to save men in themselves, but to save them from themselves; and they can only be saved by taking my life into themselves, that they may give it out to the world.'

“‘As a river sustains the fishes that float in its waters, so I sustain mankind, who live in me. All men live in me. They are all mine, and I am theirs to eternity. But those who deny are like anglers who say that the river is theirs, because they fish their living out of it. I gather up all men in my bosom, as the stream laps itself about the fishes that swim in it, asking not which fish is of one sort and which of them are of another. To me there is but one fish. There is one human race; one man in many little forms that resemble men. I come to save Man.’

“Then Chrysantheus answered, ‘Lord, I will speak, not from my own thought, but as representing those who are called the devout, and who take Thy Name, and I will say for them: “The distinguishing peculiarity of the Lord in the Gospel is this, He draws a straight and fast line between the regenerate and the non-regenerate—between the natural man, who is the child of Satan and a sinner, and the humble disciple, who is a child of grace, and so far righteous. I maintain that the moral government of God is of such a quality, so pure, or impeccable, that the doctrine of the salvation of all men, good and bad alike, and whether they have embraced the proffered terms of mercy or rejected them whilst on Earth, is a manifest delusion of the devil. This also is declared, that the Lord shall come in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God.”’

“Then the Lord replied, ‘Enter boldly into my humanity; take on yourself—so far as I shall give it—the mental condition from which I spake to the Jews.’

“And Chrysantheus did so. And he did speak: ‘Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, children of

the evil one! How can ye escape? For ye will not enter into the kingdom yourselves, and ye will not let these poor thieves and beggars and prostitutes go into it. Ye have set yourselves against me; I can not abide you. How can ye escape the damnation of hell?’

“And Chrysantheus returned into his own state; and the Lord said, ‘My son, when you uttered these words, did you, or did you not, conceive that the Pharisees and others who were denounced were the subjects of Divine wrath, as that word is interpreted by the priests?’

“And Chrysantheus replied: ‘Lord, it was yearning—great yearning love went out and embraced all creatures; and there was a push in the state—a pushing away of those who were determined that Your kingdom should not be organised in the world; and, at the same time, a drawing, as if Your whole humanity were strained to the utmost, to draw to Yourself those who wished to come to You: and I could see beyond—for I was illuminated—and I saw that the whole earth was a water-drop in the crystal of the divine sphere. But this pushing away was simply the pushing of men of a hard, fixed type of character into a region where they could be disconnected from those of a negative type. I saw also that You were in a mortal fight; but O my Father—’

“Chrysantheus could say no more; and the Lord took his hand, and said: ‘Compose yourself, my son; you must be calm. In inviting men I made no distinctions; I simply asked them into myself as into a house. I am the House of Life. My Spirit is the New Heaven, and My Body the New Earth. Can you understand this? I ask not for my own knowledge.’

“Then Chrysantheus answered, ‘I know that I am

alive, and that I was dead; that in my old nature I seemed to myself to be alive, being dead; but that now I am in the world dead, but in Thee alive. I know that I have no life but in Thee. As a man thinks naturally that he lives from nature, so I perceive that Thou art my Nature, that I live from You as from solid earth, air, and sun; and this is also my present consciousness.'

"The Lord answered, 'If I should say to you, "Go out of me, I want your place for others who are now out," what would you do?' And Chrysanthus replied, 'Lord, it would require no push; so far as I know, I would go. It would not be honourable, nor loyal, nor charitable to do otherwise. I should be unworthy of having received Your kindness.'

"But the Lord said, 'What, would you go and be a devil?' And Chrysanthus answered, 'I do not see how I could become a voluntary devil; but I can see that I would be an automatic one at Your behest.'

"And the Lord took Chrysanthus in His arms, and said, 'My beloved child, if I seem to teach a Gospel carried into a degree of redemption beyond that which the records of my former teachings might indicate, the reason is that, as a Son in my finiteness and creaturehood, I have done measurably what you were asked of me if you were willing to do. I descended, involving my organism far below the condition of the worst man in the earth. I sank into the loathsome womb of a syren woman in the depths of hell. I passed in her womb through the period of her bearing, and she brought me forth as if I had been begotten between two devils. So I assumed infernal manhood for the entire body of the race, and took its everlasting punishment into myself, making so my incarnation complete.'

"Then the Lord laid His hand upon the breast of Chrysanthus, and said, 'My son, go, be a devil.' Chrysanthus obeyed. And the Lord said, 'Open your lips'; and Chrysanthus began thuswise: 'Lord?—There isn't any Lord. God?—What is God? God's necessity. Christ?—Every man is Christ. What's hell-fire?—Hell-fire is for a man to have to do things he don't want to do, and not to be served according to his merits. I'm an angel, I am—in the seventh heaven when I can do everything that I want to do; but a poor, miserable devil in the seventh hell when I have to do what other folks would have me do. That's me. I never had any father or mother. I grew up abused by everybody. What I am I made myself. No; I reacted on circumstances; circumstances reacted on me; and I am the double product of self and circumstance.'

"Then a Voice called, 'Man, if you are a devil—as you think you are one—believe that Jesus Christ can save you from your devilhood.' And he answered, 'No, I look and see that there is no connection between the body of Christ and this world. Men on Earth go to God, I suppose. Yes, God's necessity. I believe in God when I let myself, for a moment, be drawn toward the earth. It's a doubtful case. I philosophise about damnation. I think I am damned. What for? Can't tell—it's taken away from me. "Will to be saved—will to be saved by Christ." Saved from what? Will to be saved from what I am—into what He is? No—into what He gives of Himself—that will do. Now it's curious—that Voice, as if it were flesh of my flesh that spoke—that Voice. Well, Voice, talk—no, that isn't respectful. O Voice, O high Voice, most high Voice—"Repent, believe, be converted, take my yoke, do my will."

Now I would just do the will of that Voice. No, no, I wouldn't. Why, it is my own flesh that talks to me. Dear flesh—I shall weep—What is this! My God incarnate enters into my flesh—makes my heart flesh. Pretty flesh—how soft it feels. Why, this is like being taken out of a cesspool and put in a warm bath. How it grows! makes me passive. Oh, if I always had that flesh, I would not do anything to hurt it for the world. Who talks to me and says, "Whatsoever I will, will you do it?" Why certainly, certainly; that's my religion. All or nothing is my motto. There's no going back as long as the flesh stays. How it glows! Blessed be God, even the Lord made flesh; He has descended into hell by incarnation, and has assumed me, a devil—no; not a devil—a devil but for Him! Henceforth I have no will but to work the will of Him who is my Saviour.'

"Then the Lord spoke, saying: 'Chrysanthus, My son'; and instantly Chrysanthus was restored. And the Lord continued; 'In one short interval I have shown you how I descended and clothed Myself by assumption of the infernal race.' And Chrysanthus answered, 'My Father!'

"Then the Lord said, 'Partial truth is always inferential falsity; and a partial work conveys no conception, no just conception, to the novice, of what the work will be when finished—but what is this?' And Chrysanthus answered, 'A piece of leather.' Then the Lord took the leather in His hand, cast it round His person and brought it out on the other side. And He said, 'What is this?' and Chrysanthus replied, 'A shoe, certainly.' 'Even so,' replied the Lord, 'in my first ministry, I showed the leather, now I show the shoe; and



this is the difference between the words I then spake and those that I now utter.'

"As was said in the beginning, in other words, the doubts and questions, the criticisms and objections of noble and upright men, loyal seekers after truth, are entitled to consideration; and in this manner certain of them have been considered. He taught as one having authority and not as the Scribes."

"The Lord comes with a consummate knowledge of human nature; comes to engage among us in the sphere of practical affairs; comes, so to say, first to quarry His stones, and then to build the edifice; where, little by little, gathering from families of individuals to families of nations, He designs to make humanity His guest. He is here; He has come to remain, come to perfect His work, and fulfil His own humanity in fulfilling the humanity of His people. How, then, will He operate? How save His disciples from strife while subjecting to Himself whatever is evil?

"Lord Jesus said to Chrysanthus, 'Son, ask me how.' And Chrysanthus answered, 'Father and Sovereign, how shall Thy coming be in forms social and civil in the midst of organised governments that are subversive?' And the Lord answered, 'If I take a man and crown him, I shall defend him. When I have made such a one the pivot of my work, I will renew his powers by dwelling in him and he in me. I will set my authority upon him and by my authority he shall rule and reign.'

"Then Chrysanthus answered, 'Father, is not this a treasonable act, in its acceptance, speaking after the manner of men, first in a kingdom, and where there is already regal government; and, second, in a republic where monarchy is excluded by the organic law?'

"Then the Lord answered, 'Pay tribute to Cæsar till I kill Cæsar. Remain a citizen till I shake the republic as an earthquake throws down a tower. Conform to law, as men understand it, till through terror at my presence all civil authorities are withdrawn from the region where I establish my throne.'

"Again Chrysanthus said, 'How is it possible for even a few hundred people to be gathered together in the midst of a rude and turbulent democracy—molesting no one, and keeping to themselves,—without being subject to violence from the classes to whom this work, as it extends, must bring destruction?' And the Lord said, 'It is not possible, unless the power of life and death, which I possess, shall be put forth without display. I touch you and you cannot speak. You are motionless. I can lock up by my touch.' Then the Lord laid His hand upon Chrysanthus, and spoke these words: 'All power is mine in heaven and on earth, and whatsoever I will to do, I do. Come up unto me into my throne, even as I overcame and ascended unto my Father in His throne. Henceforth I call you king!' And Chrysanthus bowed his head and paid homage in his sovereignty. And the Lord took him by the hand and spoke, saying: 'Receive power, even as I receive power, thou in me, I in the Father.' And Chrysanthus received power. And the Lord spoke and said: 'Your presence in America is the palladium of its liberties. Not as I stood in Judea, do you stand in America. Its citizens are all kings.'

"Then Chrysanthus answered, 'Father, it is not for me to criticise your words; nevertheless this I would say. There is such hatred of authority among the modern men, who think and act for themselves, that

were the wisest of men, at once the noblest and the best of men, to make his claim like that which you condescend to make for me, he would be considered as guilty both of the height of arrogance and the depth of folly; considered the craziest of men, mad with conceit.'

"Then the Lord said: 'Men cannot say worse of thee in the future, my son, than they have said in the past. They have exhausted themselves. What did men say of me? that I was a drunkard and a liar and a magician and a sorcerer and a debauchee. Men who wrote my story afterwards could not bring themselves to report the foulest of the epithets. It is nothing except in so far as it helps or hinders the result.

"'It would not be wise for me to entrust you with my words to men without declaring from the first your Primacy. This bars ambition, this repels a class as to whom I design that they should be repelled. I desire none to receive your words, which are my words, except as they receive you, and my presence in you. I am come to make a speedy end.

"'You are mistaken if you imagine that those who love me will not glory in my son, because the throne is the corner-stone of the kingdom. Without absolute authority from me in you, exercised by you in me, this kingdom is impossible, because I work by law, and this is the law.'

"Then Chrysanthus said, 'Father, once more, could I not be called in my service by a word less liable to misconception?' And the Lord answered, 'I take nothing back; what is spoken is spoken; nevertheless, know for your comfort, that in this word is power, and that bearing it your work will be more rapid, and my success in you more conclusive.'

Then the Lord said, 'Enough,' and He folded Chrysanthemus in His bosom and blessed him, and blessed him a second and a third time.'"

Thus this life history has been brought to the mountain-height of its destiny, the one of whom it treats being declared King by the Voice Divine.

The writer of these pages has, with his best ability, and from the most complete and intimate knowledge possible, traced that whole history from its very inception, even to this, its high hour, consciously to himself, omitting nothing whatever that is of any vital or intrinsic import, whether on the side of human frailty, or of true Divinely-acquired human virtue and nobility, and presented it in its entirety before the reader—so far, of course, as such showing is humanely possible. And now, in entire humility for himself, he would yet ask in great confidence of soul, whether there is any man, after having read the whole account from the commencement, who could or would venture to question either the reality or wisdom of that Divine election? True, in naming this man as king, the Divine Voice, in effect, makes him king over all kings and supreme in the world. But is it not clearly evident, by all the facts, that he is so by intrinsic superiority of character, and solid life achievement, above any other man whatever whose name is known throughout all history? Viewed side by side with him, with uttermost scrutiny, every other appears manifestly, in comparison, as but a weakling in soul. There are partial excellences to be found, without doubt, here and there, but such wholeness of excellence, worthy of being clothed with real and full authority from God, there is not

anywhere. And why? Because for such entirety of soul and character, nothing short of the full indwelling Spirit of God is sufficient, and this is the only man who has attained to it, yet not by human strength or effort of self-will, but purely by the very profoundness of his humility at the footstool of God, and by following, in meekness, step by step, in the path of Him who was his Divine exemplar, and his out-and-out most beloved Master. And, finally and mainly, because it pleased that Divine One, accepting his full life-sacrifice, to enter and dwell within him by His Divine Spirit and His Divine Breath, in all-sufficient fulness; so endowing him by His actual Divine presence with all that was needful to him for the due fulfilment of his perfect service.

Continuing the quotations from "The Lord, the Two-in-One," Chrysanthus writes as follows regarding what is entailed on the one who is chosen in God to the kingly office:—

"To rule in Christ involves the exercise of one pre-eminent quality—the power of enabling men who love the Lord to dwell and labour for a common purpose without molestation, jealousy, or restraint upon the lawful liberties of one another. Let this be carefully remembered—other kingdoms are made; this kingdom is begotten; others are united coercively, this united by the opposite of coercion. Others grow by natural increase of generation, this grows by the begetting in each of its subjects of a divine-natural humanity; others punish, this simply excludes those unfit; others are little, disguised anarchies, drawn up to a constraint of life in the repression of liberty; this is God in evolution through the Word, and each of its subjects a

specific form in the one general form, whereby the Word proceeds in evolution. Others are masked antagonisms, set in battle order; this is reconciliation—a kingdom in which every man receives not the wages of a hireling, but lives as a son in his father's house, rejoicing each to be esteemed as least among a multitude of brethren. Other kingdoms permit at one extreme vast opulence; at the other extreme abject misery and destitution; in this there is but one opulence, and that the kingdom's opulence; but if there must be destitution, then it becomes the kingdom's destitution.

“The reader may see from these points something of the purpose of our Lord, and why He permits, and, indeed, commands, many things to be written which otherwise could not be written. Now it is obvious that when a man has attained to that fixed state in which his interests are merged in the divine interests, and his purpose in the divine purpose, his individual labours will be merged in the labours of the kingdom. Obvious also that two strangers who meet, each with the Word of this kingdom begotten in them, will henceforth find it impossible to do otherwise than receive each other as comrades whose interests are identical. In a word, the kingdom decrees the abolition of self-interests, not by making a larger self-interest communistically, but by the assertion of its fundamental law, the principle that to the Giver, and to Him alone, belongs the increase of all the gifts. This liberates genius, for genius demands the utter illimination of the mercenary principle. This takes away the spur under which the base man labours, and substitutes motives which can only serve as energetic impulses in the bosoms of the generous and high minded.

This drives into exile the unrighteous mammon and all his seed. Hence no man can come into this kingdom keeping back any possession. If one enters it, he must bring and lay at its doors his very all.

“Next, the law of the kingdom, like the law of the army in time of battle, is obedience. The private cannot know the plans of the general. Every subject holds his all in readiness for any service at any time, and anywhere. No obedience at all is better than inconstant obedience. All are servants in many ranks of service. It is only possible to carry on a system of vast industries on this condition: that every man shall be the subject of a law that decrees employment, orders its methods, and moves its hosts with perfect military discipline. Under no other conditions is it possible to organise victory.”

From the above words of the Divinely-chosen king, and also from all that has been written of him in the previous pages of this history, it is made quite obvious that this is the only man whose organising mind, inspired and led on by the Spirit of God, has penetrated to the very foundation, the absolute root, both of the human constitution itself, and of the organised constitution of all true human society that can possibly endure. Let the reader trace all the steps of the discovery, as the writer has faithfully endeavoured to place them before him, in the clearest possible light, and in the simplest language possible for the elucidation of so profound a subject, and let him also read the remainder of the narrative to its conclusion, and he will have no difficulty in recognising the absolute righteousness of the claim just made; that is, in the degree in which he prayerfully

endeavours to hold his mind open to such pure light of vital truth as alone can be termed Divine.

But beyond what it was as yet possible for the king fully to enunciate,—the problem not yet having been wrought out in life-experience to its full end,—organically and structurally, it is in the whole mystery of sex, both in its celestial heights, harmonies, and vital potencies, and in its infernal depths, discords, horrors, and vital destructiveness, that the essential roots of the whole problem lie concealed. Only little by little did the pure light of Heaven sufficiently illuminate it, from all its high purities; and little by little also came the terrible unveiling of all its destructive effects from the nether world. It is in the full fathoming of this fundamental ground of the whole being of the world, both individually and socially, through a life of unexampled heroic toils and martyr sufferings during the course of over four score years, that the supreme royalty of this king of men is most unquestionably demonstrated.

Still continuing, Chrysantheus writes:

“So again with the great law of kingdom-riches. This has been enforced not from the Primacy down, but in the other direction. Until a man stands clear from all self - possessions, he cannot realise the possession of the kingdom in his breast by the royalty with which it stamps the brain; nor the mightiness of manhood, set into the order that is ordained of God. Worms to the ground, eagles to the empyrean!

“There is one law for the man incapable of the kingdom, and another law for the man quickened and uplifted into its domain. This law is not made for the natural man; this kingdom is not made for



him. This order would be his disorder, and this enlargement his bondage.

“And again, many there are painfully struggling to higher states, through inherited natural conditions, for whom this order may be in the future, but not in the present. God makes the air for the birds, and the water for the fishes, and the land for animals, and abodes in the dust for creatures of a lesser nobility. This kingdom does not come to enforce its law on those whose bias is either against the law, or not yet led up to the levels of the law. All men must come to it, all earth must come to it—but none before their time.

“Of one thing men may be sure. Other kingdoms take people in, ready or not ready; this kingdom excludes all till their preparations are complete—because it is the kingdom of heaven!

“The Lord Christ said to Chrysanthus, ‘You have written well, but add this: “I come to make an end of individual property, and I will make it impossible for any separated man to live out of my kingdom. I will destroy the individual appropriation of effects. My kingdom is the kingdom of effects, and swallows up all effects.”’

““Write this: “I would take from no man; for the hour cometh when men shall fall upon their knees and beseech me to relieve them of their separate possessions, because they find them as millstones tied about the neck, that sink them into the depths of the sea.”’

“Then Chrysanthus said, ‘Father, I recall to mind the story of the good young man who turned away from Thee sorrowfully, because he had great possessions.’ Then the Lord made this answer: ‘I have coined my life into the treasury of the world. I

have bought the world, and it is mine. If a man will not give me his earthly treasures, he cannot receive of me my living treasures. I am the bread of life. If any man deny me in this, he denies me in all.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Father, were You to come forth visibly, taking that glory in the apparent which You now display in the unapparent, those disciples would not deny You, would they?' Our Lord answered, 'No; they would see, they would fear; self-interest would make them seek to barter the things perishing in their hands for the riches of my visible paradise. Nevertheless, I deal with men otherwise. Men must feed me, clothe me, serve me, in giving up all to the feeding, clothing, and succouring of my kingdom. They must make themselves upon a level with my poor whom I shall gather, identifying themselves with it in poverty.'

"Then Chrysantheus replied, 'Where there is one who offers sustenance to Thy kingdom, will there not be multitudes rushing toward it from destitution?' And the Lord said, 'No. The laws of my kingdom are such that the frivolous, the wasteful, the slothful will reject it. Furthermore, my service is a hard service, being an utterly burden-bearing service, where there is not principled zeal of service.

"Many will say of it, "Christ once fed the multitudes without exacting from them, but this Christ exacts labour before he nourishes; that Christ gave alms, this Christ demands that we should work for Him." Do you not see, my son, that I am cutting off beforehand the branches that would prove unfruitful?'

"Then Chrysantheus answered, 'Difficulties spring up in the realisation of the best ideals. The more

absolute the law, the more impossible is its realisation.' And the Lord replied, 'I qualify; it is the absolutely perfect law that is the most easy of realisation—provided tenderness of heart, longings of affection, do not prevent the law from being made absolute in its application to each and all. You have found it difficult to initiate the ideal; but see, being initiated, it appears to enforce itself. The ideal, when a man has realised it, makes everyone its soldier and its policeman. Whoever touches the ideal to restrain or hinder it, touches every spring of action in his breast.' The Lord then said, 'Self-appropriation is world-robbery. Even as the Pharisees, who gave tithes of what was not their own, so do men think to honour me, but I will receive no honour of this honouring from men.'"

After many other precious words of Chrysanthus's own, he writes as follows:

"Chrysanthus again saw the Lord Jesus, and He appeared as a shepherd clothed with the garments of the fleece. Then the Lord said, 'My son, I will be Shepherd in thee,' and He clothed Chrysanthus with robes of the fleece, and hung about his neck a shepherd's scrip. After this He came again, and there was with Him the Woman, proceeding from His side. And She called forth Lily through the side of Chrysanthus, and attired her in the garments of a shepherdess, saying, 'Two-in-One is the Arch-Shepherd, two-in-one the child of the shepherd; and lo, this flock that ye shall gather, it also shall be two-in-one.'"

## FROM CHAPTER XV.

OUR LORD THE PREACHER, HIS SERMON BY  
THE SEA.

"The Gospel was defined of old as glad tidings to every creature. Ours is the original Gospel, not in germ, but in evolution. From Christ re-apparent stands forth Christianity re-apparent.

"In the old time Christ preached; He preaches now. This is His sermon—distilled in blood and brain, reproduced through the mental ovaries, let down by processes of Word-descent, generated in the thought, elaborated by the experience, and clothed upon through the verbal processes. Therefore, let us hear.

"Our Lord said, 'Except through the two-in-one, I speak verbally to none; for I am Two-in-One, Bridegroom and Bride, ever proceeding from the Infinite Father-Mother. Therefore, I can only let myself down into the verbal flesh of men, and make my thought comprehensible, in like manner, by the two-in-one.

"I am perpetually present, subjectively, in the Infinite Two-in-One, your Father-Mother and My Father-Mother, your God and My God. I am perpetually present, objectively, in arch-nature, the upper world of the natural world that is apparent to the inhabitants of the surface of the globe.

"As to my external structure, it is in all respects of arch-natural elements and substances, as your elements and substances are natural—thus, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh.

"I eat, drink, sleep and wake, labour and rest,

alternate between service and recreation; see through the eyes, taste by the palate, hear with the ears, inhale fragrance by the nostrils, and enjoy my counterpart through the conjugal sense. I am neither ascetic nor voluptuary, and, as the phrases are used by men, neither spiritual nor carnal; but spirit is perpetually re-incarnate day by day—yea, more incarnate.

“‘I labour with my hands, and am, so far, what you understand as a day-labourer, peasant or artisan. I labour with the mind’s creative faculties, concentrating them, using them to originate what the hands afterwards execute. Hence, I am the artist. I carry architecture into carpentry; I carry landscape gardening into the works of the field. I enjoy painting and sculpture, colour and form—serving thus the Sovereign Beauty in manifold ways. I sing and play upon instruments of keys and instruments of strings; with them I praise my Infinite Original. I dance, carrying thus the music of God into nature by my active frame. Thus it will be seen that I carry in my bosom the familiar delights of humanity, and in my bosom they are wedded to that Deity whose gifts they are.

“‘I study, read, reflect, philosophise, enlarge my knowledge of the processes of the Divine Creator; concentrating for these purposes my abstract intellectual powers. I grow in knowledge; each day brings to me revelation, and, through revelation, wonder, astonishment, and admiration. I am but a child-pupil in the bosom of the Infinite.

“‘I let myself down by the involution of my faculties; I rise by their evolution. In the latter state I stand upon the ground of Dominant Existences, of whose genius the natural man can form no present

idea. In the former attitude I descend until I touch that ground to which my two-in-one upon the earth have risen. There I am at home; there I fix myself; for there I can resume those labours for mankind that were structurally arrested by the catastrophe that put an end to my full bodily presence in ancient Judea. It is sweet to me once again to say, I am with you. I expect to demonstrate my presence. I will demonstrate that presence.

“Some of you have been taught to expect me visibly in the clouds of the natural firmament; others in the processes of thought; others in religious ceremonies. Let me tell you how I come: I was called, anciently, the Mediator between God and man; also the Word made flesh; also the Son of Man. A mediator is one in whom the Infinite Two-in-One abide by reason of two-in-oneness in the subject. In God are two distinct natures—counterpart, conjugal, twain in their Oneness, one in their Twainness—holding communion infinitely in each other's breasts, infinitised in each other's love. This O I is God.

“I proceed out of Them. As to my ultimate form, it is finite—but not as yours are finite. I was ingermed in nature by means of a process of attributes. I was built as a house in the centre of the structures of the human race, that God might there declare Himself by me in His unity, while still He was declaring Himself to His creatures in diversity.

“I was the centre of that revelation which has humanity for its circumference. Therefore I stood endowed with the attributes of the unfallen human creature; being only able to communicate God in the degree in which I was man; and only able to commune with God, in vigour and perfection, as the manhood in me became vigorous and perfect.

“‘I mediated painfully, because the obstructions to the exercise of the mediatorial functions, then as now, proceeded from the universal dislocation of the race, its incompleteness, its deformed and diseased structure, its universal abnormality.

“‘I taught painfully. God held me in restraint, that I might not show forth things for which my hearers were entirely unprepared; things that, being true, would still appear in their minds distorted, fantastic, and false.

“‘I healed the sick lawfully, touching men through a secret nerve by means of my arch-natural projectives. But in every act I communicated from a fund of life stored up in my original structure, and lessened my own element that I might elaborate natural virtue in men.

“‘I cast out devils—my brethren and your brethren, my sisters and your sisters—deceased persons returning in quest of nourishment from the precincts beyond the grave; cut off by reason of their impure proclivities from the solidarity of the universal brotherhood of God’s friendly creatures; and therefore pauperised, and seeking to rehabilitate themselves in nature, that they might subsist upon the elemental vigours in the human frame. I cast them out as one expels disease, or removes intestinal parasites. I took them, not as wolves among sheep, nor as cats from the cradles of babes, though by action they were as such; I took them as lunatics.

“‘I forgave sins, even as I do now. Any man who exercises the attribute of forgiveness, really and absolutely, doeth this by means of a projection into him of the infinite attribute of forgiveness. If any man really forgives his brother, God forgives through him; for, unless God be in man, no man can absolutely

forgive. I brought God's forgiveness to men by leading them out of the unforgiveable state into the forgiveable state; and, seeing them enter from the unforgiveable into the forgiveable, I enunciated forgiveness, declaring them forgiven.

"I made atonement for their sins. How did I atone? In the same manner, from my place in the centre, in which all my brethren can atone, each from his own place in the body or circumference of the many. I interposed my power of will between the sufferer, whose will-power was failing, or being ravished from him; I projected myself between him and the chain of forces that were destroying the operative and energising faculties in their structure. I lent myself to him; gave myself to him; and, necessarily, in so doing, took into my organism his diseases, whether physical, passional, or moral; incurred the animosities of his enemies; bore the burden of his infirmities. Thus men called me the Saviour, while those opposed to my service of salvation called me magician, deceiver, blasphemer, and devil.

"I was crucified because I was misunderstood. When I entered the world this crucifixion began. It is not finished yet; though, since the close of the catastrophe at Jerusalem, my physical pains do not, in the former manner, return to me. I was first crucified in impediments, then in sorrows, and last in bodily tortures; but I am now crucified in sympathies and limitations; nor shall my crucifixions cease till humanity, to the least and lowest of its members, is risen, as one, to the two-in-oneness, and puts on paradise as its earthly robe.

"For this end have I come, that I might declare the truth, and structurally establish the truth, and vitally promulgate the truth, that men may



enter into the kingdom of truth, and abide with me therein.

“‘The Truth of humanity is organised in me. I am the Truth of humanity.

“‘When men see lambs upon the hillside perishing for cold, they see the nations of the world as I behold them. When men see fishes of the sea torn with hooks, caught in nets, and impaled upon spears, they see the people of the nations as I behold them. When men see idiots gibbering in market-places, clothed in fantastic parti-coloured rags for finery, they see the priesthoods of the world as I behold them. When men see butchers smeared with the blood of the shambles, and dogs trained to tear the passer-by, they see the military chieftains of the world as I behold them. When men see fat body-lice swarming upon the flesh of an emaciated beggar, they see the opulent, non-productive, spendthrift classes as I behold them. But I see all men with the eyes of pity. The image of God in the most abject creature moves me to reverence and awe. He that hath eyes to see, let him see.

“‘It is I who inspire the practical. I smile at enthusiasm; but I take gloryings in endurance. No man loves me till he loves humanity as me, and every member of humanity as integrated in me, and sharing me. No man loves me except as he ceases to be mercenary. No man loves me who holds his faculties or his possessions, as separate faculties and separate possessions belonging to himself, and not pledged to the renovation and rehabilitation of the race. No man loves me who loves his own life; for no man at once can love his own self-life and my divine-human life. But I love all, because it is God who dwelleth in me, and giveth forth His love. No

man can partake in me, except as he gives himself to be partaken of by humanity. No man can inherit in me, except as he gives himself in my service for humanity.

“A farmer had two children, and he bestowed upon them equally his goods. One son founded with the proceeds of his estate an institution for singing men and singing women, who chanted praises from year to year. The other son with his income built a lighthouse upon a dangerous reef. Which of those two sons made the best use of his inheritance?

“Again, a certain man said, “Lo, now I will praise God.” And he went to his bankers and drew forth money, called the architects, and they made a plan for him of a high tower, narrowing as it rose. Moreover, cunning sculptors were employed by him, and they cast images in bronze of angels with trumpets to stand upon the angles of the tower; and they carved the name of God in words and emblems upon the front, that all men might behold. So the tower arose until it stood as a spire, high above the city. Then the man said, “Make me a cross, and cover it with the finest gold”; and they did so. And upon the summit of the spire they raised the cross of gold; and the tower stood complete.

“Now there was another man in that city who went forth by night; and a woman met him at the foot of the tower, and said, “Come, now, go to my chamber and lie with me; for I am sweet to a man, and many have desired me; and I invite you, not for my price, but because I fancy you.”

“And the man took her by the hand, and answered, “Little sister, you shall not prostitute yourself to me. Would to God that I could make you even as my own little daughter whom I have left at home.”

“Then she replied, “That’s priest’s talk. You have got no manhood, and are stingy of your dollars.” But the man said, “No; but I will give you money in the name of my own child, and you shall take it as a sister’s gift to her sister; and for my manhood let my Love speak—if she will. But I love you too well, for the sake of all womanhood, to injure you, as you would have me do.” Then the woman wept bitterly, and she fell upon the ground. But the man called a hackney-coach that was passing by, and when the carriage came the man lifted up the woman in his arms and put her into it, and got in himself, and gave orders for the hackman to drive to the man’s own home. And when he got there, he carried the woman in, and said to his wife, “I have found a gift, and here it is; for, lo, I am verily persuaded this night that this harlot shall, by our ministrations, enter into the kingdom of God.”

“Then they took her into a bath and the wife washed her, and took out of a drawer under-garments of her own, and they laid the woman in a clean bed. And in the morning the wife went into the room, and said, “God’s blessing be with thee, my child.” And the woman rose up as one in a dream, and she at first found no words to speak, but afterwards she said, “I am not fit to be in this house.” But the wife answered, “This is God’s house; there is always room in it for those who would become His children.”

“And the harlot answered, “Woe is me, woe is me! I was once a daughter of a house beautiful as this is, and I was led into ruin when the rich man, my father, who had brought me up in luxury and idleness, became a bankrupt and died; and I knew not how to work, and was ashamed to beg.”

“But after many days the woman was instructed

in the ways of service, and her heart softened within her, and her womanhood came forth. Then she took the burden of the life upon herself, labouring that she might assist others, even as she had been helped, and to provide for herself as she had been provided for.

“‘But the man made no boast of this, and he who had built the stone tower to the glory of God called him an infidel. Now which of these two men built to the glory of God—he who built divine symbols in a pile of stones, or he who rebuilt God’s temple of presence and ministration in a woman, where it had fallen down?

“‘Again I say to you, not with the singing men and the singing women, but with him who tends the lamps in the lighthouse do I take my part; and not with the men who build the stone towers, but with those who rebuild the living temples do I take my part; and I am come where those abide who know that I am a social Saviour.

“‘And again I declare, I will be honoured in those who honour men, and not in those who dishonour men that they may seem to honour God; for my service is social service, and my kingdom has respect to the living and their daily needs.

“‘And again I declare, that I come not to save men from the wrath to come, but from the wrath that is. Whoso washes the feet of humanity I will wash his feet, and I will cleanse him utterly. Let no man say that the Church is his mother; for God the Wife is the Mother of us all; and let no man say that nature is his mother; for God the Wife is his Mother, even as She is my Mother; and we are babes of one bosom and in-substanced in one divine flesh.

“‘And let not man say that God is not his Father

until he has believed; for, if God were not always the Father, no man could be inspired to believe. And let no man say that whosoever believeth not is the child of the devil; for I declare that the devil himself is God's child, though at present reprobate; and that God's arm is put forth, and His hand open, that He may draw unto Himself all who have wandered from Him, whether devils or men.

“‘Yea, moreover, let no man say that he has God for his Father, but that other men have not God for their Father; for I declare that if God be not the Father of all men, He is the Father of no man; but He is the Father of all men. And the Father loveth all, and hath re-incarnated the Son that He might save all, by leading them from states that are unforgiveable into states that are forgiveable.

“‘Blessed are they who keep my commandments. Now I give a new commandment; and when I give a new commandment, I give it with the Holy Ghost, that men, receiving the word of command, may receive the spirit of obedience also. And this is my commandment, that men should believe in God, the Two-in-One, and believe in me, that I am two-in-one. Of old time, men were astonished at my doctrine, for I taught with authority. The truth of humanity makes itself authoritatively present in the bosom of humanity. I am not come to compel assent, but I am come to create assent. I am not come to dogmatise, but to demonstrate. He who taketh me in my two-in-oneness, receiveth God, the Two-in-One; and he who receiveth God, the Two-in-One, will love humanity, and go out into humanity; for the life of God, that descends into him, seeketh not him separately or solely, but seeketh him in humanity, and seeketh humanity in him.

“I am the Divine Humanity. If any man enters into my divine humanity, I will initiate him into his own divine-natural humanity, and I will make known in him my presence. When that two-in-one, who are mine on earth, took into themselves the social service of humanity, they touched me centrally by reaching the race to its circumference. He who circumferences himself in man concentrates himself in me. I serve; because I serve I know, because I know I do, more and more abundantly; and my abundance overflows, till now I seek new outlets; and therefore do I come.

“Did I not declare myself of old by the name of Bridegroom? I am the Bridegroom. In my espousals I represent the espousals of counterpart to counterpart throughout the universal race. Taste of me, for I am conjugal. The conjugal alone is life, and giveth life. Whosoever dwelleth not in the conjugal dwelleth not in me. I am marriage in its primaries, marriage in its potencies, marriage in its ultimates, and marriage in its eternities. And blessed are they who are called to my marriage supper.

“I will not say, Let him that hath no counterpart refrain from me, for I declare that, two-in-one, God created all of you.

“As for him that hath no counterpart on earth,—though she was taken as a child, and become a maiden angel in the heavens,—I will bring her down and re-incarnate her in him.

“Though one should say, “Lord, I have no part in Thy marriage supper, for perchance my counterpart destroyed herself, through sin, and became a depraved spirit in hell,” I will answer him, “For this very reason shouldst thou come to my marriage supper, for I go forth not alone into the highways of the earth, but into the byways that are below the

earth; and lo, if there be any counterpart in hell, I have already assumed her infernal that I might stay her infernalities; and I will bring her unto thee, and ye twain shall be married in mine own eternal marriage with Yessa, my bride."

"And let no man say, "I was born sexless, and therefore, Lord, I cannot sit down at Thy marriage table." I am Sex. Whosoever receiveth me, though he were born impotent, shall receive my potency; and though he had become dead, yet shall he revive in my potency, and my potency is eternal life.

"And let no man say, "I have abused myself, and therefore am unworthy to come," for I say, Come unto me, all ye that desire me in the conjugal, and desire only that true conjugal which is of me, and I will wash away your impurities, and their very sequences shall perish.

"I am loved of mine, because I am two-in-one. The Earth loved me, because it felt my two-in-oneness, though verbally it knew it not. I taught the conjugal in truth, in being, in action, in renewal—always taught it, waiting only the hour of full verbal declaration in the perfection of my nuptial state. Men could not remember, because the planes that open to take in the truth of conjugal doctrine were not opened in them.

"I sowed much seed that fell on stony ground, and it perished before it grew. I sowed much seed that fell on sandy ground, and it withered up before it ripened seed again. I sowed much seed that was plundered and eaten before it sprang up and declared itself visible. I sowed much seed that men gathered into granaries again. They have kept it in their coffers that it might not grow. The seed that I sow is reproductive of myself

in man. When my seed becomes fruit in man, it is the Tree of Life.

“Blessed are they who believe not, if, unable to receive from closedness or inoperativeness of intelligence, they see not of my words that they are true; for the truth, albeit they receive it not in consciousness, abides with them, and they bear it with them, that it may revive within the memory—as their intelligence begins to quicken—and make them rich at last in its possession and in its bestowment also.

“But thrice blessed are they who, when they hear my words, know me in my words, and my words by me; for in them my words shall remain, and spring up and blossom and yield harvest fruit. And they shall say, each to his neighbour, “Behold I have found a treasure, come and share it with me; I have inherited an inheritance, let me divide it with you; I have received an invitation, ’tis for thee as well as me.” To such will I reveal myself in the order of my kingdom, and I will say to them, Come ye, blessed of the Father-Mother, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

FROM CHAPTER XVI.

THE LORD MANIFESTED IN HELL AMONG  
ARTISANS.

No apology is offered for quoting every word of what follows; they who take offence at any of the plain words are not of those for whom the book is issued.

“After these things Lord Jesus again appeared to Chrysanthheus, wearing upon His head the paper cap



of a blacksmith, and girded about the waist with the leathern apron of the forge. But though in His attire as Vulcan, for radiance and comeliness He stood forth as young Apollo; His flesh was roseate and white, and the sweat of labour stood upon His forehead as fragrant dew on opening flowers; moreover, His hair was now golden. Fair to see was this Young Man; for indeed he appeared as a youth in the first flower of the prime. Now, there stood by the side of the Lord a man named Steadfast, known formerly in the natural world as one of the New Life; and this Steadfast also wore upon His head a blacksmith's cap. And the Lord Jesus bore in His hand a mighty steel sledge-hammer; but His servant bore, as the helper of the artisan, three steel drills.

"Then the Lord said, 'Chrysanthus, my son, this my servant came to me; and I took him from many sorrows, because he was a man of singleness of heart, asking not to be served, but to serve; and I have raised him in the resurrection that he might serve. But come, now, let us go to hell, and see how our brethren fare, who, by the joint evils of the earth, and of their\*own lives, have fallen into pits. But you take the hammer, and I will be the hammerer.'

"Then Chrysanthus took the hammer; and the Lord Jesus opened the door, and said, 'You two go alone visibly, and I will stand in the invisible. But I will make your faces as the faces of the shadowed ones, at first; and they will take you, in the beginning, for master devils. It is time for us to work.' Then Chrysanthus and Steadfast stood within the door; and a man met them saying, 'Hell fire, you damned buggers! There's no work here for you;

get out of this place. We are officers of the Trades Union.' Chrysanthus replied, 'We are independent smiths, and go wherever our calling leads us. We propose to establish ourselves in this place, and to set up our forge.'

"Then the shadowed one who had spoken blew a whistle, and about a hundred of his associates appeared, armed with iron bars and hammers, and they smote Steadfast. But Chrysanthus also blew a whistle, and there appeared a little child, holding in his hand a knife. And the child's name is Chrysanthile, but he is also called Usie. Now, this child is the child born to Chrysanthus and Chrysanthia as the first fruit of their nuptial union in the earth; and he inherited from his mother into the fixedness of the angels, and from his father into the loyal freedom of the divine-natural man. And the child said to the smiters, 'You hit, I cut'; and, darting like a beam, he pierced the chief of the Trades Union, who cried out with an oath, and screamed with agony; for the shells of his seed-vessels had been extirpated. Then the others stood wondering and terrified; but Chrysanthus put forth his hand, and lifted up the man, saying, 'Be of good cheer; your sins are forgiven you.' And the unionist arose subdued, as if he were a castrated goat, and stood trembling at the suddenness of what had befallen him.

"Then Steadfast made a fire upon the ground, where coal appeared and petroleum; but both the coal and petroleum were elements which the Lord Jesus caused from the ultimations of His arch-natural degree. And after the fire was made the Lord Jesus caused a forge to be set forth, and also three anvils. The great anvil stood in the centre, and on it was the

inscription, 'Jesus'; and on the anvil to the right was the inscription, 'Chrysanthus'; and the name 'Steadfast' was inscribed on the other one. But the little child said, 'Make me one, too'; and the Lord caused a little anvil to appear, close to His own, and on it was the name 'Chrysanthile.' Then came forth the Lord as the Master Smith, and He forged and wrought, assisted by His servants, until the air was resonant, vibrating with the music of the hammers—a divine song of labour truly played, making harmony.

"Meanwhile, hundreds of the shadowed ones had gathered, and the Lord, seeing them, stepped forth into their midst, and said, 'Do you know me?' And one answered, 'Yes, we know you, you damned aristocrat; we know you of old.' Then He replied, 'Where did you know me?' And they answered, 'On the earth.' And He said, 'By what name did you know me?' And they replied, 'What business have you here to torment us? You are religion.' And He answered, 'No, I am not religion; I am human rights; I am the Man of the People.' But one said, 'The hell, you are. Flops is one thing; and flops is your way. Stand up is another thing; and stand up is our way. Flops is a parson; but stand up is a chartist.'

"Then the Lord laughed at him and said, 'How many devils have you?' And the man answered, 'I've got seven—hunger, thirst, lice, and the rest.' And the Lord Christ made reply, 'Did you ever hear that when I was on the earth I used to cast out devils?' But the unionist, nothing abashed, began to blow incredulously, and thrust his tongue into the side of his cheek, at the same time pulling down the lid of his eye, as if he had made a sufficient answer.

Then the Lord drew out a pouch, and out of the pouch He took a pipe, leisurely filled it with tobacco, and stood holding it in His hand, looking at the same time in the eyes of the unionist right kindly for a moment; then He lit the pipe, blowing upon it and kindling it from His mouth, drew a whiff or two, and handed it to the man, who took it as if by an involuntary act. At the same time Steadfast came forth from the smithery with a wooden trencher, on which was cold beef, bread, and cheese, and also a brown jug filled with foaming ale. And Chrysanthus brought a basin of water and a towel, and knelt that the Lord might wash His hands before taking refreshments; for it was now in time corresponding to high twelve.

“When the Lord had washed His hands, He turned to His servants and said, ‘Now, make ready’; and Chrysanthus took hold of a little tray, while Steadfast stood still, holding the other side of it. And Chrysanthus walked backward, with his face to the Lord, and the tray opened, by multiplication, until it stood like a table on trestles; but the food was at the upper end. Then the Lord stood at the upper end of the table, and spoke these words: ‘This is brother’s fare; come with us, come one and all. We will settle our differences afterwards.’ Then He took the small piece of cheese, and cut it into four pieces—one for Himself, one for Chrysanthus, one for Steadfast, and one for the little child, Chrysanthile. And he divided the bread in like manner into four portions. But when the unionists saw it, their hearts began to be opened. Moreover, many more now began to appear, numbering a thousand. But neither did the Lord nor His three disciples take any food as yet.

"Then one of the chief unionists, looking on, said to the others, 'Queer old buffer that!' But another said, 'Let's hear Him ask a blessing: then we'll shout.' But another whispered, 'Oddsbodikins, that ale looks stingy.' 'Hush, hush,' said the man who had taken the pipe; 'He smokes prime. I'm going to have a glass with Him.' Then Lord Jesus lifted up His hands to Heaven and cried, 'O God, great Father of the people, multiply this food for all who shall now receive it. Give us this day our daily bread.' Instantly, the four little plates of food rose up and divided, and there was a mist that veiled the eyes for a moment. And, when the mist had vanished, the table appeared enlarged for about a thousand; and at every place a seat,—not separate, but one long continuous oval seat encircled the table; and in every place a trencher, food and drink.

"When all was prepared, the hungry multitude could restrain themselves no longer; and they came crowding in, and fell to as if they were famished. When they had eaten and drank sufficiently, there appeared pipes and tobacco, that all who desired a solace of this nature might conclude the repast with it. And in a short time all sat smoking, leaning back; for the food and drink had induced upon them a state of quiescent rest. Then the Lord said, 'Chrysanthus, my son, give them a song.' And Chrysanthus began:

"Pipes and ale, pipes and ale!

He who receives the Lord in them,  
Though he were sick and sent to jail,  
May journey to Jerusalem—  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem—  
May journey to Jerusalem.  
Let parsons, in their gospel shops,  
Give broken pipes without a stem.'

"He had proceeded so far, when at the lower end of the table a man stood up, shaking like a leaf; the sphere had overpowered him. And the man found words to say, 'I cave, mates; progress 's played out.' Then he sat down; he could say no more. But another arose, saying, 'Amen, Bill Williams. Give me a God-Smith, and I'll pitch hell-fire into the forge for coals, and turn bellows blower; I'll be blessed if I won't.' But now he broke out, crying and wringing his hands, and fell upon his knees, and hid his face upon the table, and they all about him began to weep. And the Lord said, 'I am the life of hell and its everlasting rest. If a man is damned, I am his brother; and if he comes to me, I will save him.' And more words He spake to console them. And the food was taken away; and there appeared, where the former corrosive soil had been, greensward and flowers, and the little place was encircled by spreading trees, and beneath them meandered a rivulet of clear sparkling water. And the Lord said to Chrysanthus, 'See, now, what has followed from the setting up of my forge in hell among the smiths. Tell my brethren in the world.' And many more wonders took place, but they are not now written.

"Then one marvelled that the Lord Jesus should appear familiarly so low down in hell. And the Lord answered him, 'For what, think you, am I made?—to save men's lives or to see them perish? I do come as the rain falls that descends to cleanse the sewers; for the evil of the earth is rank, and her noisomeness is an offence unto me.' And one said, 'Lord, to save the earth, is it necessary that Thou shouldst save the hells?' The Lord Jesus spoke, saying: 'A certain woman inherited a house, and in

it were all manner of riches, with delicate things. And she dwelt therein, taking much pleasure with herself in many ways. Then she became a wife, for she espoused the man of her heart. And she bore him many children, but they all died, seemingly without cause. And afterwards her husband sickened and died also. Then, at last, the woman herself became infirm and bedridden. Now what, think you, was the cause why this household was made desolate, and this woman a widow, and her health made disease, and her life misery? I will tell you. There was beneath that house a sewer, and when its doors and windows were closed by night foul air came up and poisoned them. But that house is the world, and that sewer hell, and that pestilence the poison of hell that rises up into the world.'

"And He spoke another parable, saying: 'There was a certain merchant who was in the corn trade, and he stored his granary with all kinds of corn. But, when he went to his granary to bring the corn out the bins were empty, and the sacks that held the corn were gnawed and eaten. Then one said to him, "We watched the doors by night and by day that no one should take this corn, but here it has been stolen without our knowledge." Then they made search, and found that there were holes under all the corn bins, and that the rats of the city had come in by night and had taken the corn away. But I tell you that that granary is the world, and those rats are devils, and the holes by which the rats entered to take the corn are the secret passages by which hell is opened into the world.'

"And another one of them said, 'Lord, how is it that hell opens into the world?' And the Lord made answer, saying: 'If a sheep falls upon a

pasture the vultures of the air scent her, and if a lamb strays into the wilderness the wild beasts find him out and devour him, for they live by such meat. And I do not so much blame devils for eating men—because it is their nature—as I censure men for turning out their weaklings where they can be devoured with none to save. Whosoever is not shielded by humanity is devoured by that race that is sunken below humanity. Where there is not order there is not protection. But it is impossible to make order work now in the earth without making order in that which is beneath the earth. A low country may be defended by embankments against the sea; but how shall that land be saved that is overflowed and buried beneath the sea? But I say to you that hell, which was the underworld, has flowed above the earth, and is now also the over-world.'

"Then one said, 'How shall a man be saved in the earth?' And the Lord answered, 'A certain man sent his servants to reclaim and subdue a desert where there was no water. And they found that this desert was below the level of a sea which was a great way off. And they made a channel, with locks and gates, and they let in the water from the sea into the desert. And they made canals in due spaces, and sluice-ways from the canals, that all the desert might be irrigated. And when they had done this they found that they had done another thing also. For the basin that held the sea was not drained of its superfluous waters, and there were springs descending from the rocky spaces in its borders, and forming by their course a great river which meandered through the valley that had been the sea's deepest place, and that gave



water sufficient both for the place that had been a sea and the place that had been a desert. But I say to you that the earth is a desert, and that hell is a putrid sea; and if one can unlock that stagnant deep and distribute its elements, instead of permitting them to breed corruption, the human elements, restored to their sweetness by the divine virtue, will nourish and fertilise the world.'

"And the Lord said, 'There was a certain man who had unfaithful servants, and the governor of that place where he lived cast them into prison, where there was a large space. But, by course of time, the unfaithful servants became so many that the man and his neighbours were impoverished, because the unfaithful ones, who still had to be fed in their prison, ate up the substance of the land. But the King of that country took note of it, and he sent his Son into the prison, and commanded him, saying, "O Son, make yourself a convict, and live with the convicts, and find your way into their hearts, if, perchance, these convicts can be made honest men. Then will I change the method of their punishment, for they must needs be punished that my law be fulfilled. And they shall work, every one of them, from free love and contrition, and also from nobleness and honour, till they, each one of them, have made up all the costs of their keeping, and paid back that which they have stolen, with the use. And when they have done this they shall be a new race under me, and it shall be thy kingdom." And the Son answered, "Lo, Father, it is good in my eyes." And he made himself as a convict, and went into that prison,—and he is there now, but already some, when they find him labouring among them, love him, and begin to restore.

Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight.'

"Then one said to Him, 'Lord, is it meet that Thou shouldst pass by the just and pious, who long for Thy coming in the world, and go to these profligates? Should not a man first heal the sick in his own house, and afterwards go out into the dens?' And the Lord answered, 'A wise man will not go to the sick by singles, or by twos and threes, if he is so wise that he knows where to reach the sickness in its potency. If the pestilence is slaying the city, perchance he may discover the origin of that pestilence in some marsh beyond the gates, into which the filth of the city has discharged itself for ages. I go to the pestilence in its marsh, and thence I come to reach my beloved who are helpless because of the pestilence.'

"Then one said, 'Lord, everywhere there is pestilence.' And the Lord made answer: 'You look up to the heavens, when the sky is overcast, and you say, "everywhere is the cloud"; but by and by a new wind comes up, and bears away the cloud upon its breast, and there is light and sunshine. Even so, throughout all the universals of the pestilence, that covers up the heavens from the sight of man upon the earth, the Word of God goeth forth by a silent moving in the breast of many. This is one way by which the Son of Man cometh forth. But to those men who are in the hells, in whom pestilence breeds and genders, He cometh by another way. But I come in other ways also. I am more weight in the anchor, when the ship is dragging from her anchorage. I am more wind in the sails, when from lack of wind the current of the sea is bearing the ship upon the sands.' Then one said, 'Lord, cannot the days

of miracles return, and a few mighty works confirm men that this is now Thy coming?' The Lord answered, 'Let men believe in me, and they shall see my miracles. Let them work in me, and they shall work miracles. But they cannot believe in me, except as they believe in humanity, nor work in me, but as they work in humanity; for I am the Divine Humanity. But I will not be hindered.'

"All this spake the Lord when He was manifested as the Master of the Forge." \*

#### FROM CHAPTER XX.

#### HELL OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY VISITED AND JUDGED BY OUR LORD. HIS SAVING MERCY THERE: HIS TEACHINGS AND MIRACLES.

"After these things Chrysantheus and Chrysanthea returned to their own abiding place, and when they had entered into their chamber the Lord said to them, 'Children, it is time that we should descend again into hell.' And He took His two-in-one, and He proceeded with them, and led them into the streets of a great city, which is called, in the spiritual tongue, Darkness, but in the natural tongue Democracy. And the Lord caused Himself to be invisible, but His servants were made visible.

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\* Here are omitted the Lord's sayings concerning Pharisees, as given in Chapter XVIII., as the substance of them has been already briefly embodied in the earlier pages of this narrative. Also, for the sake of brevity, is omitted what is written in Chapter XIX. concerning the resurrection of the body of Anne Lee, the originator of the virtuous society of "Shakers," and the long "Addenda" to same, concerning "geists," which latter is hardly a necessary part of this special narrative. But this Anne Lee is the first personality outside of The Use itself whose bodily resurrection is recorded, and all mention of the same must not be omitted on that account, hence this brief note.

"Now, in the centre of this great city appeared a public square, and in the square a public structure, built massively, as if to defy the decay of ages. And on each of the angles of the building was a statue. And the first statue resembled iron, and was in the form of a debauched Negro; and the second statue was of brass, and represented an infuriated Irishman; and the third was of silver, and represented an atheistical German; and the fourth statue was of gold, and was in the likeness of an Anglo-American, fierce, cunning, intelligent, and a thief.

"Then the Lord said, 'Behold these images, but now see what I shall do with them.' And He opened the vestures of His bosom, and lo, a mild wind, as if from the south, distilling fragrance, and humid with warm fertility, began to blow, at first softly, as the faintest zephyr that hardly may be felt upon the cheek. But in a little while the breath, gyrating, formed a whirlwind. The tempests also began to roar, and the four statues toppled down, breaking, as they struck the pavement, into fragments.

"And the earth about the building vomited fire, and the building shook and fell; but the fire seized upon its ruins, and reduced them to impalpable powder. And when these things had happened, and there was no building left—not even a vestige of it—a cry arose throughout the city, such as was never heard before. There was in it the babble of all languages, the confusion of all opinions, the bursting of all subterfuges, the clamour of all desires, and the howling of all passions—as the tempest within the storm. And no man knew what or who had caused the catastrophe, that, in one night, the structure, that was the holding-place and guarantee of all their structures, had perished.

"Then one stood forth in the midst of them and cried as with a voice far-speaking to the four winds—the magic of all voices, imperious, deceptive; and he said, 'We have outgrown our institutions, and therefore they are passing away. Let us have absolute centralisation, and make our nation one in fact, as well as name.' But a second voice arose and cried, 'No!' and a third, 'Never!' And there began to be dissension, and each man felt after his weapon.

"But the Lord again opened His bosom and a second breath passed forth, and there was enforced silence and quietude; for this second whirlwind was mightier than that which went before. And then all the people fell suddenly upon their faces, and no man could rise.

"But in the midst of the stillness there grew up a column, high, luminous, triumphant; and the column stood in the midst of a moving vortex of transparent flame. But when the column was fixed in the central place, which had been filled by the great edifice that was destroyed, a few of the multitude began with trembling to rise to their knees, in the posture of suppliants. And they began to see; but the rest, who remained prostrate, grovelling, had been stricken with blindness, and saw nothing.

"Then those who had become suppliants beheld upon the summit of the column a vast, radiant form of Woman, clothed with the aurora, and lifting in her arms a Child whose face was as the morning; and out of the mouth of the image proceeded voices, singing melodiously, charming those who heard with sudden rapture.

"Then a Man stood forth and said, 'Hearken, O ye people, and be instructed in my law: whosoever will bear shall be borne; whosoever will lift shall be lifted; whosoever will nourish shall be nourished.'

And there went a murmuring among the suppliants—‘Show us how to bear, and how to lift, and how to nourish; for lo, our democracy is dead, and we have no longer any hope.’

“Then the Man cried, ‘Behold I will smite you in the loins—not wrathfully, but for mercy—and the lust of man for woman, and the lust of woman for man, shall perish henceforth forever.’ And He smote them in the loins victoriously, as with the smiting of many blows in one. And when they had been smitten they stood upright, and they looked every one upon his neighbour. And a small voice was heard proceeding in place of the loud voice in which they had cried before—a low voice as of the emascuate, a shrill voice, a very helpless voice.

“Then the Lord returned to His own, and He took possession of them. And again opening His bosom, there passed forth a third wind; and they began to breathe from the breath of the two-in-one. And they came forth sexless in great multitudes, male and female. And the Lord said, ‘Now ye are neither male nor female, and ye will submit to that just rule which the male animal despises, and the female animal insults and hates.’ And they grew docile, being impotent, and they served the Lord.

“But when these things had taken place, the men began to look upon the women, and said, ‘While we lusted after you, we hated you; but now that we have no eyes of lust with which to look upon you, we feel brotherly toward you.’ And the women answered, crying, ‘While you lusted after us we hated you’—for the women would not admit that they had ever lusted after the men—‘nevertheless we had compassion on you; but now you have turned on us, and we are slain, and have no

protectors; but are suddenly become lower than the whores.'

"But the men reassured the women, and said, 'Go your ways into separate places, and we will provide for you; but you shall not eat at our table.' And the women wept bitterly; and one said to another, 'It is well, the capons forsake the hens. Let us elect female cocks of our own.' But one shouted, 'Antony! Antony!' and another some other name; and they all began to wrangle among themselves, till a voice cried, 'Peace, silly ones; had Nebuchadnezzar been a woman, there would have been slain more women than men; and had Nero been a woman, there would have been more women-martyrs than men-martyrs; for the external passion of depraved sexuality, which makes men gentle, makes women fierce; and authority which softens men—if they have any place for softness—hardens women, till there is no softness left.'

And the Lord said to Chrysanthus, 'Hear what they say; but I will tell you that it is much easier to save a city of men who have become devils than a street of women.' Then Chrysanthus answered, 'Why is this, Father?' And the Lord replied, 'Observe the fowls of the air, how they peck one another, notwithstanding the softness of their feathers and the agreeableness of their notes. But women are as the fowls of the air. And observe the fishes of the sea; the great and the small live together peacefully, except when the great ones suffer hunger; and then they swallow the little ones quietly. But men are like the fishes. How be it there are some women who take on something of the fish, and devour quietly; and there be singing men who peck and scold.'

'Then the Lord drew near to the women, and made as if He would kiss one of them; and He smiled upon her, but she repulsed Him, saying, 'Specks you don't'; for she was a negress. But the Lord said, 'Chloe! Chloe!' and she opened her heart, which had been closed. Then she felt it revive within her, as if it had been dead; and a great insight was given her; and she clasped her hands, and said, 'Bress de Lor', massa Jesus; I specks de ole debil had dis nigger.' Then she turned round to another one triumphantly, 'Tell dat to de white folks. De bressed Lord has come to de niggers, and fust of all de niggers to dis ole nigger.' Then she in a moment broke out, 'Dat's the flesh and de debil; I specks de white folks see it, and find out widout you telling 'em.'

"A large negress, rolling up the whites of her eyes, drew near the Lord, and He put out His hand to her; but when she saw His hand she said, 'You no better than a white man, sar; what for you offer to kiss dat ole wench and no kiss me?' But she, too, broke down from her momentary jealousy when He said, 'My child!' and she would have embraced His feet.

"Then drew near the Lord a woman—rich in the remains of her shadowed apparel—tall, majestic, voluptuous, smiling. And the Lord said to her, 'Daughter,' and she answered, 'Master'; and instantly began to strip off her shadow-robcs, which still seemed to her sumptuous, weeping at the same time as if her heart would break, and crying, 'I see too late, I see too late.' And He laid His hand upon her heart, and comforted her, saying, 'Daughter, be of good cheer, for I will make thee whole; and for what was taken of me in time thou shalt pay me



in eternity.' So mercifully and condescendingly did the Lord Jesus in that place.

"After this many more knew that the Lord Jesus had come unto them. And they were gathered together in a market-place; and He sat down on a wheelbarrow; and they sat before Him and about Him on the steps and on the stones. And He began to teach, saying: 'Blessed are they who have perished; for I enter into the body of their perishing. And blessed are they who are covetous; for I take out of them that which made them covet; and I have extirpated the forms of their impurity. Blessed are they who stole; for I will dwell within them, and put forth my hands through theirs for honesty. Blessed are those who betrayed each other, and maligned each other, and who did backbite one another; for I tell you this day that I will wash you as a man washes a babe that has fallen into filth; and I will cleanse you of all depravities.'

"Then the Lord took upon His knees that one among them who seemed to be the most depraved, and said, 'Suffer Abigail to come unto me, and forbid her not; for I say unto you that her inmost child-essence is always in the bosom of my Father-Mother, who is in heaven.'

"And all the neighbouring windows, even to the roofs of the houses, were filled with multitudes listening to His words. And He rose when He saw the many, and stood forth in the market-place, and gathered in the breath into His bosom, as if in it He were holding the breaths of all the multitude, and so absorbing them for impregnation into His own bosom. And He stood holding one of His hands upon the head of the woman who had sat upon His knees. And He began to teach, saying: 'Whosoever receiveth

such a one as this in my name receiveth me; and I will receive him or her. Feed first of all the hungriest; clothe first of all the nakedest; wash first of all the filthiest; comb first of all the lousiest; extend fellowship first of all to the hatefulest. For I say that God is above heaven, to shine down upon the angels in the valleys through the faces of those upon the mountains; but God is below hell, to revive and cheer you, upward—from those who are in the pits to those upon the terraces. And He will not come in healing to you who are strong till you have made places for Him to come up in gladness to those who are most weak. And He will not come up to those who rule in the drawing-rooms, save as they shall open places for Him to arise through those who are in the sinks. For this God is Two-in-One, and He enters in through miseries, that divide for His passage.'

"Then two women approached Him, bearing a third, and saying, 'Lord, we found her stark naked, lying, head downward, at the end of the sewer of our city, insensible, buried in the filth.' And the Lord answered, 'Yea, yea, ye have done well; come, ye blessed of my Father-Mother, inherit the kingdom that I have prepared for you from the beginning.' And He made them sit down; and He put His mouth to the mouth of the obscene thing that they had pulled out of the sewer. And He sucked out of hers into His mouth and filled it, and spat it out upon the ground.

"And, reviving, her hungers revived with her; and she began, as is the custom of many there, to draw out the worms that had grown ripe and fat beneath her skin, and to satisfy her hunger with them. And the Lord said, 'Lo, this is the worm that never dies; let me taste.'

"And the woman held up her left arm, brown and emaciated, broken out with pox-ulcers. And the Lord drew a long worm out of one of the ulcers, and put it in His mouth, and said, lifting up His hands, 'My Father-Mother, O I, O I, lo, in this one do I still feel my crucifixion. My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken her?'

"And He suddenly appeared thereupon crucified in the midst of them; and flames, electric, fiery, darting, enveloped His whole body, as if they were a shining orb. And the earth shook, and the sky was darkened; but when the earthquake and the darkness had passed, behold, Jesus stood, and by His side a Woman, and the Two were One. And a voice descended from heaven into hell, saying, 'Lo! my Two-in-One, whose body is stricken and whose blood is shed, that ye, partaking, may have life.'

"Then the Two-in-One moved forth into the midst of the multitude, and from their hands dropped manna, bread of heaven, nectareous, love-distilling, comforting. And the Lord said to one who stood thereby: 'Over one such devil that is healed there is more joy than when God appears in the midst of universal festivity; for the joy of heaven is multiplied in that which multiplies the same from the midst of the ruins of humanity: but the supreme felicity shall come when not one shall be left in whom the restoration is incomplete.' So the Lord passed forth, mightily gathering in."

## FROM CHAPTER XXIII.

OUR LORD MANIFESTED AS MEDLÆVAL SCHOLAR.  
DANTE: HELIOSOPHUS. GRECIAN RESURRECTIONS.  
SYMPOSIUM ON ARCH-NATURAL PARADISE.

“Shortly after the things before narrated, our Lord appeared again to Chrysantheus and Chrysanthea. Now He was attired as a gentleman of station, in a robe like those which the learned wore in the middle ages, and upon His head was the cap of the scholar. A signet ring shone upon the forefinger of His left hand, and about His neck was a chain of gold, from which was suspended an antique medallion. His complexion was paler than formerly; His aspect contemplative; and whereas, before, He stood forth as the man of action, all His manner, now, was indicative of refined and cultured thought. And Chrysantheus said, ‘Father, I am so glad, for without your manifestation the burden of the world is almost more than I can bear.’ And the Lord answered, ‘I come that you may take more burdens. But I have brought you good tidings.’

“He then drew forth from His bosom a little book, in which were inscribed names. And opening it, He said, ‘I keep in this a register of those from among spirits of this world upon whom I design to confer special duties in my kingdom. I raise from the dead, re-investing their unclothed angelic bodies each with its own earthly semblance.’ Then turning to a little child He gave him a message. And Chrysanthile, darting through the atmosphere, vanished like a bird of passage. But soon, returning with the infant, one

made his appearance, blithe, hearty, radiant, clad as a bridegroom."

"And the Lord said, 'My son, this is your brother, Dante Alighieri, whose name is written in this book. Poets take precedence of Popes.' Then the new-comer smiled right gleefully, and bowed before the Lord, who took him by the hand, and afterwards breathed upon him for a gift of song. And the poet said, speaking in a melodious dialect for which on our earth there is no name, 'Methinks that our august Sovereign honours the singing birds more than the ravens. But I come specially to say, as is permitted, that the Arch-Pontiff of the Solar Temple is without, having entered into the internals of our earth's natural degree.' And the Lord said, 'Bid him enter.'

"At this moment there were heard steps as if a man, whose organism by foot-pressure gave forth sonorous harmony, trod without. And the Lord touching the atmosphere, as one touches the keys of a telegraphic instrument, communicated directly in response, saying at the same time, 'Enter the floods, enter the fires.' Thereupon the door opened, and Heliosophus appeared. But when he came in the Lord, flaming forth instantly, rose all two-in-one. The tissues of His garments stood forth, dissolving as if they were rays of light about His person, while, at the same time, the insignia of arch-natural empire appeared upon His breast, and He said, 'Fellow-servant, all hail.' But Heliosophus knelt reverently and paid homage to the Lord.

"After this he was seated at the right hand of majesty, and the Lord said to him, 'Son and brother, speak.' Then the man began to speak, communing thus: 'All things are now ready in the

Sun's atmosphere. The vortices stand in their places charged full.' And the Lord said, 'It is well; go to the north.' Then the man of the Sun, again paying homage, withdrew. Then the Lord cried, 'Ye sons of buried Hellas, come forth.' And twelve men came forth, among whom were Socrates, Plato, and Anaxagoras, three for philosophy, and in like manner three for art, three for eloquence, three for government of State. And each appeared raised from the dead, each two-in-one. But the Lord said, speaking in a low tone to His servant, 'O son, those also are in my book; yes, and dearer to me is the humanity of Greece than Moses and all his host of Israelites; for whatsoever enriches and beautifies humanity enriches me; and these my servants have opened and enlarged the vessels in the human mind, by means of which the Word descends to be the light of nations.'

"But Socrates said, 'Lord and Master, we are poor old boys, plain fellows, as I may say—not virtuous in our old state, much more than sparrows—fond of the bowl, not over nice, and secretly thinking that Jupiter was himself an old gad-about, libidinous, and not fit to be a cock to crow up the gods in the morning, let alone Supreme over Olympus.' But Plato answered, 'The gods are the Supreme derision of all honest men. But it is better that the vulgar should believe in them, as they must have a certain something of brutality mingled with their thoughts of the Supreme Deity, or they would fall into Atheism.'

"But the Lord again spoke in a low tone of voice to Chrysanthus, saying: 'I call out speech in these your brothers.' Then Anaxagoras said, 'The sect of Christians who now occupy what remains of our

Attica have a God much affected by the knavish herd, and they say that all of us have been destroyed by Him, being worshippers of images. What say you, O Socrates?' To which the sage replied, 'We are well enough off with our brides: not burned, not frozen, not tortured with desires, not obliged for prudence sake to comply with unworthy ceremonies; but in a place consecrated to adorable Virtues, where also move the Muses, harmonious, making harmony.' And more he said.

"Then the Lord waved his hand, and a thin mist was dispersed, and, beholding Him, the twelve cried as one, 'Apollo! Apollo!' But Plato fell upon his knees and prayed audibly, 'O Incarnate Ideal, pure Truth of pure Good! May we do nothing in Thy presence unworthy of Thee, and fail to receive nothing that Thy breathings inspire.' And Anaxagoras prayed, 'O source of Light, set forth in form of Man, O God of God! we are shadows that Thou, shining into, dost fill with day.' And last Socrates prayed, 'Most Sweet and Pityful, hear and restore. We offer ourselves unworthy.'

"Then the Lord said, 'Behold how these heathen pray.' And He bowed to them graciously, and put His arms around the neck of each of them, and kissed them all in turn. After this the Lord said to them, 'Come to the symposium.' And He led them to a banqueting chamber, spacious, lofty, and it was that same banqueting chamber which the Lord made in His own house in the arch-natural degree, and which is described elsewhere in that writing called 'The Annunciation of the Son of Man.'

"And the Lord said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light. And He divided the light from the darkness. And He caused in the east of the banqueting

chamber to appear the celestial luminary; and in the west of the chamber to shine forth the arch-natural luminary; and He waved His hand, and lo, the passages of the banqueting chamber displayed vistas, arcades, bowers: and in the midst of them a tree; and under the tree sat a Woman crowned, bearing in Her right hand the emblems of dominion—not as Juno, nor as the celestial Venus, but, indeed, for beauty and majesty, as the reality of Goddesses. And she arose; and the Lord led each guest separately to Her, presenting them by name.

“Then taking wreaths out of a basket by Her side, She placed one upon the brow of each of them; and in the chaplets were wreaths and flowers, odoriferous beyond description, exciting the bosom to festivity and soothing the mind to tranquillity. After which She touched upon the air as the Lord had done before, and there entered twelve of her handmaidens; and they placed food upon the tables in the alcoves beneath the spreading branches. But in a moment afterwards she waved her hand, and at the signal a choir of birds began, many singing in unison, delightfully charming the ear.

“And Plato said, ‘This is indeed the palace of the Supreme Beauty, and Loveliness of Virtue manifested in the Goddess. Let us breathe softly in this place; for this is indeed the Arcanum of the Truth that made the world.’

“And Socrates whispered, ‘So it is; but I should like to ask a question.’ Before he had more than spoken, the Lady smiled and replied, ‘O man, whose life and death have made souls virtuous, I am the Word-Wife.’ And She beamed forth in this saying irradiantly, and there flowed from Her person a sacred perfume of Her Divine connubiality, whose chasteness



was so intense that they were drawn by the delight of Her into secret extasies within their bosoms. After this there was feasting and much joy.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LORD: SUMMARIES AND CONCLUSIONS.

"After these things the Lord spake, saying: 'There are no nations in the world, but only the dust of nations; and no kingdoms, but only the shadows and deposits of kingdoms; and no thrones, but only the fantasies of thrones: but I come, out of the dust of the nations to form a nation; and in the ruins of the kingdoms to organise a kingdom; and amidst the fantasies of thrones to set up my throne.'

"Then Chrysantheus answered Him, 'Lord, where is it possible for men to revive out of the dust, seeing that each one, as he revives, finds himself enfettered by social obligations and customs and by necessities? What shall a man do when he begins to be quickened, to escape from the friction of competitive life, and from the pollution of its associations? Here is a man, one of numbers, who writes saying, "I am in a public bureau, and those who occupy places beside me force me, hour by hour, to hear their conversation, which is made up of obscenities and blasphemies."'

"Then the Lord put forth His hand, and touched Chrysantheus on the loins, and said, 'Now, my son, behold, and let this serve to illustrate unto thee; since all that I do for one who seeketh me, I do for every man.'

"Then Chrysantheus looked, and behold, there was inserted into the bosom of that man, as it appeared,

a nerve that vibrated; and every time that a wave of impurity struck upon the auditory organs a counteractive wave impulsed through the nerve into the sensories of the structures of the body. And in the ears of the man were fine nerve-fluids, divine-natural substance, beginning to form for protection.

"Then the Lord was pleased that Chrysanthus saw clearly, and He said, 'Whosoever is seeking me in my second appearance in my two-in-one, him do I strengthen for whatsoever may be his lot. And I will not let this misery be of long continuance; for I have set myself to close up the book in which are written the triumphs and the prosperities that are the outcome of degradation. I will seal this book presently, and it shall not be opened any more.'

"Then Chrysanthus said, 'Lord, many there are like this man; is it best for them to continue where they are in their labours?' And the Lord answered, 'In no case can I speak of individuals by generals. Every man's case is different. But I will say this, that in some cases I am preparing, through these very servants, to put forth a power, secretly leading judgment forth into the bosoms of those who oppress them, and to kindle the flames that shall consume their depravities, and to bring them to swift account, and to open them consciously to my visitation, and to array their transgressions before them in the light of my visitation, that those who have not known me may know me, and those who have outraged me may serve me.

"'When one man accepts me in my coming, and begins to set his house in order, I am myself beginning to be present in the ordering of his house. And every house that is set in order shakes the houses that stand beside it. But I require many

men to stand firm and fast in the midst of social disorders and in the neighbourhood of the disorders, for I open doors through each of them in due time, and afterward, in my own time, I lead my servants to a large place. I gather them into bands, and increase them as the villages are increased, till they cover the ground as cities.

“‘Let men wait upon me for instruction till I shall declare myself audibly in the high place, and inscribe my glory in publicity, for I cleanse while I educate, and instruct the mind while I continue my work of resurrection throughout the bodily frame.’

“And the Lord said, ‘As men hear of me, your labours will increase, for this will multiply inquiries. Take no thought of what you shall say in answering them, and be not solicitous, fearing that your burden will overwhelm you, for I am in thee, O my son, and I will make the darkness before thee as the light of noon and the closed door before thee as the open gate.’

“Then Chrysantheus answered, ‘Lord, there are some who cry, from the depths of great anguish, that they are perishing and suffocating amidst the world’s corruptions and tyrannies, and my heart is sore for them.’ But the Lord again smiled, and touched the bosom of Chrysantheus with His fingers, and said, ‘O son, what is it thou hearest?’ And Chrysantheus answered, ‘Father, I hear a sound within my bosom as the roaring of the sea.’ Then the Lord spake: ‘The sea that is in thy bosom is my presence, calling through thy natural spaces, and reverberating in the nerve-structures of my people. When those who are terrified in the midst of their oppressions look to thee, as thou art two-in-one, and through thee to me, the Two-in-One dwelling in

thee, I will put forth the arm of strength through thee, and these weak ones shall not perish.'

"Then the Lord touched Chrysanthus with His fingers on the lips and said, 'Eat, Chrysanthus, for I have made food within thy mouth.' And Chrysanthus tasted, and the food was pleasant; his stomach also began to fill and the system to assimilate. And the Lord said, 'As they derive nourishment from thy body, and weaken it in so doing, I have begun to replenish thee. Give abundantly, holding nothing back, for I have sufficient.'

"And He said once more, 'Live in peace, for I have lightened thy burden. Go not out into the ways of men, but let my words go, and they shall do all for thee that in the earlier time the bodily presence could alone effect; and thou shalt not publicly proclaim, but I will proclaim alone the gospel that I elaborate from day to day.'

"Then Chrysanthus bowed himself before the Lord, and worshipped, and opened his heart to Him, and laid bare its hidden sorrows; for before this Chrysanthus did not desire that the Lord should be troubled with his private griefs. And the Lord comforted him in that place.

"And this is the end of the words that the Lord spake to His servant. And He said, 'Write this in a book, and let these things be published to the world; and as fast as a man receives them let him give them to his neighbour, for as the words shall go forth, the Holy Ghost shall accompany them.'

"And the Lord said, 'Even so, I come quickly; for my work is final and complete.' But Chrysanthus once more said, 'Lord, is this all at the present time.' And the Lord made reply, 'It is the gospel of my incarnation in my son. I am brought forth

through thee to judgment.' And the Lord said, 'I will shake the world as a city is shaken by a terrible earthquake, and I will rain upon the world; with a rain of fire will I rain upon the world—the world that is the flesh of life; and my rain shall fall upon its bosom, and distil throughout its utmost flesh; and I will put myself between thee and the world, and thou shalt rest in my bosom, and I will be thy shield.'

"Then Chrysantheus replied, 'Lord, during the few weeks of this visitation there has been a daily writing both of Thy words and of the meditations of Thy servant concerning Thee and Thy kingdom and the state and needs of men, and there have been hymns and songs concerning Thee.' Then the Lord said, 'The corn grows through its stalk, and with its leaves about it, and the dew falls upon its flowers and glistens in the sun; but this now is a sheaf of corn, which thou shalt bind together—stalk and leaves and fruit.' And the Lord said, 'Thou shalt call it by a name, Chrysantheus, and that name will I give to thee; for as I named thee, so will I name my work that is by thee.'" And the Lord wrote these words:

'THE LORD, THE TWO-IN-ONE, DECLARED,  
MANIFESTED, AND GLORIFIED.'

And He spake saying, 'Whosoever heareth these words heareth me, and whosoever heareth not these words heareth me not. And whosoever eateth these words, as a man eateth bread, I will be his Bread of Life.'"

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Shortly after "The Lord, the Two-in-One" was committed to the press the following poem was written, and privately printed for "Bridal Hours," which was issued for circulation only among the members of the Household and the more pronounced friends beyond. But for this narrative its appropriate place is here. It is entitled,

## THE KING'S WAY.

The silence of Life's infancy  
From burdened thought is never free ;  
Genius is fashioned in the man.  
The child who is the destined heir  
Of Royalty, with all its care  
For human sorrow and despair,  
Is builded in its plan.

Joy in thy heart, thou fated guest,  
But sorrow plighted to thy breast !  
Joys over thee, a wingéd choir,  
Making thy habit to aspire !  
But sorrows in thee born and bred,  
That, as one quick among the dead,  
Thou mayest combat, and inure  
Thy very essence to endure !  
Joy in thee, leaping fountainwise ;  
But sorrow as a stream of ice  
Slow-moving o'er its precipice.—  
The torrents fall, the fountains rise,  
Keep so thy childish company,  
Till both, articulate in thee,  
Upon thy lips their story tell,  
And picture Heaven and shadow Hell.  
Thy ecstasies and miseries  
Are ivory and ebon keys :  
O'er them the Great Musician sweeps.  
Heights call to heights, deeps unto deeps ;  
Revealing so the tragedy  
And epic of Humanity,  
Wherewith the Universe is rife.

Growth is a slow investiture  
 In forms and habitudes impure,  
 And customs from the times of old.  
 They bind, they fashion, fold by fold,  
 Until the Youth puts on the world,  
 And sleeps within its calyx curled.

All teach him to disown  
 The bright Ideal that was once his own.

First-joy to sorrow turns :  
 A noble discontent within him burns :  
 A subtle sense divines that death abides  
 In the gay world of bridegrooms and of brides :  
 Nature cries out though pontiffs hold their peace :  
 By inward agonies, that will not cease,

His being grows rebellious ; from the beast  
 In man, and from the senses of their feast  
 On all the goodly things the seasons give,  
 He turns abhorrent ; he will die—not live.

Night opes her starry lips for benediction,  
 And all her lordly planets, burning dim,  
 Must sympathise with him ;  
 But he whose fates are fixed, who would abase,  
 Though in himself, the selfhood of the race—  
 He finds temptation first, then crucifixion.

Yea, he who would destroy,  
 Though in himself alone, the foul, false joy—  
 Earth closes up its ranks to bar his way.  
 The ill, that he in private sense would slay,  
 Blazons its front—supine before and blind—  
 Upon the universals of Mankind :  
 “Fool, fool, to think thou canst thyself unsun,  
 And, out of sense, thy soul dishorizon !  
 Fool, fool, wouldst will thy body out of breath ?  
 Enjoy life's little day, call not too soon for death.”

All things roll round, for him who wills and waits  
 And opes to God his gates,  
 And in the innocent and simple ways  
 Of Nature, lives with angels and with fays—  
 All things roll round for him.

The way is long ; the orbs of time grow dim :  
Mortals, who followed in his track and quailed,  
"Because," they said, "the dream proved false and failed,"  
Lift their pale brows from Hades and are stirred  
Even in their grave-dust, by the trump, the Word.  
He who the hope of the Ideal bore—  
Lives on—he is alive for evermore !

Thus with the above poem is fittingly concluded this Declaration of the Lord, as the Divine Twain-One, in the ultimate life of the humanity of our Orb, and of which this twain of Counterparts, Chrysantheus-Chrysanthea, being the first—the "Primates"—are by Divine call, and by preordination from the beginning, elected to be king-queen.

But as regards this, exclaims the king, in his latest and closing poem, in the very culmination of his life,

'My God, why hast Thou so pervaded me,  
A lowly norm, for eighty years of life?'

And thus finally does the Divine Voice reply,

"'Tis that thy Mother so arrayed for thee ;  
She kissed thy brow for service from thy birth ;  
But now the kiss is orbéd into the star ;  
Thou art transformed, transposed to Avatar."

—From "Song of Theos"  
(issued twenty-eight years later).



## CHAPTER XV.

AFTER this great book, declarative of the Divine Kingdom had been given and distributed as widely as there was call for it throughout the world, it ere long became apparent that the world in general was not yet prepared for its ostensible embodiment among any of its peoples. Its own state was too directly adverse: therefore, no further writings were published. After this all were printed privately for circulation only among a few who were pronounced friends. This withdrawal from publicity continued throughout the whole course of fifteen years after this time, until, in 1891, "The New Republic" was published, and, two years after it, "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society."

Light was thrown on the cause of this long reticence when "A Voice from Heaven" was privately issued in 1879, wherein there is a more terrible unveiling of the state of the whole world, sexually, than had ever yet been made. Its perusal irresistibly recalled to mind what is said in St. John's Revelation on the opening of the Seventh Seal: "There was silence in Heaven for about the space of half an hour." It became clearly manifest that all public speech or writing for the world in general would now have proved absolutely futile, and hence all instruction given concerning the Life could only be circulated privately for many years after. But since then there has been great internal advance, and the

general conditions of the world have become so modified, secretly and quietly, from above, that all that had then to be guardedly held back has been substantially published and made known under the King's own warrant in the various books published from 1891 onwards to 1903, when "*Song of Theos*" was issued; in which last all reticence is brought to an end, and what hitherto could only be whispered, as it were, in the ear in closets is "proclaimed from the house tops." The writer of this narrative also, in all the previous pages of this record, has illustrated every step of the history in the same outspoken fulness, without which no part of it could be made to appear in its own perfect light. Therefore, as all the substance of what is written in "*A Voice from Heaven*" has been already utilised, so far as the narrative demanded, it will not be necessary to give any extracts from it here. It is a most impressive statement concerning the impending Judgment, and showing that the debased and inverted sexuality of the natural man of this world is the central evil that primarily evokes it. But it was written especially for that time, and although the exquisitely precious and beautiful things in it far outweigh the terrible, yet quotations from it now would be out of date.

As said in an earlier chapter, there are two alternatives for the Judgment—one sweeping and brief, and the other gradual. When "*A Voice from Heaven*" was given, the only prospect was that it was almost imminent, would be very sweeping, and that in three brief days of darkness it would be completed. But gradually it began to appear later that the slower alternative was the more probable. But at this particular time, when the full terribleness of the sexual debasement had just been laid open,

no other alternative seemed possible, to the eyes looking down from Heaven, than that it must be immediate, short, and sweeping. It was an angelic estimate; and it is not wonderful that the shock of such an unveiling, before their eyes of purity, should have had no other effect upon their minds. And even yet it is not an absolute certainty which alternative may not ensue. "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh": such was the Divine warning; and still it holds.

But the gist of the Arch-natural statement in "A Voice from Heaven" is contained in this sentence: "It is impossible for man by himself alone to evolve the new and immortal constitution. It is only possible as Arch-nature, working in the Divine purpose, operates in and for the individual, while he on his part co-operates with Arch-nature by its law." These words express the ever-abiding rule. But how man may and can, if he will, co-operate with Arch-nature was not yet said. But it began to come into view in the subsequent lyrical and prose writings of the King-Queen, who, while still abiding apparently to men's eyes in external manifestation, were really, as to their true lives, already translated to the Heavens. This translation occurred almost immediately before "A Voice from Heaven" was written. In the year 1878, in "Gifts of Innocence" and "Bridal Hours," it is proclaimed and sung of in such words as these:

#### HE CALLS HIS OWN.

Two dew-drops of the morning hour  
Shone sparkling in the sun;  
Touched, when the first winds thrilled their flower,  
Then orb'd themselves in one.

The Golden Child in Paradise,  
These words He gently said,  
"Nought but a shadow meets the eyes :  
Chrysantheus is fled.

"Men see the shadow glide and creep,  
As day its duty brings ;  
But he is now enfolded deep  
Where his Heart's Angel sings :

"And I have drawn him as a bird,  
Who leaves the infant shell,  
Deep in the Everlasting Word,  
With me and mine to dwell."

Then came two little ones and knelt  
For worship at His feet ;  
Each in the other's bosom spelt  
Its own dear name complete.

Then spake the Child, the Golden Child,  
"No more be dew-drops wan ;  
Beam in your bridal star instead,  
Henceforth as woman-man.

"No longer where the gifts bestow,  
Shall men my servant see ;  
The shadow shall appear below :  
The two-in-one with me."

And afterward, for preciousness,  
The Golden Child, He said,  
"My Fays that shadow shall possess :  
Chrysantheus is fled."

They veiled the shadow with their wings,  
They smoothed it with their hands ;  
They swathed it in their comfortings,  
They clasped it with their bands.

They kissed and closed the bosom's door ;  
They kissed and closed the eyes :  
Men see our two-in-one no more ;  
They dwell in Paradise.

Therefore the Fays, they come for glee,  
And sing such verse as this :  
"Beyond the shore, beyond the sea,  
Beyond the planet's bliss ;

"They wing their flight, their happy flight :  
Forever meek and mild,  
They worship, with a Fay's delight,  
The Lord, the Golden Child."

#### THE END OF DAYS.

They reared their towers on hill sides of the Land,  
Between the mountains and the western sea :  
And there the stately Angels met their band,  
Fed them for power, and compassed them for glee.

They bade a last farewell to mortal strife ;  
God's new creation blossomed on the wild :  
They drank the raptures of reviving life,  
And worshipped two-in-one, the Golden Child.

This was the end of long unrestful days,  
And solitary nights to suffering wed.  
No human frame in this mild clime decays :—  
Death is no more, for those who leave the dead.

They tasted paradise in fresh delight ;  
And there they sang, "Rest waiteth for the brave,  
Who lift their standards on the Solar Height  
That crowns the world and overlooks the grave.  
Rest waiteth for the brave."

They mingled not with mortals any more,  
But cast their thought upon the Earth afar.  
The wisdom of Eternity they wore  
For garlands, like the rays that wreath a star.

The fashion of their speech was altered then :  
Deep grew their words, oracular and wise  
But borne for bliss to grieving mortal men,  
As songs of Infancy in Paradise.

There was a garden in that sacred place,  
Aerial, floating, transterrestrial so :  
Creatures of blithe and elemental race  
Adown the fragrant ways did come and go ;

And all the day and all the night, by choirs,  
Such blissful melodies inwrought, as move  
The brain and bosom to Divine desires,  
Evolving immortality by love.

The Lord and Lady of the universe  
Made moon by night, and sun by glowing day ;  
And there they wrought their high impassioned verse,  
Or wove by times the mild and tender lay :

And set their purity in pearly doors ;  
And builded wisdom, rising gem by gem ;  
And laid their blessedness in golden floors ;  
Till God was glad for New Jerusalem.

Within that city was a wondrous shrine  
Formed in the art and virtue of the sun.  
And there on fragrant trellises did twine  
The Tree of Life, as an immortal vine,  
Wreathing the bower of the Two-in-One.

"God is our dwelling place," they sang, "for bliss  
Of slumber, and for joy of waking sight ;  
Instilling wisdom sweetly by a kiss,  
And forming strength and virtue by delight."

'Tis there Chrysanthæus dwells ; by wings on wings  
O'ershadowed, veiled with many a nuptial screen :  
One with the Angel of his comfortings ;  
Formed in God's likeness with his Lily Queen.

If ye would taste the waters of the well  
Of their full life, by melody that flows,  
Leave them in God's kind bosom where they dwell,  
And trouble not their calm and chaste repose.

## THE BRIDE.

"Come forth from my bosom, my Bride, my Bride!  
'Tis innocence weaves our glee.  
I feel the rise of thy bosom's tide,  
The lift of the bridal sea.

"Enfold my frame in the snow-white flower,  
The bloom of thy being's charms"—  
She answered, "Nay, but I come by power,  
The bride of the man-at-arms!

"I weave my will in a robe of mail,  
For still in the fight we stand;  
But slip at last from my bridal veil,  
Thy Love in the Garden Land."

She wove her will in the battle robe,  
Her voice in the trumpet's tone;  
'Twill thrill and burn when the flying globe  
Is made as the Great White Throne.

## THE WIFE'S WHISPER.

Forth from the fulness of Heaven's Infinite,  
In his life's youth I came;  
The spray of my white fountains overlit  
His mind with lucid flame.

From vestal chambers where the Mother beams,  
By pureness for delight,  
I flowed beside him, as the river streams,  
Deep in the shadowed night.

Ye knew it not that he was comfortless  
When for your joy he wrought,  
Save as he touched the lilies of my dress  
By purities of thought.

Ye knew him not, that he but held his way,  
That he your way might cleave  
Through Agonies, that make the world their prey,  
And terrors that deceive.

The Heavens reclaim him to their shining hall—  
The Luminous great Band.  
His flying feet hereafter shall but fall  
As sunbeams on your land.

Therefore I weave my robe, my happy robe :  
My form I must array,  
When, through the azure air-space of the Globe,  
We twain are borne away.

## NO MORE.

## I.

No more, no more, no more !  
On Earth we kept our sacred Bridal Hours ;  
Through piercing thorns, we lift these blooming flowers  
Twining your brows ; when but as Radiant Powers  
We visit not your shore.

## II.

No more, no more, no more  
Shall we endure the pain of gifts rejected ;  
Sorrows that grew from precious things neglected :  
Our feet rise from the floor.

## III.

No more, no more, no more  
Shall we creep humbly, asking men their pardon,  
For that good fruit we brought them from God's Garden,  
Life's virtue to restore :  
No more, no more, no more !

It was almost immediately precedent to this time of translation that "Songs of Fairyland" were written, which are the first and earliest part of "The Golden Child." Copious extracts from these have been given in the previous pages. From the early Autumn of 1876 they appeared each morning, one by one, on the breakfast table, beautifully written in



Mr. Harris's own hand, till the whole "Chronicles"—so termed—were concluded, fifty-five in number. Their appearance was almost consecutive, if not quite, during the same number of days; and immediately afterwards began the other parts of "The Golden Child," to be given in almost consecutive daily "Chronicles," till the number of one hundred and four was completed. During all this time the King was manifestly updrawn or indrawn into the tenderest states of Fay-like innocence; yet having to endure intense sufferings, by intervals, from the more or less discordant and unpurified states of others. But all the while the organic changes in himself were advancing; until one day he came out and said to the writer: "The great change has come, and much sooner than I expected; but with me those states are always hastened"; and then he added that he would now have to withdraw into great retirement, more absolute than ever, and that in it he must be carefully shielded from all intrusion. But, of course, it was then only dimly known all that was implied in these few words. The proclamation of the translation, given above, in "He Calls His Own," "The End of Days," and "No More" was the first clear intimation of it.

But it was after the translation, and from the high ground of the translated state, that "A Voice from Heaven" was written, and after that "The Holy City"; but to be printed strictly for private circulation only.

"The Holy City" may be regarded as a continuation and amplification of what is said in "A Voice from Heaven." The idea of the End coming as a brief and sweeping Judgment prevails throughout

it; and the modification of that idea, recorded in "Wisdom of Adepts," "Star Flowers," and "Song of Theos," does not yet appear. But in "The Holy City" there are many wonderful things written of most precious value which may be extracted for general instruction in the volumes that Mr. Edwin Markham is preparing for the press, but which would hardly be relevant in this life-history. Some few things only must be said; for in course of the time during which it was being written, Chrysanthus is brought to another stage of uplift; or, as may be said, of departure. It refers to his special organic relations with the members of the private circle with whom hitherto he had been specially unitised, as if he and they together, indeed, formed one organic body—vitally and organically one. Now, the Divine Mother, speaking, said to him, "Since this social holding began twenty years ago, you have held in the plexus\* by one continuous holding, and have not failed. I will now cut the nerve by which you hold. Having fulfilled its use, it now separates and allows the plexus to go free."

"The Mother said again, 'When you commenced in our service to form a household, I commenced through you to weave forth the plexial band. By means of it you and those of your own have been able to hold together in ways of social advance; while those not visibly of the household have still been united in it, forming a Brotherhood and Sisterhood of the New Life. Each of the faithful ones—for they were named by Us of the Faithful

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\* For a detailed account of the "plexus" and its functions in the body of man, see footnote further on to pages devoted to account of "Wisdom of Adepts" and the "Brotherhood of the Rock."

family—are to receive by Us their reward; the last as the first, each a penny.'

"The Mother smiled and continued, 'Where they were all held by you in this plexial band, We will now form by Our Ultimative Body. Your Father of old, in that former incarnation, held those who constituted the central group of disciples in this way, and He was with them in the plexial tie. You will, therefore, remember that in the last hours He sat at table with them, and nourished them through that tie, while they partook of outward bread. We began to form in you for that last supper this sacrament of fraternity and eternity, but We commenced to nourish those united with you from the time when We caused you to enter into the social household life. Now We cause you to rise from the table and to stand forth, free from all associations excepting those in the general body of those who shall remain. Your Father-Mother say, "Come"!'

"When the Mother had thus declared, the Father came, saying, 'This judgment is pronounced finally for you, Our servant, two-in-one; and also for those in Our service gathered about you, two-in-one, who have helped in the bearing of the burden.' The servant bowed his head in worship, and the Lord said, 'Add to the record of this testimony: That We, Jesus in Yessa, are judged in this degree of Our Personality, where we stood in our finitude, proceeding by an eternal generation out of God; so that judgment may be complete, as comprehending all.'"

This last statement by the Lord has reference to an immense series of profound statements and declarations by Himself, recorded in the previous pages of "The Holy City," concerning His own

first advent, and the various accounts that are given of it in the New Testament. These, being regarded as beyond the scope of this narrative, have not been attempted to be given in these few pages, and could not possibly have been abridged.

## CHAPTER XVI.

IN the earliest days of *The Use*, almost at the very commencement after his transition, Mr. Harris had declared that at a certain time, when his own personal work in it was completed, he would be removed from amongst us, and the place he occupied "would be filled by a Divine Manifestation."

But what precise form such manifestation would assume was never said, and it was, no doubt, in true vital order that it should be left thus indefinite, for any strict idea of definite form implanted in minds only yet partially emancipated from old conditions of thought might have served more as an obstruction to evolution of life than a help. The true evolution of life is not into any order of strict forms whatever, but into full and perfect liberation of soul. The true manifestation of God will only be found by souls who in unity of sympathy have evolved, altogether as one, into such state of liberation. Therein only is it possible that the God-impregnated seeds, whence true vital harmony of life may spring, shall be able to begin to bud, and gradually thereafter to flower and to fruit, as in a Divine Garden. In the books written later more and more does light, as from the dawn of earliest morning in the East, begin softly to illuminate this transcendent and transcending genesis of the life of God in the corporate Humanity of the New Christian Age. But it is not by the "Man's

way" of prescriptive forms of order that it will appear, but by the "Woman's way," and out of the "Woman's Word." The utmost reach of the thought of man in himself alone could not touch its fringe. It is wholly in Woman's keeping; and until She brings it forth into manifestation it is impossible for any man whatever to fathom its arcana. See further for what it is possible to say on this subject in future pages referring to "Wisdom of Adepts," "Star Flowers," and "Song of Theos," and, lastly, in the "closing words" of this narrative.

Always in the previous years there came times when the pivotal personality felt it incumbent that he should withdraw his presence, in order that all the members of The Use might freely by themselves carry on the embodiment, in ultimate service, of those Divine principles of the Life they had learned ideally to love and cherish; and in this manner they were slowly being educated to assume the principle of taking on responsibility, in its Divine-natural sense, in the exercise of their own will, free from direct external guidance. But now the time of full and permanent departure had come.

'Nought but a shadow meets the eyes :  
Chrysanthæus is fled."

And again :

"My Fays that shadow shall possess :  
Chrysanthæus is fled."

But those even in The Use, and all beyond the manifest bounds of The Use, were slow in taking in the idea, as a reality. Henceforth that shadow form, taken possession of and shielded by the Fays,

was used only as a means of free demonstration and visitation by speech and song out of the realities of the Divine-natural life in Lilistan, in its relations to all life here below. It was "the Minstrel" henceforth, but it was not "Chrysanthus," and it was not "Theos." It was "Thomas Lake Harris" to all practical ends and purposes on Earth, but it was not the translated man himself.

"Men see the shadow glide and creep,  
As day its duty brings :  
But he is now enfolded deep  
Where his Heart's Angel sings :

And I have drawn him as a bird  
Who leaves the infant shell,  
Deep in the Everlasting Word,  
With me and mine to dwell."

And again :

"No longer where the gifts bestow  
Shall men my servant see.  
The shadow shall appear below :  
The two-in-one with me."

And yet that shadow-form suffered. It had to be the inheritor of all the earthly sequences of the past life of him whom it represented, for the sequences of law are for ever unavoidable. Through Chrysanthus-Chrysanthea, and lastly, through Theos-Thea, and in and by the Divine Breath, all Lilistan pressed down into that suffering form, and did not cease to do so until it was determined that the end had come, and all the purpose of that earthly manifestation was completed.

In "Song of Theos," under the head of "Bestowal," are found the last recorded words spoken to the men

of this Earth by the Lord Himself. Of these words the last eight lines are as follow :

"I show no outward miracle but this :  
I breathed into a minstrel of your time,  
And he drew agonies to serve my bliss :  
Through forty days' temptation versed the rhyme.  
All that he had he gave me, and he wrought  
Unto the utmost of his lyric thought.  
I TAKE IT FROM HIM, IN IT TO ENSHRINE.  
CLAIM IT : I GIVE IT YOU. I WOULD BE THINE."

And thus is divinely verified what Mr. Harris had said at first, that when his own personal work in *The Use* was completed, he would be removed, and the place he had occupied "be filled by a Divine Manifestation."

But the full realisation of this still remains to be achieved.

Also should here be quoted four preceeding lines from the same latest recorded Divine words :

"As through temptation I came forth before  
Now, clad in minstrelsy, I ope the door.  
I bring good tidings, if ye will but heed ;  
Yet in your normal faith the news must breed."

And again :

"But by the Minstrel's Lyric I declare,  
Yet the Song holds the being of the Nation."

After "The Lord, the Two-in-One" was written, besides "The Golden Child" above referred to including "Songs of Fairyland" and the other *Chronicles*, there were being issued also privately to the "Household-band," and the closely related friends beyond, a series of "Visits" of "The Wedding



Guest" filled with strictly personal and special words of guidance that cannot now be quoted from. But in addition to this, there was also printed, and privately circulated, a wonderful personal diary of Chrysanthus's own evolution of life in the luminous or electrovital degree, into the full powers and faculties of his kingly office. This transcends all experience of Man, as yet, whose conscious life is in the outward and ultimate, and transcends therefore the scope of this narrative. Nevertheless all that is said in it is beyond question verifiable in and through the Breath of God in full evolution. But that is too far in advance of all present states to be available in a history that is devoted to experiences already verified; and such as are immediately verifiable, by all who are willing to live the life. The writer of this narrative must not presume to enter into such heights. But for its beauties and marvels, as idealisms, Mr. Edwin Markham's volumes will doubtless reveal all that he deems will be acceptable and appreciable by the general reader; and, for the lovers of occult studies, the same may be said of "Respiro's" publications.

But the following extract from it must not be omitted:

"The Arch natural man perceives that it is unjust and exceedingly cruel for one who has entered into the bi-sexual existence to be compelled to remain on Earth, unless God were preparing to cleanse the Earth of the polluted seed, and make it a fit residence for a social and nuptial people.

"Every effort to extend the bi-sexual life has now ceased: it is an hour of awful suspense. Meanwhile, as God withdraws His quickening Spirit from the

natural man, the natural man absorbs the dream-sphere in its place, and fills himself with sensuous and spiritualistic fantasies, in which he must be left alone. It is perceived also that men are confirming themselves rapidly in the emptiness of their delusions; yielding to the drift; letting things go. The alarm that existed when these writings began to be issued has generally died away: stupidity follows, and a miserable confidence, or an apathetic and carnal repose. The race has driven out its providence: nothing remains but to close the doors, and preserve those who have taken shelter."

But the above was written for that day and hour; and it is immediately added: "When men come again they will come by tens of thousands, fleeing from a disaster like the flood."

And still further the Arch-Natural Man continues: "I have said that revelation is simply impossible when men are natural"—that is with natures not modified by Arch-Nature. "This is because revelation in its orderly outgrowth is the result of Arch-Natural experience, and when given can only be perceived vitally and really by those who are in rebellion against the natural, and seeking to conform their life to the loftier ideal. Where men are not seeking to be elevated, it makes no final impression on them; it sinks through them as water through quicksands, and produces no return."

## CHAPTER XVII.

"THE Holy City" was given in 1880, the "Luminous Life" in 1882; and about two years after, in 1884, there was given "Wisdom of Adepts," or "Esoteric Science in Human History," which in many respects is the most marvellous of the books; although "The Lord, the Two-in-One" is the most important of all, and "Star Flowers"—a poem of at least 25,000 lines in 9 cantos—the most splendid, inspiring, varied, and beautiful. But the precious volume "Wisdom of Adepts" has now to be spoken of, coming as it does next in succession.

It is told in previous pages how Mr. Harris's life of labours began, first as an enthusiastic preacher and minister in one of the ordinary Christian sects, and there how his zeal magnified his office, in devotion of soul, loving services, and in the constant aim for the practical embodiment of the principle of fraternal human unity in the Heavenly Father. Wherever he came, and wherever he stood, he sought for this unity and fraternity with such a loving zeal as was only too fervid to find immediate success or realisation anywhere among men, whose own souls, chilled almost to death in their worldly and sectarian environments, could in no respect be assimilated to it. But, although this entailed failure after failure in each attempt, he never succumbed. Never would he suffer any sentiment to prevail in his own soul and

life, but love alone; and ever was it, for this very love, too warmly held, that from every kind of organised society, sect, or reformatory or aspiring movement, he was rejected and thrust out. He threw his embracing arms around the ordinary "Christian" in his sect; the ordinary "Spiritist" or "Spiritualist" in his struggling efforts; the ordinary "New Churchman" or "Swedenborgian" in his diviner aims; the ordinary "Socialist" in his various co-operative or Utopian schemes; never becoming a despiser, a controversialist, or an opponent, but ever a friend and a sympathiser. And now at length, when a new occult movement strikes into the West from the East, or apparently and ostensibly from the East, through one of the most remarkable of mediums that had hitherto appeared—but not of Hindustan or Tibet, but a Russian lady, who had come over to America to investigate the Spiritistic Movement there—again he entered most sympathetically into the study of the remarkable phenomena. He never denied or ridiculed the idea that she had true communication with the "Mahatmas," or that these were true living personalities of the far East. He knew very well the possibility of its being true; and although he knew, by only too abundant agonising experiences, the dangers of such mediumship to both the spiritual and bodily well being, yet he was far from assuming any dogmatic or dictatorial tone. He sought only to know and find out, in the Divine light, how far many of the remarkable things she enunciated were true, and as far as he honestly could he brought in corroborative testimony. He did not take captious offence at the apparently hostile statements to the verities of the Christian redemptive principle. He

attributed them rather simply to hostility to its gross perversions in the various sects and churches. He did not directly combat any one of the principles they laid down, or attribute to them an evil animus; but he endeavoured to show in what respects alone they could be regarded or held as true. He did not deny re-incarnation, their main, or one of their main, principles. But he tells of a wise Angel of the Golden Age of our Earth who came and discoursed with him regarding it, and who confirmed what had been his own view of the subject, recorded so early as 1857, a quarter of a century before the Eastern Mahatmas were heard of. That view is this:—In the inmost of the seven forms that constitute the human structure is the “psychic-germ,” and it is only when all the other forms have wasted away, or been destroyed, by evil, that there can be a proper re-incarnation, for the psychic-germ is the seed of man; therefore then only is it, by the inevitable law of nature at one with the law of God, that re-incarnation is bound to ensue. But that wise Ancient had more and most beautiful things to say concerning the progress of the psychic-germ through all the three “Kingdoms” of nature—the mineral, vegetable, and animal—before it finally reaches the human degree; but the whole quotation of this will be more in place in a fuller compendium of the writings by another pen; therefore the present writer will refrain.

After this there occur remarkable and illuminating statements regarding the deep occult relation that subsisted originally between the fundamental spirit of Buddhism and that of Christianity. The former was a precursor; and it is affirmed that the great Sakyamuni himself, having become unitised with the

"Brotherhood of the Rock," together with them, he was essentially re-incarnated in the person of the Lord Jesus, and they altogether, in their own measure and degree, shared from the internal in all His sufferings and final martyrdom.

With regard to these Brothers of the Rock, it may be said that this whole book, "Wisdom of Adepts," is mainly an account of their organisation and a history of them; and also in great degree it is a history by them, for the greater part of it consists of remarkable and graphic reports of conversations held from time to time with the several members of that great Brotherhood; and regarding this Brotherhood more must now be said here, as it is all vital history and most pertinent to this historical narrative.

But this takes us back to the depths, and also the heights, and the very core of the history of the human race of this Earth. After the first appearance of man upon the globe, according to all universal tradition, there ensued a "Golden Age," which was a time, if not of perfection, yet of relative innocence, compared to the ages which succeeded it. This surviving tradition the Brothers of the Rock affirm in the main to be true; but they have many wonderful things to relate concerning it, the memory of which is entirely lost in all externally surviving history or tradition. Those Brothers were not themselves of the Golden Age but of the Silver Age that succeeded it. They affirm the truth of there having been "a fall" from perfect innocence before the Golden Age began, of which the account in "Genesis" of the Hebrew Scriptures is a shadowed tradition from the most ancient times; and ever after,

the race retained in its organic structures sequences from that first fall, that made life a continuous combat or struggle against a deeply-ingrained tendency that was away from innocence. But at first this was small and inactive, and those evil spirits from a preceding race of men and another orb, who became later such powerful enemies to man, had then only very slight access to him, and because of this relative freedom from their evil influence, those innocent predecessors and forefathers of all succeeding generations were able to hold against them, and to grow harmoniously into a beautiful civilisation of almost perfection of innocence, and a deep order of Divine wisdom, such as after ages were incapable of; concerning which many remarkable things are related that must perforce be omitted here.

But gradually the old slight inherited tendency, derived from the first lapse, began hiddenly to grow within them, until through this at length the enemy—the evil spirits—attained to such a measure of organic hold that they could instil influences that had certain effects; which, however, could not yet become ostensibly manifest in outward life, or cause any breach to the universal social harmony. The instilled influences spoken of were all deeply hidden in the generative seed vessels, and through this in the course of time a new type of children began to be brought forth that were different to those of the Golden Age—more externally developed, but less quickened internally. These became the progenitors of the Silver Age. In this volume, “Wisdom of Adepts,” the whole history, as far as was possible, is given in detail. But here only the great central historical fact of the origin of the Brotherhood of the Rock is sought to be brought into the foreground.

As to all outward ostensible life, the Silver Age also was an age of innocence; but the most interiorised individuals of it began to enter into a consciousness of the organic presence of the hidden enemy, and to be given to foresee the inevitable consequences in all succeeding generations, unless a determined and sufficiently organised order of resistance against it were established. The simple ways of combat of the Golden forefathers, it was felt, would now be insufficient; and, besides, they were of too deeply occult a nature for the more externalised Silver people to exercise. Therefore, two or three only of the most quickened, at first, combined to form a social centre of resistance; and these constituted the nucleus of that which in due time became the great Brotherhood of the Rock. Of these the one who was called "Adonai" became ultimately the recognised chief, although at first he affirmed he did not occupy any pivotal position; but all the Brotherhood stood upon an equality. He represented himself only as being "The Guardian of the Gate." But the whole history of how the Divine Spirit descended to them, bringing Divine sanction to all their virtuous labours, and how the Divine Word, in a new form specially adapted to the genius of the Silver people, was revealed and given, this writer cannot venture to give in detail, but for all that must refer to the volume itself. There, by Adonai himself, it all is told. The fight was an organic one, and the strictest rules of life, were prescribed, to preserve to the utmost possible degree in its primitive integrity, the whole constitution of the people. "Obedience to the strict law" was the only way of safety. For long—how long is not precisely said—the whole race of the innocent Silver people



complied with this law absolutely, and thus the perfect blessedness and social harmony of all was preserved. And yet the organised Brothers themselves are said to have been only a few of the whole. The initiation demanded such a whole-souled concentration of devotion in martyr love, martyr courage, and martyr service, as only the very foremost of the race could attain to. But those few held for all, upholding the organic integrity of all, so long as full compliance with and obedience to the "strict law" prevailed.

Abbreviating and simplifying, as much as is possible or permissible, the words of the Brother of the Rock who makes the statement, the original order of initiation to membership in the Brotherhood was as follows:

By the Central Edifice, where the Nation had its religious seat, there was constructed a "labyrinth," which was made use of for purposes connected with the initiations, and the educative processes of the Illuminati, the Secret Fraternity, the Brothers of the New Life. . . . "In our labyrinth," declared the Brother, "were two occult ways, making one way. One of the ways opened through the processions of the Divine Man in the Divine Woman. The other way opened through the processions of the Divine Woman in the Divine Man." More cannot be said here. The "hierophant" was "one of the seven, called the Exalted of the Sanctuary." He first drew the initiate to himself over the threshold of the Way—"that threshold being called 'Impassible,' bearing him over in the strength of the word that is derived from the Omnific Name." The initiate was then in the opening that is called "Truth," not the Man Truth, but the Woman Truth, "represented

as a Woman veiled and silent. She being satisfied that he was in the spirit of a son, removed the first veil, and led him to the audience chamber of the first degree.

"In this Chamber of Audience the Woman Truth instilled into the mind of the initiate such as may be inferred in these sentences. Believe not every spirit that may seek inwardly to be in you or outwardly to form upon you. Try and explore, search and introspect, feel and sense of the spirits, to see if they are of God. Many false spirits, foreign to the order of the originals of Creation, have begun by their projectives to seek to influence the mankind of this world. These false spirits have one amongst them who is named 'the father of falsehood,' but he is also able to infatuate by the style of woman as the mother of deceit. He is also able to project by appearances terrifying to the opaque body and the senses of the flesh. . . . Be watchful, awake, circumspect, desiring not in your body from the spirit of self-desire. . . . For your defence I communicate the Power of the Sword. . . . Be not afraid of the sufferings that may destroy the opaque body. Be only afraid of yielding to self-desire that shall consume both the body and soul of naturality, and the body and soul of spirituality, even to Avichi.\*

"The neophyte was hence left alone. We produced no temptations; we played upon him by no jugglery invented for the delusion of the occult or material senses. It was in the way of Truth, and in the process of its science, and in the accomplishment

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\* The lowest deep of Hell; total destruction of all life except only the soul-germ; the word for "hell" in Brahminic literature.

of its purpose, that whatever occurred to him took place. . . . It was said in ages long subsequent, 'easy is the path that descends into hell.' That path we behold as opening into all human constitutions, and the fumes of the poisonous delights that are in that path are the temptations that ascend from the infernality of the natural degree. . . . Plunged thus into the initiative combats of the Mystery, the neophyte stood in deathly grapple with the spirit and body of his own self-life . . . till he finally met and conquered the living lusts, formed in the spirit and body of self-desire, and had pierced that body by means of the power of the Word-Sword, and wounded it in the central principle of its natural life. He was then named as a Brother in that degree by the appellation 'Faithful.' . . . It was also said of him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; having been found faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many. Go on to further entrance into the joys of the Lord.'

"A term of years might elapse before one who had become a Brother of the First Round was led up to the second term of the Secret Life. There are seven mansions in the unitary house of the Mysteries."

The "Rounds of Life" of the Brotherhood of the Rock, of which there are seven, must not be confused with the seven degrees of the Breath spoken of in previous pages. Mr. Harris is said to have been in his Second Round when "The Lyric of the Golden Age" was written—when he was probably only in the second degree of the Breath; and he did not reach the Seventh Round until the whole period had elapsed during which the "Wisdom of

Adepts" was given; and Steadfast, who had passed through the whole seven degrees of the Breath, was at that time declared to be only in the Second Round of the Brotherhood of the Rock. Of the Breath the writer has spoken from his own experience and that of those with whom he was associated in The Use. But "the Rounds" belong to that electro-vital degree in which the Brotherhood of the Rock live, and are above and beyond his conscious experience, and, therefore, he only presumes to give here what is written concerning them, and to indicate, by the way, that the two are distinct, and yet, beyond doubt, vitally inter-related. In the Silver Age the Divine Breath was common to the whole people, and was their life. But the entrance into the Rounds was the entrance into battle in defence of that life that was threatened with invasion by a deadly foe. Here—in the Rounds—the Breath of God becomes the Sword of the Spirit. We may know more of the Rounds hereafter when the battlefield has extended into the whole lower degree of life, in this our modern day. Continuing the quotation:

"It was easy to know a Brother, even of the First Round, from the generality of the people. For those who had been admitted by the Divine Isis, the Mother of Life, to that which is concealed within the first outline of her veil, were henceforth distinguished by an absorbed and solemn expression. *They had seen*; hence the term "Seers" came to be applied to them. Such men took henceforth a more weighty part in the responsibilities of civic and religious affairs. . . . By far the greater part of the Brothers never passed beyond the first veil and its pathway, because their round of natural life was

traversed and their karma\* ripened before they had reached the stage from which access is opened to the second veil."

And, as has been said, even they formed only a small part of the whole Nation, but they could hold for all so long as there was unity in obedience to the "strict law." But, unhappily, this did not, and no doubt could not, be maintained forever, and for the account of what followed a new chapter must be opened.

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\* In current Eastern theory, the life element derived from a previous incarnation that has to evolve in the present life; here, the Divine scheme of life for the individual inscribed in the soul-germ.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE came at length a time when some of the people of the Silver Age began to weary of the requirements of the strict law, and to long for "an easier way." The whole cannot be told here; but at length these longers for an easy way begged to be allowed to depart to another land, where, perhaps, without disturbance to their brothers, they could enter upon an easier way of life for themselves. But here the words of Adonai himself must be quoted, for no words of the writer's own would suffice.

Adonai, addressing "The Adept"—as in this book Mr. Harris is designated—in continuation of the account, said: "Alas, my brother! there was a law in our constituted life, a divine law, that made it imperative that those who desired to be relaxed from Order, if they willed to be relaxed, might be relaxed; seeking, if they so chose, a region beyond our own for their new inhabitancy. Thence came the first separation of mankind. The emblem of the race who were our progenitors had been gold; ours had been silver; those who sought to depart, that they might reorganise their state in a relaxed system, drew copper for their sign.

"They included in their movement of departure, about a fourth of the people; the most adventurous, the most pushing and insensitive, the most robust; but all of them were of those who had not been inwarded; there were among them none who had

crossed the threshold of the Secret Way. Still there were those who were versed in the laws and processes of all the sciences—those who were adepts, in so far as it was possible for man to become an adept before he enters the Mystery which carries in its bosom the New Life.

“Those, our kinsmen, departed from us in peace, taking with them whatever riches of the land they desired; and indeed they took many things. Whatever their hands clave to they held for their own, and we said, as in the words that are written, ‘If one will take away thy breast robe, let him take thy over-mantle also; that he may be satisfied.’ But they broke the circle of Life: they cleft the race of mankind asunder. They destroyed the plexial\* band of the one humanity, and so opened the door for the enemy to come in.

“Thus they of the easy way departed.

“. . . Let me be brief, for, indeed, I can hardly bear it—they sailed away. The knife entered.

“Tender, sympathetic, genial, virtuous, intelligent, yet failing only in one thing—the fixedness of purpose that generates ability for keeping of the

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\* It is right here that an explanation should be given of the plexus—the “Solar-plexus”—and of its function in the organic life of the unfallen man, also of man in whom regeneration has begun, and of the redeemed man when re-established in his original inheritance.

In the words of Adonai, as will be seen further on, it is described as the “joy-nerve of the body” and as “a vibrating disc with almost as many keys as there are chords in the solar fire.” It is here that all consciousness of the true Life focuses, and all the harmonies of the unfallen universe are revealed, felt, and, in the perfection of man’s state, specifically known and realised. It cannot be understood to be absolutely destroyed or dead in any man, not yet sunk into the lowest depths of Hades; for without it, if the Lord in His own person should approach and speak, there would be no ability in him whatever to recognise the Divine Voice, by which alone he can be ever restored and redeemed. All the “Gospels” of the Lord Jesus were written directly from the vibrations of the plexus in the bosom of the writers. He Himself was personally and potentially with them as they wrote,

strict law—they parted from us, and in parting the earth clove asunder, as to its human form. The rock of its defence was sunken; the pillar of its enlightenment was drawn upward, being separated from the rock that was its base.

“In our homeland we afterwards declined. From this time our civilisation drooped, for the balance of the power had passed from us.—Observe here that, as yet, mankind, in both its now severed peoples, was essentially incorrupt. The black magnetism had not as yet become propagated into physical maladies, nor into the malady that, in modern language, is designated as ‘sin.’ It had not evolved so far, excepting for this peaceful separation, as to become a visible factor in the operation of affairs. There was weakness merely and a beclouding, but those who departed were tender friends. They left numbers of their children with us. There was no chiding on our part, but we who held to the strict law observed the law according to its strictness, and we gave way to their going, for in the science of our law we saw that their tendency had evolved to a determination that must run its course.

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harmonising and ruling in each through the plexial sense. But the plexus also can be artificially stimulated by hypnotic processes used by spiritists; but all these are dangerous in the highest degree, and, if not arrested in time, are deadly. Except as quickened directly of God, and under Divine protection, its stimulation opens the whole body and life of the man to unchecked invasion by all the “princes of the powers of the air.” The Divine Breath itself, and the perfect service of God in His Kingdom, alone ensure safety.

See, in the words of Adonai further on, how it was with the organically open people of the Silver Age after the body of man became rent in twain by the departure: “But now they had sorrow for joy and pains for delights.” Until after the End it will not be safe for men in general to be fully opened again in the plexus, as were those innocent people of the Silver Age. All the good in the world would become more and more exposed and sensitive to torture from the invasions of evil spirits, both embodied and disembodied, who hate them with undying hatred.



"To pull apart a man is terrible; this was the pulling apart of Man. Many of our people, however, were in the hope that the kingdom that would be founded by those who departed should serve as a mother, that might bring forth and bring forth, till the whole earth should be filled with the glory of God in the many kingdoms of man. Those who thus hoped were strongly in the sympathy of those who were of the division, though not as themselves among the departure. Hope is large within the human breast, and that which the generous affections desire is easy to be believed, especially in those in whom the torch of the Mysteries has not enkindled the admonitory fire. From this seeming digression I return.

"The strict law of our science required that each family in the land should consider its possessions as not its own. The younger parents held in obedience to the elder parents, and these elders held in obedience to the State. Thus property, by a series of ascending hands, was held up to the God of our life. When any one of us desired a bestowment it was made to him, but that which was given was held up; it was not held down; it passed into the law of his allegiance. There was no right of private possession, by absoluteness, for any in the nation. . . . It was considered that the State should stand in form and order of uprightness as man, and that in that man [who was king] God would stand for the State.

"This was known as the strict law in one of its co-ordinations. By means of the constant and inviolated action of this law the body of self-desire in man, and the spirit of self-desire in the higher degree of him, were held restrained. They were

held in subjection to the spirit of Divine Desire, involved from on high into the spirit of His personality, and thence inseminated, being led down and embodied in the full structure of His life."

The above extracts reveal as much of Adonai's showing of the social form and structure of the people of the Silver Age, while still maintaining its original integrity, as can be given here. The following words express the core and strength of it: "The imaginations of our hearts were in the strictness of our law, and we loved the law above all things."

Concerning those of the departure he adds: "Our kindred who divided from us, still in an abstract conception loved the law; but they imagined that they could yet fulfil its spirit by some easier way of action. The wolf-dogs that were wild in the savage region beyond the confines of our inhabited land, after the division had occurred, commenced to howl. This was a sign to us, being understood in our science, that the coarser organisms of the brute nature, which had hitherto been in passive fear before the mankind of our race, and the cries of whose passions had been partially suppressed as a consequence of that timid passivity were beginning to rebel against our sway. . . . Mankind being broken from the hold by which it maintained the strength of its dominion over the creatures of the air and the creatures of the field, the awe of man, which they had known, also commenced to pass away.

"We became aware from this time, by means of their invasion, of things which had been before unknown—aches and pains. The delicious harmony in which the elements had been modulated was yielding to the inroads of an aggressive force. A sorrow began to be felt in Nature, which before had been

presented to us in its aspects of serenity and joy. Still we held on in the path of our strict law, bringing forth the forces deduced in the processes of our occult science to meet the invasions. The combatant energy commenced to issue in our bodies; we strove mightily in those days.

"It had not been necessary heretofore for our people to energise by the more strenuous processes, for the resistances to our energies had been so slight as to be hardly appreciable. Now, however, disciplines of energisations were instituted for every family, and in the custom of its daily law. Thus, as a nation, we became organised in the occult form of battle, and life was made a warfare. Neither had it been the training and custom hitherto to demagnetise, for the black magnetisms had formerly been repelled by the expulsive forces of the *vrilic*\* virtues. Now these black magnetisms ascended because of the revolt of the animal kingdom against the human sway, and dissipated in their advance the finer virtues of the floral world, generating parasitical infusoria of deadly and malignant types, which commenced to creep over all flesh, and to adhere to the skin, as fluid substances of disease and vice. Therefore, in order to maintain the purity of the senses, and the restraint upon the latent passional forces in the body of self-desire, a system of demagnetisation was instituted for all. Therefore, also, we burned incense, and resorted to many modes of chemical fumigation; we arrayed the potencies of fire

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\* "*Vril*" is the name given to the vital fluid that is the essential exhilaration of all good life in ultimates, and is the direct opposite of what is known as "magnetism," which is a deadly fluid, generated by all evil life in man, and weighting the souls and bodies of men down to death and the grave.

and sweet odours against the invasive, burning stench of its deadly cold. We sought to be held up high, by the lift of heart and hand, to the Supreme Energy.

. . . . .

"Our life that heretofore had been a labour in joy and a joy in labour, now commenced to be a labour in sorrow and a sorrow in labour. There was no more an unmixed joy, as in the time that was past. Heretofore the great joy-nerve of the body, the plexus, had been felt as a vibrating disc, with almost as many keys as there were chords in the solar fire. . . . It was the sensitive organ, by which we touched and communicated to the concords of the universe. Each personal, plexial form was so involved in communication with the plexial form of our universal public life, that the joy of the land moved in it by a frequent access of palpitant and exquisite delights." But now they had sorrow for joy and pains for delights, until at length, after a period of time not told, an end came to that great Nation of the Silver Age. But more was to be told of the great work of the Brotherhood.

The luminous man resumed his narration, saying : "It was during the imminency of this struggle of our people for the virtue of its existence, and by means of the concentration of the powers of the Brothers of the Life to preserve the form of its order and the motion of its duration, that the Brotherhood took on a more interior and substantial structure—a more vital and effective force. The number of those who were initiates of the First Round, and who by the Power of the Sword had fought on with concentrative velocity to the Sepulchre of the Second, was increased. Hence we

commenced to have in our centre a small and compact body composed of the most self-sacrificed and burden-bearing men of our people, these perfecting the karma both of the spirituality and naturality during the labours of the Second Round.

"One of us at last, being the foremost in the keeping and the service of the strict law, standing in the front of the battle from the secret place, finished his labour, having formed to himself a karma of the Second Round. His years ended as if he were a little child. . . . But by the touch of the hand he was alive, and he stood among the warrior adepts, like a pillar that was a support, and a staff that was for a stay.

"So this man cried to the God of our life, desiring that his second life-round that was now finished might not be led forth into the vortice, whereby the spirit of the personality ascends to the luminous immensity. Lo! then the chamber where he sat in our labyrinth was illuminated, and there came in among us the Light-Bearer: yea, He who holds in His hand by a larger form of the Personality, the Orb which is called the Star of the Morning. Our eyes were thence opened to behold, by the space mirrors in His eyes, the shining people of that star.

"'So He immanated into our ancient Brother': and a new round of life began for him in the ultimate degree."

After this occur vast statements concerning the people of the departure—who came to be designated by the name of "Ob"—and of their gradual decline in moral virtue, and again of their growth into an evil order of power, till they became, to all appearance, a generation of superior vital potency to that of the descendants of the people of the Silver Age

after their decline. And it is further stated how, confident in their strength, they organised a dreadful attack upon the latter, but again, how these were visited by descents of purely Divine powers, through the faithful energising of the Brotherhood to maintain the full observance of the strict law, that hurled destruction upon the invading forces of their now out-and-out evil enemies. But for all these things in detail the reader must be referred to the volume itself, or to much more extended accounts of it than would be in place here. The foregoing very detailed extracts concerning the vital work itself of the great Brotherhood of the Rock, are given purely because that work for organic deliverance, and the maintenance of vital and social integrity in the body of the race and for the upholding and preservation of the primeval innocence, is, when rightly viewed, a direct precursor of the work of The Use itself; and the two in continuity really make a unity, one and the same life purpose essentially animating them both.

But there is also another incident of great historical interest in that most ancient time, that must not be passed over here without mention. It is told in detail by the same brother of the great fraternity.—Before the people of Ob had become so absolutely evil, a remarkable departure took place from among themselves: a section of whom becoming horrified by the “theft-disease” and the “lie-disease,” that was commencing to be diffused throughout the whole people, organised an opposing force of vital energy, that became a power, evolving into a “whirl” of energy, that carried them triumphantly away into another land, entirely overcoming all resistance that could be brought up against them. In this other land,

these of the departure from Ob set up a righteous order of government, though of a more external nature than that of the Silver people: and "they received for their emblem 'the blue stone of iron,'" and for the designation of the great island they took possession of, the Land of "No-Ob-Si."

And, again, there are other statements concerning the whole order of life in the Silver Age, while still in their full unbroken social integrity, that are of most precious import, and that the writer passes over only with the most immense regret:—such, for instance, as those concerning the whole order of elementary existences, and also of the evolution of all creaturely lives of the lower or animal creation; showing how all survive hereafter, and how their fates are all involved with and are dependent upon the fates and virtues of the human race; and that as these latter rise, so also shall the whole animal and lower creation rise, and be glorified together with them in the blessed fore-ordained future that is in store. This is one fact, the clear knowledge and understanding of which by itself alone, will bring joy to every true heart that loves the animal creation.

But now we must come immediately to statements that concern more nearly the present order of evolving life out of the debased states of present evil, and so thereafter—be it soon or long—into all the glorious destinies that are to be, by God's grace, the future inheritance of the Orb.

With Mr. Harris—"The Adept"—is present one of the Eminent Brotherhood, who is styled "The Librarian," and thus he addresses him:

"Come now: there is a sound of melody in my

ears which proceeds from the womanly region of this temple of the truth: step carefully with me and observe. I make a signal at the door and it opens: this which we enter is the Chamber of the First Oracle; the lady sister who here presides is entitled the First Muse, and it is her signal that we have acknowledged, your lilla being with you in presentation. . . . The Muse said to Lily, speaking in a profound voice, 'Elevate your spouse that he may enter into the Truth of this Sanctuary.' . . . Afterward the Muse said, 'I will show you of the literature of woman; but first drink of our spring: there is a well.' The Adept answered, 'I have no conveniences for drawing water, and this is a deep well. May I not ask you to bestow on me of the water?' The Muse answered by the Oracle, 'Give me to drink of that water, for the water that is in you is a fountain of living water, flowing to the life eternal: I am in the water, and the water is in me; yet still I say, give me to drink.'

"(1127) The Adept replied, 'I will go down into the well': saying this, a stone of the pavement opened, and there were steps; so he passed down to the water, which he there beheld as a stream of crystal. From the stream he beheld one, as the Spirit of the Waters, extending a white hand, and holding forth to him a cup as of a hollow pearl: so kneeling, he reverently said, 'O Mother of the Waters! may I take of this cup, and give drink to the Muse, who is above.' Thereupon the arm was lifted from the stream, and the cup was placed in the hand held forth for its reception; but the voice said also, 'There is a tradition that I would have you remember: it is that your Master had a cup, in which He celebrated with the disciples at the last



earthly festival. This cup which you will receive from my hand is a formed pearl, in which the disciples of the band of your inner brethren served Him in Me, and Me in Him, when we were here of old as guests; so being one with them in this work, go forth, therefore, bearing the cup to your sister, and say to her that the Mother Truth spake to you from her well.' . . .

"(1128) Being returned, the Adept did as he was commanded, and there were with the Muse the others of her band of nine; so he gave the cup to the first Muse, and from her, as it was passed to the second, a second cup came out from the first cup, as if that were a mother pearl: this continuing in the succession till there were nine cups, and all full. The first Muse then said, 'You have passed through the initiation, and have entered into the round of woman that is in the Sixth Round of man.' . . .

"(1129) The Muse at this disappeared: a radiant, sparkling young man, proportioned as the Grecian Apollo, and draped in the antique style, was in her place. Claspng firmly the hand of the Adept, he said, 'These wives of ours have their own mysteries. Behold, but now I was immanated in my wife's person; she has affected the transposition, and now I am outwarded to you, while she is immanated into me.

"The Adept said, 'This is a library.' The Apollo replied, 'There is a little lyric here of which you were the author—a work of your early prime—when as yet men named you as youthful, though the first earthliness had ceased and you had commenced to travel in the secret way. That "Lyric of the Morning Land" was instilled into your bosom from the bower of the first Muse; from that epoch you

were in the pathway to the Rock by means of the concentration into your bosom from the Muses of this shrine. Hold with me for a little, and pronounce with me the new word. . . . In this word you receive Our Mother by a new name, "the Love-Mother of the Morning." . . . All day long I labour in that especial work to which I am called by the endowment; it is here that my Rest-by-Night receives me, and I am called Adonissa. Now she who is my rest is immanated into me, but you will see her again in a little while. She will come forth through another way of her mystery, by which she will be invisible to your sight till she is in the attire of reception; you may call her Issadona.'

"(1130) Soon after Issadona entered from a bower beyond, attired as a Grecian lady of the age of Pericles. . . . She said, 'The woman's art is concealment; during the long ages of the earth's inversion who knew of Christa-Yessa? The shadows of other knowledges survived, but the deepest of all was hidden with the most studious care till the end should be at hand. Now the literature of woman is all in the woman's mystery.' . . .

"(1148) Afterwards Adonissa said, 'Talking out of my wife's book, woman is a voluntariness; it is the duty of man to respect and regard her in her own genius. She will give bounteously if she gives freely, but if her giving is made in anywise under the law of compulsion, the deep chord in her heart will be jarred, till gradually the lyre of her nature is all unstrung. You ask the question—How shall mankind pass out of evil? and if, in the wisdom of woman, there is an answer to this inquiry? There is an answer: it is, that woman should be pardoned for all her offences against man; hence there will be

evolved in the sex a new love for man. That is a singular reply; on earth it would be considered very immoral. Let mankind decree for woman that if she desires to travel by herself she shall be free in all hotels and conveyances; ordain that all her expenses shall be defrayed from the public purse. I am talking very strangely, as would be thought by the natural world, yet this is in the wisdom of our wives.

"(1149) 'Woman has a right to pleasure: trust the sex; if ever trusted for her sex, and made the world's darling, the load of agony would commence to be lifted from the common heart of man. Till woman is thus trusted the earth will remain as it is—a hell; if she is not thus trusted after the great change, it will be left a grave. Now, we are by ourselves, talking as man with man with no restraint, and, therefore, are in a certain freedom of righteousness. There is a patriotism of sex in woman that is yet dormant, but which, in its effort for expression, takes on forms that are not altogether consonant with man's view of propriety or expediency. Women are sensitive, and chafe under a sense of bondage.' Issadona entered at this moment, saying, 'We women will have our way; I have heard all your remarks; now let me express a little. Woman, on the civilised earth, is a form of disease; she will so remain till her sex enters into its form of pleasure; she carries occultly in her sex that which, if it were once made divinely operative, would enable the just man to pass bodily out of age to youth for the rounds of eternal life. She carries that in her possibilities which would evolve in him the seven-fold temperament, leading him to organic ascensions, for which those of the

Silver Age were but as stepping-stones. If our Lord is the door, He has placed the key of that door in the keeping of woman's hands. Woman is to man the mystery that he always seeks to know, but she is veiled to him. The sex has its abnormalities; in truth, I must say this: our sisters of the earth are bewitched creatures; it is folly to specialise; the great Mother knows her own. Our wisdom teaches us this, that the Mother will have her way; she will not argue, she will not plead, she will not reveal, but she will deliver.'

"(1150) Adonissa inquired, 'How will the Mother deliver?' Issadona answered, 'She will deliver by means of openesses, and all at once: she will ascend through all her girls as one girl, making use of nature for her service. She will unegoise them: and from that hour all her sex who survive will become zone-girls in one great social zone. A woman will then say to her sister, Not "you" but "you of me"; and the response will be, Not "I" but "I of you." It hurts me much not to express that which I would: may I go on? My enslaved sex on earth presses on me: help me to go on. . . . When hope, by its newness, comes from God all good will follow; but hope, by its newness, has not yet gone forth into the world. The old hope of the world is vanishing; the new has not descended; when that enters the ego in woman will commence to fail. I see the way, though perhaps I cannot make it plain: it will be as if a divine whirl should come to them. The woman's whirl will not begin in man; it will begin in woman, for she is a voluntariness. Men would consider it a disease, unless otherwise instructed; but it would soon generate in man an enthusiasm: the *anima-mundi*

would arise to embrace the *anima-cœli*, and the man's whirl commence to form and to encompass the whirl of the woman. Thence, all who were of the class of survivalists, within the area of the whirl, without respect to previous conditions, would become sympathetically inseparable.

"(1151) 'From the whirl would proceed the space-motion: the lovely races of the inspirations and the pleasures—the superior impersonalities—would soon be led into the breadths of the whirl as fast as there was room. Then would begin the opening of the breaths, and the old respiration would pass away. May I go on? Hold me still more if I may. Upon such occurrences some of the earth would pronounce them the work of God, others of the devil; and still others would designate them as psycho-natural phenomena; but there would be no time for an arrest: the whirl would move on as an expulsive energy: it might make its centre in some city of a chosen land; and, whirl moving forth from whirl, in every town or village of the land there would be a vortice of motion, attracting into its circuit all who should remain. All who were in the vortices would be in the brightness of the bright day—in its hope, its courage, its illuminative fire and force: on the opposite classes would condense the darkness of the dark day—a failing, a falling, and an emptiness: with these things they would tend to one desire—to depart from that land as speedily as might be. Meanwhile, from other lands might be borne tidings of responsive whirls: afterward this might be expected to occur; the rulers of the nation, in a region of which the original whirl had taken elemental possession, would recognise the result of it as an accomplished fact: there would hardly be any

warfare, but rather a determination to respect a vast Occult Power, becoming embodied in Nature and in man. Those who were in the old authority would probably say in substance, "Let those who are in the motions of the vortices in the respective localities follow their whirl: let them depart to the region where the phenomena have become centralised and all-powerful." This would be, in some respects, as the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt; in other respects, as the departure from the evil land of Ob. There would be this difference, among others—a mutual desire for separation; a desire on the part of the people not in the whirls to remove the causes of physical and popular disturbance; and a desire of those in the whirls to move, as speedily as possible, to the region appointed for their home. By such means a New People, twofold, a woman-people in a man-people, would at once become an established reality: blessed are they who shall behold such days.

"(1152) 'I would still go on. Hold me more. In this new people the Book of God would open for its constitution and its law: the man-woman in the centre of the whirl would thence stand forth in the power of the electro-vital form, and in the wisdom of the divine science. . . . The capital of that new people of God would be determined by the resting-place of the central vortice of the whirl: the sub-cities, which should take the place of the present towns, would be determined by the localities of the proceeding whirls: the distribution of the people to their fit positions and residences would be determined by the motions of the whirl generated in them; the people of each whirl like a flock of birds alighting on its own tree or in its own field. All the successive

stages of ordinances and industries would follow from this by the order of their divine-natural evolution, thus fulfilling the old Scripture: "My people shall be willing in the day of my power." Then the breath-fountains would be opened in the public body, and the great processes of the kingdom of heaven be carried on to their results. This people would not continue their old life of struggle with the ego; that would have become abolished: they would commence a New Life, based on the unselfed structure of all their previous good. Our brother came to the chamber of the Oracle, and the Oracle has spoken.'"

Precedent to this, another one of the Brotherhood spoke of the possible manner of the Coming of the End, viewed otherwise than by the Woman's Word; and, therefore, in less full terms as to its approach by the gradual way, through the co-operation of the sister-bands, upon whom the manhood of the Orb is dependant for the full inflow of life from God. His words are as follows:

"(1086) 'The hands of every man who, by the formed force of his character, is in the good intent will become polarised, the right hand being made negative to the polarity of the positive hand of the divine-natural humanity, but his left hand positive. I am now speaking of the survivalists; these will thence be drawn as by their two hands to the outstretched force of the manhood of that humanity: the currents of the vital force of that heaven of man will thence be so held as to pass through the formations of those who should survive; holding them by the series of their structures in the regulated circuit of the energy. In like manner,

though in the opposite style of the manner, each woman will be held in the circuit of the womanly form of the heaven: woman to woman, man to man.

“(1087) ‘The effect of the overflow will not be to harm a leaf on a good tree, or a nerve-cell in a good creature who should survive; but there is a pent-up wrath in the collective races of the divine-natural immensities of the universe against the evil of this mankind; their flood that is to open through the *anima-cœli* is designed to extirpate utterly all things of this race that are in the spirit and body of the self-life: it is designed to dissolve to the last remains whatever there is of the constitution, habit, and tendency of the easy way: it is to lead this Orb and its surviving people into the good way of the strict law. Therefore, whatever is good for those who shall survive will be preserved; and whatever there is of evil will be abolished to the last formations: the earth will drop into slumber peacefully, as the flowers at the close of day, and then will unfold the New Creation.

“(1089) ‘Let us imagine the dawn of a new era, in which, quoting the language of a prediction of the middle period, “the people shall all be righteous.” How is it possible to reconstruct the social order in the form of rightness? There are certain points to which I may refer that contain a partial answer to this inquiry. As we understand, there is already the beginning of an occult involvement into the most fit of the fitnesses: those who are termed of the first zone. There was a divine whirl which gathered up and led out of the land of Ob those who were of the nobler quality, men and women



who represented that which was extant of the humane heroism and chaste integrity of that people: it was in the power and motion of the vortice that the multitude who afterwards became formed into the just and righteous Nation of No-Ob-Si, were led out to their divinely-appointed place.

“(1091) ‘It may be asked, “By what process will the affairs of life be carried on in that new condition?” As to this a few hints may be serviceable, as opening the mind toward more advanced statements in the future. The elimination of the body and spirit of the ego, as an active form from the structures of the human constitution, will involve the dissolution of the principle of self-desire, from the extreme forms of the mind and the senses. Human beings will hunger and thirst after righteousness, as they now do for food and drink and pleasures. Men and women will be left stretching forth their arms for the embrace of God; being filled with an exquisite and infinite yearning that the Divine will inflow and be embodied in them, and thence flow forth from them, and be embodied in the order of divine-natural society. The private respirations being made from internals to externals, and all commencing to breathe in unison from the Divine Breath, the respirations that are now held tacit being opened, and those that were open before being made voluminous and perfect—the effect of the new respiration will be to lead forth the divine virtues from each into the all, and again from the all into each by the adjustments of relations.

“(1093) ‘As far as we can see the general features of the change will be thus indicated, still there may

be certain modifications. It is possible, perhaps, that prior to the close of the events a Word-Whirl may be led forth, which might collect the people who are specified of the first zone into a region of the earth that is at present but sparsely inhabited, and where the pent vitalities of the Orb are now restrained with difficulty. In that case, the strongest of all nations that the earth has ever known might quietly emerge and assume its place, while yet the masses of the nations who are in the law and custom of the easy way might continue for a season. This view opens a possible future of immediate time, with results more glorious, but perhaps more terrific. That strong people, composed of a select body, earth's noblest organisations, its most balanced characters, the persistent holders for the true and right, placed in an embattled attitude against the evils of the planet, might serve as the earthly fulcrum for a force for a leverage of divine-natural force that would disintegrate the formations of the occult forces in which the evil and sorrow of mankind have hitherto been impregnable: this might open for the world a grand heroic age.

"(1094) . . . 'There are always two openings in each pathway of destiny: in either alternative we perceive that the finality will be the same, with no possibility of failure. In the one case we believe that the denouement will be sharply concentrated within, at most, a few days; but in the other case made benignly diffusive over a considerable period of time; that its day may be a day of a century more or less: I can only state our conclusions: more than this we are not permitted to know: in either case we hold for our service through all: again I must draw a shade.

"(1095) . . . 'The Arch Chief sends a message as follows: "The heads of the kingdom in the solidarity of our humanity are agreed in one desire, that the utmost power of those who should survive on earth may be led forth in the events to come, but this desire has not become a prayer." The Instructor said again, "It is so with us: we cannot pray that the event may take on the most heroic form; but we do pray, that if it be possible, the surviving men of the race may stand lofty and heroical, as a People of the old strict law, empowered with the energies and virtues; that when the hour arrives, it may find them as a Man and Woman People, however small, with the light of the Pillar on their faces, and their feet set firm upon the Rock. The Most Blessed Adonai said to us, before he departed for the visitation, 'All will be well, and perhaps more than well.'"' With these words the interview concluded."

## CHAPTER XIX.

IN an earlier chapter it has been told how it was that the pivotal personality opened, in the ultimate degree of his consciousness, to the heavenly counterpart, the Lily Queen, namely, that it was by music, and through music, that the descent to ultimate consciousness ensued—and this full eighteen years after the revelation of her was given, and of the heavenly nuptials with her, in the deep interior celestial degree. Also at the same time it was told that with the descent of the heavenly counterpart to ultimates in the pivotal personality, there ensued simultaneously—or almost simultaneously—a descent of the counterparts to each one of the members of The Use; and although this was realised in much clearer and more definite degree in the consciousness of some than of others, yet the presence with all was vital and real, and constituted within them their ultimate bases for service, in the life of The Use.

But again, ten years later, it is told in the "Diary of the Luminous Life," that after the unveiling of the terrible condition, sexually, of the whole world, every effort to extend the bi-sexual life on Earth had ceased; and that because of this, it was "an hour of awful suspense."

Such was the state in 1882, when the Diary was closed. But four years after, in 1886, new changes and modifications had begun to ensue, or otherwise Divine-natural life on Earth would ere long have ceased entirely, and all things have come to an end.

But now a new heavenly descent was in preparation. How this ensued is made known in the "Joy-Bringer," a volume of fifty-three melodies issued on 1st May, 1886. In the introductory "Greeting" it is there said:

"This sheaf of song that is clasped in the pages of the 'Joy-Bringer' represents not the gleanings of a past harvest, but rather the first gifts of a new summer in the Muse's field. Borne to expression from the pain and sorrow of a constant and preternatural burden-bearing and holding for many, these melodies will serve in some degree to indicate the present organic state, the occult encompassings, the meditations and experiences of the one who thus holds and bears.

"It was observed by one of the family in hourly attendance upon him that his written diary, continued for years, had ceased, but that, after coming forth, and before retiring to his nightly seclusion, he was frequently communing with himself, in a low voice that was almost song. Being reverently approached, it was inquired of him if 'he would repeat the melodious sentences that they might be preserved?' He gave to this request a partial and hesitating assent, and the fifty-three melodies that followed 'form a series of those that were thus gathered during February and March' of that year, 1886."

The following quotations from these melodies are here given to illustrate the situation at that stage of this great world-drama that now is reached.

#### VIII.

"As when the starred WOMAN OF HEAVEN  
Brings forth the Man Child to her knee;  
Then clothes him with lightnings far driven  
By rapture and splendour to be;  
So cometh the End; yet 'tis given  
For none of the wise to foresee.

"But lo! the Man Child, he shall find him  
The Woman Child, regnant and warm,  
And she for her mission will wind him  
In quietness deeper than storm;  
Till she in her bliss has enshrined him,  
And led her full life through his form.

"Then forth from invisible spaces  
The darkness shall come; it shall cleave  
To the Earth, and shall rest on the faces  
Of men, as the mist-wreaths of eve;  
Then fold the dim Orb for embraces,  
And curtains of shadowing weave.

"As choirs in the music of motion  
Lead on for the joy of the dance,  
The Man Child who moves in the ocean  
Of rapture and light shall advance;  
Till Nature out-breathes for devotion,  
Then pierces her space as a lance.

"Yea, yea, 'tis the Nature-Soul, hidden  
So long in the silence of sleep,  
Who forth from her chamber has slidden,  
Who lifts to the height from the deep:  
Her bosom she parts unforbidden,  
That life through her planet may leap.

"Behold, how to meet her, desiring,  
The soul of the Heaven stoops low,  
Till bosom with bosom respiring,  
They fold and involve and inflow;  
Then move, one-in-twain, reattiring  
The day for delight as they go.

"Oh, Nature-Soul, fed by such kisses,  
Thrill forth for a music divine.  
Uplead thy glad race from abysses  
Of darkness and dreaming supine:  
Go, bearing the cup of God's blisses:  
Wake Morn with the flow of the wine."

So in verse is the new situation told of in the "Joy-Bringer." But seven years later the same is described in explicit prose in "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," as follows:

"In the early spring of 1886 a phenomenon of planetary respiration was observed in a rural locality especially consecrated to the social service of the Brotherhood of the New Life. In the early morning the ground was felt by the feet that touched it to be all in a quiver of harmonic vibrations, and the sympathetic human organisation commenced to draw in through the respiratory nerves, and so throughout the frame, a soft, sweet breathing of living ethers, charged with the fine essence of natural qualities vitalised by flowing humane elements. It was as if the soul of the world,\* opening through her rich interiors, sought to awaken responses in the soul of the luminous heaven.

"(551) As the vortical up-breathing rose and rose, it gradually assumed the configuration of an immense woman. Her uplifted arms seemed to reach to the zenith: her floating robes changing from colour to

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\* "Inspired into every solar, aroamal, or terrestrial world is an appropriate 'world-soul,' living in the life of all its distinct creations, and pervading alike its atmospheres, its waters and its material crust, and its electro-ignus centre. These comprise the first family of God, and their number is that of the stars. They are called Selfhoods of the Worlds. They assume the likeness of the human form. They are absorptive organs for the Divine Spirit; and pervading each its own world, and living in all its parts, they distribute throughout matter the Divine vitality." (Vol. 1. of "The Arcana of Christianity," par. 135.)

And further on in the same volume, par. 158, concerning the world-soul of our own Orb, as she appeared in the year 1857—thirty-one years before this time—it is written: "The world-soul of our Orb is exceedingly afflicted, and suffers in all the inversions of Divine order upon our globe; and with an inarticulate distress, it only moans continually, but begins inmosty at the present day to rejoice because her deliverance draws nigh (and, as elsewhere stated, her one song has become this: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'). There are world-souls that sustain to that of our own Orb the most intimate relations, and continually

colour, borne out as by circling winds within them, became at last, from the crimson at the feet, star-blue at the bosom, whilst the countenance, as of many faces wrought in one, delineated an age of immemorial antiquity, resplendent in beauty that shone divine.

"(552) But into the arms of this Woman, as she extended them, descended from the aerial expanse the likeness of a Human Splendour, glowing in the youthfulness of an eternal prime, yet wearing in outward aspect a manifested resemblance to the Man who was upon the Cross. So the Woman embraced the Man, and the Man was lost in the capaciousness of her form, as if he had immanated into her, as body in body and soul in soul. But then the woman image gradually sank down again by a diffused vibration, as if re-entering into the bosom of the globe. Yet she drew down, as she descended, vortices of the fine etheric forces that entered with her through the soil, and that seemed to kiss into her own breathings—to enter into the occult lungs of the living planet, and thus to

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assist her to bear the burden of her grief. The world soul of Venus is the principal of these; but the world-soul of Mars will be as a champion fighting for it, till the long reign of anarchy and night is over."

Again, in par. 161, it is told: "The world-soul of our Orb is feminine to the masculine of her neighbour planet Mars; the orb which we call Venus, in like manner, as to its world-soul, is positive to the negative of the planet Mercury. . . . The nature and direction of the affinities of the world-souls determine, to a large extent, the industrial and social harmonies of the human races. . . . It is impossible for Social Order to prevail on our Orb until the world-soul regains its equilibrium, and is reinstated in primal harmony. When the world-soul is deranged or disturbed the disturbance and disadjustment of human society is inevitable, as it is through the world-soul of each orb that the Divine harmonies are distributed. So it was through the world-soul of the planet that Almighty God descended to effect His incarnation here. *His second coming will be fully accomplished in a new descent through the universal spirit of the race, which has now begun.*"



consummate a nuptials of the earth and skies. These wedded vibrations then commenced to enter into the sensitive frames of a body of devout and open-breathing people there; lifting them from states of painful suppression into bodily ease, joy, and mental cheer; renewing physical vigours and social delights. For about eight months this vibratory intermingling between the earth and the heaven continued, with a flow of a perpetual stream of the superior energies entering, vanishing into the sensitive body of the globe.

“(553) It should be mentioned that in the night preceding the dawn on which this phenomenon was first observed, the present writer [Mr. Harris himself], awakening from sleep, beheld the large isolated apartments where he conducts his labour illuminated, not as by the light of a candle, but by the light of a sun, diffusing through the solid walls as if they were windows open to the morning. But this light was divine-human light, naturalised to the sensitive vision; the light of the glory of God, touching through the sensitive textures of the natural degree.

. . . . .

“(554) The divine Christus Jesus passed through that vortex of the concurrent planetary and celestial breaths. He descended openly into the medieval Infernus of the shadowed world. He married in His own Person, the divine-natural constitution, that He had evolved, into the celestial inhabitants of the heaven of our globe; married that into the dead remains of the higher personality of the lost and wasted spirits, who having passed through their active round were declining to the border of oblivion.

. . . . .

"(556) Again, He breathed forth upon the land, and His breaths were showers, distilling quietude and peace. The shadowy people woke up as if their infernality had been a dream; sexless as babes are sexless; tender and confiding as babes are confiding; touching to each other with wonder and delight as babe might feel to babe. They grew up into simple sports of childhood; their memories had passed away; their consonated speech was lost in the liquidity of vowel sounds, in which the divine-natural innocence began to syllable to words, breathing the Father-Mother's name. The beginning of the nuptial union of the Earth and Skies thus consummated to a new conceptive action and vital effect in the dead form of hell. . . .

"He cleft the grave asunder;  
Yet not with thunder.  
He overcame the Error;  
Yet not by terror.  
His feet were strong and firm,  
And Hades was a worm:  
That worm he did not smite  
Nor trample, nor requite.  
Hades in its low bed was comforted."

Thus it was that the whole environments of the world and its human inhabitants had to be purified and made innocently receptive before there could be any further evolution of the counterpartal life on earth. Even the proximate Infernus had first to be redeemed, being reduced individually to its first simplicity of innocent childhood, in which all sexual consciousness was withdrawn into its root. So, too, in the children of The Use—representatively for the aspiring child-like hearts of the interiorly good of

the whole race—the social dance that was evoked was, as it were, a dance of innocent children, in whom the adult sense of sex was likewise withdrawn into its root. The first simple melodies of the “Joy-Bringer” manifest the state :

## I.

“Brim your festal bowls again  
From the fountains of the Day ;  
Paradise comes forth to men.  
Work is play.

“Motions of the gliding feet  
Weave the form in bright array ;  
Heaven descends the Earth to meet.  
Work is play.

“Twine the blissful Social Band ;  
Welcome in the blithe-heart Fay ;  
Hold with Heaven in heart and hand.  
Work is play.

“Roses ope on Labour’s throne ;  
Gold-light kindles in the gray ;  
Fairy Phoenix\* winds his horn.  
Work is play.

“Brim your festal bowls anew  
From the fountains of the Day ;  
Hearts of Love your life renew.  
Work is play.

## II.

“If you would slay the Social Snake,  
That brings the bosom grief and ache,  
Dance while you may, dance while you may,  
For Heaven comes forth in social play.

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\* See Appendix B.

"If you would call the Heavenly Choir  
In all your breathings to respire,  
Dance while you may, dance while you may  
For Heaven is in your social play.

"Voice forth your loves in joyful song ;  
'Tis music makes the spirit strong ;  
Dance while you may, dance while you may :  
The song of Heaven is in your play.

"The Powers that labour for the End  
Upon your Social Choir attend ;  
Dance while you may, dance while you may,  
Till Earth uplifts for social play."

It is "the Powers that labour for the End" who now were entering into the social body of the race, for, except as the End is ushered in, there is no intimation subsequently to this time that the counterparts can yet return. Henceforth the Divine counterparts, Lord and Lady Christus-Christa, and the ascended counterparts, Chrysantheus-Chrysanthea, with all the ascended twains who are in Lilistan, alone are spoken of. To call down to the outward plane anew the counterparts of those who are serving, or seeking to serve, here below, the End itself must be first evoked. Ever since "A Voice from Heaven" was written, and the "Diary" that was closed so abruptly in the "Luminous Life," in the very solemn terms previously quoted, no other prospect for the counterpartal returns is given expression to, than that it must be after the end of the whole present perverted social order of the world and the institution of the new. It is as a preparation for this consummation that this descent of Heaven to Earth, and to the proximate Hades under the Earth, had now ensued as described. Nevertheless, without

doubt, the counterparts are holding for all and with all from the deep internal as absolutely as ever before, though under conditions of grievous repression, until all the outward disordered state of the world that obstructs the way is burst asunder and obliterated.

It is, of course, manifest that when all sexual life is thus withdrawn into its root, the state must be but one of preparation for a new beginning; and such was now the case, not merely in the sunken spirits of Hades—whose souls had been deemed to have been utterly lost, both in their own thought and apprehension, and in that of the universal heavens at that time—but it was the case likewise in those still alive in the flesh, on whose capacity for evolution of life the whole future of our humanity is dependent.

Ever and ever, in following all the steps of this record—and even of the whole Christian record from its nativity in the manger of Bethlehem—it has become more fully evident that man's life has to return to its absolute root before any redemption can efficiently begin, either in the universal society of the world, or in any—the least—single individual pertaining to it. And not only has this to be the case for once, but again and again, for every new beginning of advance into higher degree and order of existence, such withdrawal into the root—the childhood, the infancy—of being has to ensue. And, therefore, it is that inmosty the very highest angels do most delight so to manifest themselves perpetually as little children.

“And Jesus called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them; and said, ‘Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become

as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. And whosoever shall receive one little child in My name receiveth Me.'"

Here is shown the only foundation for the ever-living, ever-enduring New Hope of Humanity in the New Life. With every additional page that the writer has felt called to add to the narrative this has become clearer and clearer, even in the ordinary everyday advance from point to point in the practical embodiment attempted by the few who have as yet felt called to enter upon the path.

But also, according to all the records and revelations of life in the Heavens themselves, its renewals ever spring from periodic recurrences to the infancy of life, from which all ever advance anew through all the steps of early youth to a new adolescence, and a new Divine-natural and Divine-Celestial courtship and marriage, with all its ever-new and ever-transcending fruitions. And thus it is that perpetuity of life in all the Heavens is maintained in ever-increasing glory.

Of course, the beginning is only the beginning; but, if it is real and genuine, it will advance to growth and evolution as surely as the good seed that is planted in good ground, on which the sun shines and the rain falls, will grow into the splendid tree, according to its kind. But if such a beginning has come on this Earth now, what is it first for—to what does it first lead? It is first for ability to socialise in Divine order; and it leads to that GATE that opens into THEO-SOCIALISM—"JERUSALEM'S GATE—THE PEARL OF PEARLS!"

Now, as the very ground beneath the feet of the small social circle standing round the representative form of the twain-one at the central home was quivering and vibrating by the uprising of the World-soul, filled with divine-natural desire for the descent of Heaven to Earth for the restoration of life to her planet; so were these led to unitise themselves with the spirit and motion of such all-enveloping World-nuptials by the dance and song. Even as it was by music that the Lily Queen had been invoked by the pivotal personality to descend to the ultimate degree from her heaven of Lilistan, as related in a previous chapter, so now it was by the dance and song combined that the members of The Use, whose counterparts had been withdrawn for the time from conscious ultimate manifestation, were moved, in unison with the World-soul of the Orb, to invoke the descent of Heaven to Earth once more; but this in a new God-inspired infantile spirit, that constituted what was in truth a new beginning, as it were, of life with them from the very foundations.\*

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\* But it should be intimated here that the writer of this narrative was not himself personally present in America during this crisis, having for private reasons to return to Europe at that time. But while thus bodily absent, he remained in constant communication with the home friends, with whom also he felt identified in all they were experiencing. In a letter to him from Mr. Harris himself, dated 15th March of that same year, the substance of what is told above in the text was given, prefaced by these words: "It looks now as if the first gleam of the coming Day-spring from on high was commencing to penetrate this point of the Earth's dense atmosphere. The Divine social sphere commenced to flow into the poor suffering bodies of our people, and I was able to assemble them for social festivities, and to form the social band, the Divine vibrations passing into the music and dances—the result I have been labouring towards for twenty-five years.

"Our people have met socially once or twice a week ever since, in states of increasing bodily ease and spiritual blessedness. There is no excitement, but a deep and happy calm, all the outward work going on as usual."

Again, on the 4th of May, he writes: "Every day since 1st April

## XIV.

10TH MARCH.

"Rise for the gifts of Yessa's hand :  
The motions of Her bridal wand  
Lead on the joys of social good,  
In Sisterhood and Brotherhood.  
Rise to the loftier thoughts that swell,  
Borne from Her golden marriage bell.

"Offspring of sorrow and of loss,  
Ye rise by stairways of the Cross ;  
But o'er it still Her bride-bird sings  
With hymeneal carollings :  
The tumults of the World retire ;  
Ye breathe from Yessa's heart-desire.

"The lenten season touches now,  
With solemn thoughts from brow to brow.  
In the procession of the year,  
The holy Passion Week draws near.  
Chasten your spirits meekly, so  
As Pilgrims of the Passion go.

---

(the last date that I think I gave) joy, life and love have flowed to the family in a steady social stream. The social union continues to interweave, the brother-band meeting the sister-band in delightful unions, always twice a week, and sometimes every afternoon, about twenty of the two bands being generally present, and sometimes more."

But in the meantime the great poem "Star Flowers" had been commenced, after the "Joy-Bringer" was concluded, and was making rapid progress; and concerning this he writes as follows: "I have devoted some hours of each day and night since the 1st April to what will prove, I think, the most elaborate and magnificent volume of the Life ever written. The two parts finished already [in two volumes or cantos of over 120 pages each] make a poem larger than 'Childe Harold.' The stanza of the leading part is Spenserian; the numerous interludes are in all delicate airy and flowing measures, and the themes are such as will carry the sweetest love, the purest passion, the noblest of hopes, and the most comprehensive ideas to mind and heart."

Furthermore, in same letter he writes: "As the sacred transposition goes on the sacred Word-Life in me more and more penetrates and illuminates brain and body, making of both one complete organ of



"Through what a storm of human grief,  
 Our Yessa bends for heart relief!  
 Through what resistances of Ill,  
 Her heart throbs forth your hearts to fill!  
 Reach for the gifts of Yessa's hand;  
 Then by them rise to Saviour Land."

## XVI.

"I wake when the night is breathing,  
 From airs of the Lord's desire,  
 And gaze on the mists outbreathing,  
 Formed forth from the fire of fire.

"Then, then to the sight surrenders  
 The darkness o'er mortals cast,  
 And the Land of the Living Splendours  
 Beams forth from the shades at last."

"Then my spirit evolves, to open  
 Transposive the flesh ye know;  
 And words of delight are spoken,  
 That never were heard below.

---

sensitive intelligence. I am now in the time that I looked forward to before leaving Brocton, when I said the time would come in which my outward form would require the preservative encircling of a united band formed in the order of the inflowing life. My body is becoming a living, moving, and joyful harmony, and my life's Love and heart's Heart breathes through me as a flower through its flower; but also forms about me as a flower forms its flower, in flesh, to transposing flesh of ultimate life. This occurs only in the deep stillness of the night, and no outward person enters the lower rooms, which are kept sacredly guarded that I may be alone while the awful mysteries of transposition lead on, little by little, organic state budding out of state.

"The two bands of brethren and sisters hold between me and the group external. I am quite sure my shadow-form could not be preserved in any other way, for the melody and dance-motions serve where meat and drink cease to afford nourishment, and vibrating through the bands revive the life flames in the life-body and the soul-body, which keep up the motions of the animates in the external form, and supply the motive powers to brain, lungs, and heart."

"For the Heavens glide forth to meet me,  
Attired as a bride should be ;  
And the flowings of love that meet me  
Surround as a vilal sea.

"Then I bathe in the living essence,  
I breathe of the living flame ;  
Till I touch the Lord by His Presence,  
And know by the hidden name.

"Oh, ye in the sorrow pining,  
Whom shadows of time disguise,  
For you is the night declining,  
For you shall the morn uprise !

"The waves of her bridal passion,  
From Christa's breast as the sea,  
Your lives shall illume and fashion,  
That ye with her Lord may be.

"Do I see by the open vision ?  
Then ye, by the open heart,  
May touch to the life elysian,  
And hold till the shades depart."

## XVIII.

"Encamped in their scarlet pavilions,  
Where Night for the vision unbars,  
I saw the irradiant millions—  
The kingdom and queendom of Mars.\*

"New flames from the Mother have kindled  
A glow to the uttermost parts  
Of their land, and the distances dwindled,  
Because of the fire in their hearts.

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\* In the "Marriage of the Stars" (for "Song" of which, see Chapter VII.) Mars and the Earth are counterpartal, our Earth being feminine to the masculine of Mars, as is definitely told in the first volume of the "Arcana of Christianity," and elsewhere.

“ With senses that grow telegraphic,  
Their loves for the touch travel far ;  
So they seek to infuse the seraphic  
Delights of their Star in our Star.

“ They move with swift motions of blisses :  
Their bosoms yield rapture as wine ;  
They fain would transpose the abysses  
Of Earth to a fashion divine.

“ O Land, in such sweetness respiring !  
Red Love Star to Orb of the Bride !  
I touch, with a sacred desiring,  
Thy hearts formed in hearts where they glide.

“ I draw to the Lady, who queenly  
Is throned where thy lives overspan :  
She beams in my vision serenely—  
Sweet Woman, full formed in Strong Man.

“ For lo, by the womanly order  
She lifts by the rise of the will :  
She leans o’er the blossoming border  
That love-force of theirs to instil.

“ Though mine is a Planet of Sorrow,  
Though mine is a People of Scars,  
We too shall transpose on the morrow,  
That brings the blithe Marriage of Stars.”

## CHAPTER XX.

IN No. xx., to be quoted next, Lily (*Chrysanthea*) is for the first time spoken of by a new name, a more Divine name—"Issa." In all vital forms there are ever, in the advance of life, superior, more Divine, forms evolving, and with these corresponding names are given. For a fuller explanation of what is implied in this higher name of the counterpart of the pivotal personality the reader is referred to what is said in No. XLVI. Mr. Harris's own recorded words alone can fitly say. It is too deep and sacred to be otherwise spoken of.

## XX.

"SHE with lips like crimson buds unclosing,  
Holy Issa, kissed me in the night ;  
O'er our Planet gliding yet reposing,  
Then I saw the *LADY OF DELIGHT*—  
Loving Issa kissed me in the night.

"Issa led through me, from lips to fingers,  
Blisses exquisite, in pure divine ;  
And I weave the blessed sense that lingers,  
For this song-cup, filled with holy wine—  
Issa kissed me with her lips divine.

"When ye meet in star-time, blithe and social,  
Lady Issa, from her marriage bed,  
Wafts, to find your bosoms, the ambrosial  
Sweets of Heaven wherewith my lips are fed—  
Issa kissed me from her marriage bed.

"She, the Queenly Muse, is for the singers ;  
She, the Bride-Girl of the World's new song ;  
She for those of harps and viols, bringers  
Of the thrill that leads the dance along—  
Issa kissed me for her bridal song.

## XXI.

18TH MARCH.

"Through forty days our CHRISTUS toiled,  
Scaling the occult cliffs of Time,  
Where He the Foeman met and foiled,  
While Heaven to meet Him bowed sublime.

"Through forty years the Pilgrim Host,  
As old religious legends tell,  
Warred over alien climes and coasts,  
Within their conquered land to dwell.

"This lenten season comes to me,  
Closing the lines my feet have trod,  
In occult toils that none might see,  
Tracing the passion-path of God.

"I feel the World-soul from below  
Thrill through the labyrinth of tombs,  
While the vast Heaven-soul, all aglow,  
In-breathes with airs of bridal blooms.

"Day unto Day and Night to Night,  
The sacred mysteries reveal ;  
My being opens for delight  
Through all the pangs I felt and feel.

"My pilgrimage shall be complete  
When lenten seasons are no more ;  
Yea, when our Two-in-One shall meet  
Our vision at the Morning's door."

Next must follow, in full, the rather long number,  
XXII., because it reveals how all, who are here

holding on the outward intermediate ground between Heaven and Hades, share, through such holding, in that great work for the restoration of Hades into the innocence and bliss of purity of life that the Divine Lord-Lady, by their Divine Saviour way, are pressing down to achieve to its ever greater and greater fulness and completeness.

## XXII.

- “By what weird mysteries are mortals bounded !  
What curtains close and fold !  
Prisoners are they by palaces surrounded,  
Whom chains awhile must hold.
- “Anear us, all unseen, flows on the river,  
Pale river of the ghosts ;  
Vibrations touch the airs we breathe, that quiver  
To the Hadean coasts.
- “Chills are borne in upon us from the vallies  
Of the drear Under-World ;  
Echoes from trumpet-tones, recalls and rallies,  
Rustle of flags unfurled.
- “Spared are we from each painful revelation ;  
Yet here our flesh must bear,  
By many a deathly chill and emanation,  
From griefs and sorrows there.
- “Eyes from whom earthly daylight has departed,  
Through ours would touch the Sun ;  
And spirits, whence Heaven's presence is averted,  
Approach the TWO-IN-ONE.
- “Here where we stand or kneel on Nature's floor-ways,  
We hold the middle ground ;  
The luminous and shadow-mantled door-ways  
Both in our frames are found.

“Our lives, of mingled qualities possessive,  
Touch to the far extremes ;  
When Heaven for joyful slumber stoops caressive,  
Through us glide peaceful dreams

“That pass for pleasures o’er the pallid sleepers,  
Sad failures of our race ;  
We serve the Bridal Word as vision-keepers  
There, where the lost have place.

“In social union, where the bliss o’erfloweth,  
It tingles where they dwell ;  
And the New Life, that here our Lord bestoweth,  
Opes there the MOTHER’S well.

“By that new way whereof the Truth has spoken,  
The social loves entwine ;  
And she, who feels heart-break for the heart-broken  
Makes comfort there divine.

“O ye ! of Love’s pure sorrow here the sharers,  
Hold bravely ; for so on  
The Mother makes you for Her burden bearers  
Till sorrows all are gone.

“Earth hears not, sees not of our labour,  
Shuns while we would bestow ;  
Yet from it, tuneful as with pipe and tabor,  
Blessings glide forth below.

“They come, they come, these mournful apparitions,  
When music sounds its call ;  
Glad for the foretaste of Divine fruitions,  
As here God’s blessings fall.

“In clouds, like withered leaflets of December,  
They tremble while ye sing,  
Till hopes revive, as dimly they remember  
How life once held a Spring.

“Joy that the MOTHER’S way at last is open !  
Joy for her gifts unbound !  
Joy that the sceptre of despair is broken !  
Joy that the lost are found !

## XXIV.

"The Mother's Word in Social Worth  
Is bounded, based, and set :  
'Tis so it holds upon the Earth,  
Till Heaven and Earth have met.

"For this we lead our Social Choi  
With holy dance and song.  
Let lives aspire as hearts desire,  
Till hearts and lives grow strong.

"Let Righteousness and Holiness  
With social worth unite ;  
Our Father then the days will bless,  
Our Mother charm the night.

"Let Righteousness in Holiness  
To social worth unfold,  
Till man shall change his mortal dress  
For robes of living gold.

"I SET THE WORD-STAFF FIRM AND FAST,  
WHERE OPES THE MOTHER'S WELL,  
THAT RIGHTEOUSNESS ON EARTH AT LAST  
WITH HOLINESS MAY DWELL.

"I SUMMON FORTH THE AWFUL POWERS  
WITHIN THE ROCK THAT HIDE,  
THAT YE MAY RISE THROUGH SACRED HOURS,  
TO MEET THE LOVING BRIDE."

The last two verses of the above number are full of immense significance and encouragement. The first of the two refers to the remarkable account of the meeting with the "First Muse"—the First of the "Nine"—by the Mother's well, in "Wisdom of Adepts"; and the weighty announcements made there regarding the manner in which the End might be ushered in—as has been transcribed thence in the foregoing chapter. And what is said in the last verse



refers to a no less noteworthy experience of an earlier day, when Mr. Harris's internal name was only yet known as "Faithful." It is told in the last canto of "The Great Republic: a Poem of the Sun," and is so vitally necessary to the present part of this record, that it must be quoted here entire.

"For God's New Industry what chiefs victorious !

I saw a stately banner waving far,  
What time, within the sun's dominion glorious,  
The water spirits in sweet slumbers are ;  
And still they sang, and when they sang, the chief  
Omniarch of labour loosened, from their sheaf,

"The flying arrows of commands divine.

Then millions, moved as by a single will,  
Bowed to sweet toil—their faces were benign  
Tranquillity—as, when the night is still,  
Innumerable birds of passage part  
The air, with wings moved as by one glad heart.

"And aye the joy of their harmonious motion

Was like the rapture through the breast that rolls,  
When music rising o'er the silent ocean  
Of God's deep calm proclaims the birth of souls ;  
Till, suddenly, a far, melodious bell  
Summoned the Genii in the Rock who dwell.

"The hammer ceased its measured vibrant thunder ;

Myriads of motions in an instant ended.  
All eye, all ear, I stood transfixed with wonder,  
Each simplest artizan I saw attended  
By a strong genius whom the heart might feel,  
Though veiled as in the spray of molten steel.

"Forth from the confines of the thrilling soil,

The elemental shapes that rule therein  
Reward with joy those lordly sons of toil ;  
All that men give for love again they win  
The sap ascends to fill the fruitful tree,  
But Nature's life renews humanity.

"Some through the heart—was it the soul of blood—

A natural vigour of arterial force

Diffused, supplying to the nerves a food

Mightier than powers through corn or wine that course.

Others paraded, with a subtle vein

Of living extasy, the heart and brain.

"Others, whose nerves as molten iron were glowing,

Within the hands and feet wrought strength, and some:

Shot through the eyes electric power, soft flowing ;

Then all began to sing, 'Come, brothers, come ;

Let us renew the day with swift delight,

For the rock titans have renewed our might.'

"Then afterward, from a great temple came

A priestly man ; aged, I ween, was he,

For every atom of his blood shot flame,

That robed him like the starred immensity ;

And one might read a ripened soul august,

Waiting translation, hardly mixed with dust.

"And one might hear the loves, within his heart,

Communing with their Infinite Great Sire ;

And one might feel impassioned flames upstart,

Burning toward Him from each deep known desire ;

And one might sense a fragrance where he trod,

Diffused as from a heart insphered in God.

"'Hail to the Sun,' he cried, 'again all hail !

Thrice I annoint thee' ; then those priestly palms,

With touch exquisite, met my forehead pale.

Ah, what nepenthe in those orient balms !

Nature itself, as Nature clothes the sun,

Seemed giving through his hands their benison.

"Then trebly blest was I ; but in me rages

I felt, and mightly angers, and began,

'Ancient, thou hast grown ripe through many ages ;

Thy Zodiacal years my reason span—

I but a thing of yesterday.' He smiled,

And said, 'By all my years, I love thee, child.

“Thy hatreds, rages, are to me as pleasures ;  
There is a rage, a hatred, without wrong ;  
For the new soul uprises, and she measures  
Herself against Oppression, and is strong.  
I rouse thee, summon thee, by all I am,  
“Vengeance is mine,” cried He men call “the Lamb.”

“Thou seest but in part the ghostly revel  
Round thy torn globe, where human children spin,  
'Reft of true reason, till in one dread level,  
They fall as faded leaves when frosts begin.  
I see more clearly ; learn to hate with me ;  
From a full heart, Love's overflowing sea.

“This hatred is Love's shadow that it casts ;  
This hatred, Love's antipathy to ill ;  
This hatred, those victorious counterblasts,  
Fire-breathing from the Infinite Good Will,  
That scatter the dire pestilence, shot forth  
By deep Infernus to invade the Earth.

“Thou sawest how the sacred toilers wrought,  
Then rested, each his nature to refill.  
How long hath man upon thy planet sought  
Elixirs to renew enfeebled will ;  
Then died, still seeking ; till, in long despair,  
Earth cries, “True alchemists there never were” !

“The genii of the elements come not,  
Obedient to the curious mortal's will ;  
Yet tenant they each hollow mountain grot,  
Surcharged with energies the frame to fill.  
God's cup holds other wine, of other force,  
Than through the labouring grape has summer course.

“Would'st know why life, replenished, holds its sway  
Through centuries, as time is measured here ?  
The genii of the elements repay.  
That bell shall wake soft music for thine ear,  
And I will summon those dark gnomes of old,  
Whose breath is fire-mist, and whose sweat is gold.”

- “Then violet lights, and ruby, and carnation,  
Wreathed his broad temples, and a girdle shone  
Clasping his robe with many a radiation,  
Of sapphire, topaz, turquoise, beryl stone.  
The sandals that he wore were jacinths bright,  
Emerald, and onyx, and pure crysolite.
- “He led the way into a place thrice holy,  
An awful man with this, bedight, for now  
His natural substance was transfigured wholly,  
And in the beams upon his massive brow  
Flashed living thoughts; and with such love they shone,  
As if they lived lip-pressed before the throne.
- “With one slight motion of his hand upraised,  
A faint vibration shook the bell above:  
Solemn he whispered then, ‘Let God be praised:  
For thee awaits proof of the Father’s love.  
Thy mortal frame of life were dispossess,  
But that the God-man consecrates thy breast.’
- “Now from the smitten bell sped lightning flashes,  
That gathered force and form until they rose  
Like a red cone its cataract that dashes,  
When subterranean lava overflows.  
Far flamed the cataract, the solemn pyre  
Lifting meanwhile as to the heaven a spire.
- “But when the last vibration died away,  
That smitten air returned to clearest light,  
While beautiful as ruby-vested day,  
Two genii held me, clasped in one delight,  
One flowing, billowed as the summer sea;  
The other firm, as summer earth might be.
- “From them slid myriads of soft emotions,  
Warm as the sunbeams, gliding as the waves;  
The reflux rise and swell of two great oceans,  
Each giving, each imparting, all it craves;  
Till both were mingled in one full repose.  
I rested—like a giant I uprose.

“Meanwhile a firmness knit my nerves with power,  
As if within the soft and fluent space,  
Each naked instinct wrought herself a tower  
Of diamond rock, a robe of battle grace,  
Flexile as air, but welded by the hail  
Of Titan blows, to adamantine mail.

“And all the while I felt the magic play  
Of tingling, thrilling, pulsing atmospheres,  
First bearing shadow, then dispensing day ;  
It was a joy worth many martyr tears.  
Palm within palm, lip within lip, I drew  
The fire of life that makes all creatures new.

“Refreshed, as one who in the tender bosom  
Of Infinite Maternity has lain,  
A withered plant, gone back to its first blossom,  
I woke revived within that solemn fane ;  
As if a pilgrim, slumbering with the sun,  
Might rise an angel in his heaven begun.

“Alas, and are mankind so highly gifted  
With other servants than poor mortals know ;  
While here we lie where the white snows have drifted  
From many an avalanche of winter woe ?  
To bridge the fatal chasm who shall dare ?  
Who build the life to span the chaos there ?

“Who die so utterly to all beside  
God and Humanity, as to become  
A form where that Prime Virtue may reside  
Who leads the industries of star and sun ?  
Who bide the touch that wakes the noon-tide bell,  
And clasp the genii in the rock who dwell ?

“But men of other stuff for this are needed  
Than those whom Moses through the desert led ;  
Men who can live an age of wrongs unheeded,  
Nor press for years the kind, reposeful bed ;  
Fearless, unfaltering, as the midnight still,  
And pure as morn above yon orient hill.

"Theirs the true lamp and the unwasting oil!  
The ploughshares they have left may turn to rust;  
Another generation delve and toil  
In the forgotten furrows; mix with dust  
Perchance their children's children; slow decay  
Efface the wrecks of the long-trodden way:

"Ere they among their fellows reappear,  
In other fashion than the ages know,  
Surviving evil as the endless year.  
Messiah God, these men Thy heralds go!  
Against the strife of kings, the infernal shock,  
The Christ-man standeth firm upon His rock.

For the fulfilment of all the high hopes given expression to in the above verses, and in the declarations of the "First Muse" by the Mother's well, as quoted in previous pages from the "Wisdom of Adepts," we wait.—They can only be realised, even incipiently, in ultimate degree here below, through the faithfulness of those whom it has pleased God to visit with ability to hold in unity with the ascended King-Queen in Lilistan, and to have likewise endowed with some degree of corresponding external means for providing an outward and ultimate holding ground for solid foothold on the Earth; for, as said in the "Holy City":—"There must be place for state, and place of state for the evolution of state; the womanhood of the city will require this, and thou shalt build it for them."—Words of the Divine Mother to the King.

Here then the writer will close these quotations from the printed writings with the promised No. XLVI. of the melodies, which reveals what is possible

of the ineffable character of "Issa," the highest, most Divine name of the counterpart of the Primate King.

## XLVI.

"The SOCIAL CHRIST whom I behold  
Wears for His robes the morning gold ;  
The lifted planet's pulses brim  
With gladness for the joy of Him.

"Lord Christ and Lady Christa led,  
From their eternal marriage bed,  
A new Ideal for Mankind ;  
So radiant Issa met the wind.

"Divine yet human she appears,  
More, as the sacred end anears ;  
In her pure veins warm rivers flow  
From the eternal morning glow.

"Cold is she, as the soul of ice,  
To every form of social vice ;  
But where the social virtues chord,  
She leads the sun-rise of the Lord.

"When age and death had else prevailed  
Strong Issa for my life unveiled ;  
Love's everlasting gospel she  
Wrought in Arch-Nature's harmony.

"I touch the deeper secret hid  
Within the morn's irradiant lid ;  
The social effluence that plies  
From Christus-Christa lights her eyes.

"The pale, blind creatures of the tomb,  
Abortive birth's of Nature's womb,  
Touch to her by their dormant powers,  
Like buried seeds that would be flowers.

"Her blossomed hands all subtly clasp  
Where Earth's resistant forces grasp ;  
She reaches to the last extremes,  
Where man but as a phantom dreams.

"With silver light she builds and paves  
Celestial pathways from the graves,  
And sets her star of silver fire  
Where else eclipsed the souls expire.

"Dear social Issa they may feel,  
Who lifted for her dances wheel,  
When new-born joys than song more sweet  
Glide from the bosom to the feet.

"From the creative rapture she  
Forms to you for the social glee,  
And brims your joy to overflow,  
That hearts may rise and find her so.

"Still blithe and blissful, kindly warm,  
She meets the planetary storm ;  
Till hrough Mankind the MOTHER'S breast  
Is opened, that Her babes may rest."



## CHAPTER XXI.

IT was almost immediately after the fifty-three melodies were issued that the writing of "Star Flowers" was commenced, which, as has been said, is the most varied and splendid of all the written works. But the writer has already given such extracts from it as were necessary to illustrate the progress of the life-history; and it would be beyond the intended scope of the narrative to make any attempt here to give an elaborate account of its world-embracing contents.

The poet's life-work, so far as it was dependent on maintaining personal relations with any ostensible group of individuals, came to its end at the close of the year and two months, in which the writing of this poem of about 25,000 lines, in nine volumes, was brought to its completion.

Throughout all these months the internal faculties were quickened and infilled from Lilistan in a measure that was even beyond all that has been hitherto recorded, whereby such a flood of poetry was poured forth, continuously, filled with matter at the same time divinely profound and embracing the whole practical life of man, down to the most lowly ultimate degree, in a manner that no few words permissible to be written here can give any just idea of. But during the whole of this time of such splendid display of productiveness from the internal, the frail

outward representative form was only upheld by the dance-movement and song environment that was maintained by the little circle at Fountaingrove, as was explicitly declared in a letter addressed to the writer by Mr. Harris himself at this time, which is given in extended form as a footnote in the previous chapter. At the end of this period, he retired to an isolated mountain retreat, where for the most part he remained, and almost in complete silence, for four years, and while there it was that that lowly shadow-form, by which he appeared to men here in the external, attained to the culmination of its earthly manifestation; and the account of it was written in a letter which he addressed to the editor of the *Sonoma Democrat*, of Santa Rosa. This was afterwards published in a little pamphlet entitled: "Brotherhood of the New Life; Its Fact, Law, Method, and Purpose." The date of the letter is 23rd June, 1891. In it he writes as follows:

"The final chord of the rhythmic law, that operates for the renaissance of the human system and its senses from age to youth, was not touched till the early days of last autumn, and not until my old bodily structures were reduced to an appearance of frail, emaciated, and perishing age. Within a week after finding the touch of the last rhythmic chord that leads the harmonic vibrations into bodily renewal, the bent form stood upright; flesh grew upon the bones; the dim eyes found their sparkle; every bodily sense awoke re-invigorated; the fountains of the blood seemed to flow as by a vortical motion, rounding in each recuperative organ to one grand consciousness of bodily grandeur, freedom, and, *in a sense*, of corporate immortality."

But the reality of all this was in the ascended

personality, as the reader will have learned from what is written in the previous pages, and this manifestation, as of immortality, in the body of appearance, did not really pertain to that body itself, but was an infusion or reflection of the glory that pertained truly and substantially to the ascended immortal man; and so bearing witness outwardly to it, and made outwardly conscious of it. Further on the letter continues:

"The seal of the truth of our Divine Saviour's ministry was set in the resurrection of His corporate fleshly image from the grave; a psychic body that was also fully structured in the intense material. The attestation of the truth of the New Life follows in this law and line of evidence. Logically I believe that in the advance of the New Life we shall soon begin to see our noblest, most heroic, most humane men and women, without respect to their previous religious and social cultures, lifting up, breathing forth, corporeally, in a firstness of resurrection; their bodies in gradual transposition to that glorious image of the divine-human Lord. Civilisation is verging to a crisis; tending to the supreme agony. Now, as always, 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.'

"But this mortal flesh, this action and passion of the frame, cannot be translated from naturehood into humanhood by any process but that of the acceptance and adoption, by each individual, of the whole corporate interest of mankind as his interest; to be embraced and served in the full denial of any superior self-interest, or family, or churchly, or class interest. With the discovery that he begins to breathe in God, comes to man the discovery that God lives in the common and lowly people of the world.

"Here, then, is found the present cross of Christ.

The aristocrat must be crucified to aristocracy; the plebeian to plebeianism; the luxurist to luxury; the ascetic to asceticism; the exclusive to exclusivism. It is a strict, honest give up and come out from spoilage, pretence, and illusion. For this God is a jealous God: He proffers to man the wealth of a consummate and indestructible manhood, to be realised in each filial and fraternal personality; but man, to receive the gift, must accept the common burden and sorrow and service of mankind.

"Here and there in Asia, in Europe, in Australia and America, men and women of heart, of thought, of human principle, realise this new breath, and draw, by vital and organic sympathies, into the relations of communion in the New Life. They know, by their own mental advance, that a social crisis is at the doors: they are seeking to endure to the end, and to become fitted for service in the exigencies of the extreme hour."

This letter from Mr. Harris to the editor of the *Sonoma Democrat* was evoked in part by the storm that arose in the public mind after the biography of Mr. Laurence Oliphant appeared, because of the baseless inferences that were deduced from the misleading memoir; but its main purpose was to make generally known the above recorded remarkable attainment in his own organic evolution, and after the few passing remarks thought needful in reference to the Oliphant storm, the letter continues thus:

"For the last two or three years I have been secluded most of the time in my mountain retreat, working to the final solution of the problems that opened in my discoveries of forty years ago. The final problem that faced me during these years was

briefly this: By what process shall the man who, by consequence of respiration opened into God and the resultant life of service rendered to mankind, has fitted himself mentally and socially for a continuation of that service, with powers amplified from a hundred to a thousand-fold, overcome the universal racial tendency to physical deterioration and disease, and review the outer structures of his person, and lead on a renaissance of the vitalities and vigours of the prime. How, in a word, without passing through physical disease, shall man practically embody and realise the resurrection?

" . . . I had elaborated theoretically the science of the process. I now applied that process to a final test in my own organisation. I determined never to publish another word respecting my discoveries unless I should pass safely through this final ordeal. In fact, the long-continued and intense concentration of the faculties, in the persistence of my labours, had so told upon the surface body, that literary or any other effort would have been impossible. The alternative was success or dissolution. Success came as suddenly, as pleasantly, as when a deep-laden, storm-tossed ship glides over the harbour-bar from the raging outside sea, and swings at ease in a land-locked haven.

" . . . I have passed through December; I am in the May-time: conscious that I hold in quickened mind and flesh the final secret and method and law and power for the resuscitation, the rehabilitation, the organic restoration of the nobler multitudes of Earth's aged and almost exhausted race. No more an old man of nigh seventy, but now renewed in more than the physical and mental powers of the early prime, my retirement is at an end. The first

work of my new service—rather a play and exercise of faculties than serious toil—occupying a scant four weeks, was the volume of lyrics which are now passing into type under the title, ‘Battle Bells: Verse Studies in Social Humanity.’ The American people, whom I love, and to whose best interests my life is pledged and consecrated, will now hear from me and find me as events move on, not as in the arena of private controversy, but as an annunciator and demonstrator of supreme vital laws, and of verified facts, of largest value when applied either to the individual or the public good.

“For myself, . . . I leave the disposition of my honour to the slow, but finally just, unveilings of coming time. Each hour of my days must be devoted to labours of necessity and beneficence.”

Besides the above-mentioned “Battle Bells,” almost immediately after it, he wrote another little book of lyrics, entitled, “Lyra Triumphalis,” and dedicated it to Algernon Charles Swinburne; “stricken,” as he says, “as sparks from the red-hot iron on the anvil.” This dedication is as follows:

“Poet, shouldst thou call forth the Muse, who dwells  
In thy deep being’s shrines and citadels,  
The Social Passion, in brave verse reborne,  
Would arrow as Apollo of the morn.  
Borne in the solar chariot, lifted free,  
May Living Song find living voice by thee,  
And these poor lays of mine but wing below,  
Lost in the splendours of the over-glow.”

To illustrate the opening of the new state, on the following pages are given one extract from “Battle Bells” and three from “Lyra Triumphalis.”

## FROM "BATTLE BELLS."

XXII.

## SWORD IN WORD.

Now we may serve in hope ; the end secured  
 Whereto high purpose made Divine has led.  
 Many have failed where subtle Mammon lured.  
 The path is paven by the faithful dead.  
 Slow, slow the restless waking flamelets curl :  
 At last the conflagration wings its whirl.

"Coming events their shadows cast before."  
 Aye, but events Omniscient Fate forecasts  
 May rise by splendours. God is in the door,  
 Fulfilments wind swift clarions through the blasts.  
 Ring on, brave battle bells, urge peal on peal,  
 Fire-wingéd Victory, from song to steel.

Yet man results may hasten or retard.  
 Two paths twine always in Time's fated round.  
 Children of Toil, heirs of Divine regard,  
 God gives the opportune : *'tis ours when found.*  
 Shows the faint sickle of the harvest moon?  
 Thrust in and reap : the wains are coming soon.

"Heavy battalions, aye God helpeth them":  
 The warning take from old Napoleon.  
 Would ye your world with people's wealth begem?  
 Arm the Industrial Army ; nerve it on.  
 Learn of this gospel from the past restored,  
 "He that hath none, then let him buy a sword."

The sword is light : then organise in light.  
 The sword is law : then grasp the hilt of law.  
 The sword is unity : let lives make plight.  
 The sword fraternity : close ranks and draw.  
 The sword persistence : hark the rolling drum.  
 God in the people ! On and overcome !

Christus—His lips were sunny as the South :  
No storm of angers from His bosom hailed.  
But the "sharp sword proceeding from His mouth,"  
The sword of utterance to John unveiled.  
The warlike weapon never met His hand.  
'Tis utterance such as this no Wrongs withstand.

There is a speech, could we but compass it,  
Would wake mankind into a social glow :  
The language of the Social Infinite,  
In lives with warm humanities a-flow.  
Brothers, we are apostles on the quest,  
Proclaim as social passion fires the breast.

The man his heart in brotherhood who vests,  
May touch the winter to evoke the bloom.  
Brothers, in-orb the sun into your breasts ;  
'Tis this dissolves the frozen cliffs of doom.  
The Social Way and Truth and Life are Powers  
Omnipotent, eterne : they shall be ours.

FROM "LYRA TRIUMPHALIS."

XII.

SOCIALITY OR DEATH.

The deathless lightning to the wire ;  
The surge of music to the lyre  
For Freedom voice the living breath—  
'Tis Sociality or Death !

The touch Divine from heart to heart ;  
The life impassioned to impart ;  
The being fed with Saviour breath—  
'Tis Sociality or Death !

The love that gives, but is not bought,  
Fraternal service fitly wrought ;  
Free worth in lives of fervid breath—  
'Tis Sociality or Death !



The faith to dare the unforeseen ;  
To own the Social Nazarene ;  
To hold the pure and potent breath—  
'Tis Sociality or Death !

The onward path of no-retreat ;  
The breast-birth of the Paraclete ;  
The each in all, as Christus saith—  
'Tis Sociality or Death !

The dropping dews of Love Divine,  
Through tears distilled to social wine ;  
The might of God from Nazareth—  
'Tis Sociality or Death !

## xvi.

## LITTLE SISTER.

Toiling through the midnight streets,  
Frozen heart, and flesh a-blister ;  
Christ the woeful Mary meets—  
Jesus kissed her.

Woman levite, woman priest,  
Pharasaic, scorned and hissed her ;  
But her lips to God released—  
Jesus kissed her.

Conscript, captive to the dooms,  
Ruin chained her and abyssed her ;  
Love for rescue cleaves the tombs—  
Jesus kissed her.

Husband, babe, and home for some,  
These, with honours, fled or missed her ;  
For redemptions, all in one—  
Jesus kissed her.

Christus by the Socialist,  
In the bruised one owns the sister ;  
None her welcome shall resist—  
Jesus kissed her.

Lifted from the deadly street,  
Christus on His bosom blessed her :  
For the Mother Paraclete—  
Jesus kissed her.

## XVII.

## SOCIAL SISTER BAND.

With roses wreathe the drum,  
With lilies twine the glaive.  
The Daughters of the People come ;  
Our beautiful and brave.  
Be roses for her brow ;  
Her feet in lilies pearled.  
She opens by her marches now  
The sacred social world.

With roses wreathe the drum,  
With lilies twine the glaive.  
Our Angels of the heart and home  
For us the banners wave.  
Their battle-call rings far  
From mountain glade and glen ;  
Voice of the social avatar !—  
"Peace and goodwill to men."

After the issuing of these two lyrical brochures, without a break or interval, was commenced a prose work addressed to men in the world, and chiefly in America, who were seeking the amelioration of all social conditions from the common, yet fundamental, ground of natural good that stirs in the hearts of common manhood everywhere.

The treatise shows how easily society could be organised for good ends and from pure motives, if a truly harmonious nucleus, however small, could only be formed ; for self-seeking men, for greed and gain, had

done it; and good men must learn from the example of these "children of this world" who have proved themselves so much wiser than "the children of light."

The core of the lesson taught in the treatise is that good men must either learn from such worldly wisdom, and unitise and organise with like skill and efficiency, or they will remain slaves to the powerful wicked for ever, and the poor of the world never will become emancipated from their oppressors.

It does not apparently sound all the depths of those principles that cause the present miseries of the world that are unfolded in all the other works of the writer. But in reality it ever points and leads to these, and none other; for it is shown everywhere throughout it that no good but the absolutely Divine good—that is, the good that is based on absolutely Divine principles—can ever accomplish this. He illustrates this mainly by contrasting the socialistic principles of Mr. Gronlund with those of Carl Marx; the former insisting that the true socialists "must grasp the very highest moral and religious truths" or they will make a complete failure; while Carl Marx bases all progress upon "the bread and butter question," making the aim a mere socialism of selfishness. If good men are ever to unitise with force and efficiency it can only be on the exact opposite principles to those of the wicked; and yet the methods of the latter must be their exemplar for imitation, for they have proved the first to discover them and carry them out into action, being the wiser in their generation.

How the principles of absolute good are enforced in the treatise throughout this writer need not attempt to show in further detail; but the conclusion to be drawn by those who truly understand is that only by the very way that is illustrated in the

history of The Use itself, taken up however freely and spontaneously by men of themselves, can the end hoped for ever be reached. Mr. Harris, in coming thus out to speak to the simple external man in his own language and according to the tenor of his own accustomed thoughts, was manifestly seeking through these to reach the deep underlying principles of the Life that are really present, however hidden, in the bosom of every man; for God is in every man, and, by His Breath, at this day, He is in every man in a way and fashion such as never before has been. Therefore, by this treatise being both sold and gratuitously distributed as widely as possible at that particular time, the ground in the souls of men was being prepared for the reception of all the profound principles to be enunciated in the books that were to follow. Of these, the first, "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," was written during the course of that same year, 1891, and published in the year following. But this, which is Mr. Harris's best-known book, need not now be dwelt upon; because all the previous pages are in great part derived from it; and the profound principles embodied in it have been presented in the course of the whole narrative in as simple words as possible, and just as exemplified in the concrete realised experience of life.

## CHAPTER XXII.

ALMOST immediately after "God's Breath in Man" was issued, Mr. Harris, from various causes, felt called to leave the west of the American Continent for the east; and, ere taking up his abode in New York, he crossed the Atlantic to make another stay of a few months in Great Britain. Before making this change, he also was called to become united in marriage to Miss Jane Lee Waring. The first intimation the writer received of this most important event was in a letter addressed to himself by Mr. Harris immediately on his arrival in England. The letter is dated 18th March, 1892; and in it he says the advance movement of the Divine Force having passed through into the brain in America he became liberated from the necessity of binding in order to hold the Divine-Natural Respiration in the extreme body, which, throughout the whole space of forty years, could only be maintained by its exercise. He was relieved from this necessity on the 29th of the previous January, and had been compelled but once to return to it for an hour or two since that date. "To effect this last," he writes, "I could not bind by individual action, but only as involved from internals into and through Lady Dovie's\* organism, breaking the column of resistance

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\* Mrs. Harris, in *The Use*, has always been styled "Lady Dovie," even for years before her marriage to Mr. Harris.

that passed into her organism, and leading her into the advanced position; thereby discreting her from the combinations upon her frame in consequence of the attack of the infernalised womanhood upon her organism.

"She now, therefore, takes representatively, and in the ordering of the Mother's Kingdom, a position by my side, to which, by the same ordering, there has been given the external legal sanction.

"I am now, with her, loosened from the national sphere of America, in which I have stood for labour from the beginning of my work; and we are introduced into the central home sphere of the English-speaking people, which sphere is held under the protection and inflow of the English Heaven, the heart-centre of the British Isles.

"My directions are to take no part in any local matters pertaining to any nation into which I pass. . . . We were met on reaching the American seaboard by the advancing sphere of the English Heaven, led peacefully across the ocean in its protecting embrace." After this, the letter continues as follows:

"I thank God that the sex issue is gradually coming to the front, for here we are in God, and in the purpose of Providence, both impregnable and omnipotent. Against us, the dying inversion of a rotted world; with us, the purity and power of the Lord, the Two-in-One. We hold for God in this chasm; we stand for God in the Thermopole of the ages. All powers of the Luminous Universe are with us. We have but to stand and hold in the quietude of our persistence. This path opens into victory.

"The difficulty, yet duty of the hour, is to form a state of holding back in order that the force currents

may not be led out prematurely ; we are to fortify and guard in the castle, and not yet to go out into the open field. We have to wait until the Divine Mother leads us out ; we have to stand in armour and quiet watchfulness, with our doors barred : stand so quiet that our castle itself shall be seen but as a stone—the Rock—the Rock of Ages ; but when that Rock opens the Force led through it will make a whirl upon the Globe.

“There must be no attempt to *force* the books upon the public notice at the present time ; but this latter may be left to be considered as events open.”

On their arrival in Great Britain, Mr. and Mrs. Harris took up their abode temporarily in a lodging house for summer visitors at one of the sea-side watering places in North Wales. In his own mind at this time Mr. Harris thought that his stay in the British Isles was going to be permanent, and before leaving Fountaingrove to come east with Mrs. Harris after their marriage he handed over the whole property to certain individuals, by legal deed, under some wise prudential provisions. These individuals, being formed into a company, continued chiefly resident at Fountaingrove, and were of those whose private means had been invested in the property, but were also, each one, such as Mr. Harris cherished in his heart as those entirely devoted to the principles and ends of The Use, and Mr. Kanaye Nagasava remained—as had been the case for years before—the trusted manager, fully in unity with all the other partners. The affairs of the property being thus settled, Mr. Harris was more fully freed from the old form of holding in organic union with all the individuals left at Fountaingrove than could have been possible without its being made. For the

efficient fulfilment of his universal use to the world, all special individual organic ties with every person whatever had to be severed, except only the case of Mrs. Harris—Lady Dovie—for the particular reasons given in Mr. Harris's own letter to the writer, just quoted from above.

The reader who has perused the foregoing pages of this book with any just appreciation will sufficiently understand the vital reasons for the requirement of the above arrangement; yet, notwithstanding its having been made, Mr. Harris felt compelled to return to America within about four months after he had left, for unfortunately a fire broke out in the large wine cellar of the Fountaingrove Vineyard Company, on 3rd June of that same year, burning everything to the ground that would burn, and destroying large stocks of valuable wine, involving a very heavy loss, notwithstanding a partial insurance; and besides the immediate loss a still heavier prospective loss, in having to provide wine for their many customers by extensive purchases. On account of this, Mr. Harris felt that he and Mrs. Harris must return at once to New York to have an interview there with Mr. Nagasava and Mr. Robert Hart, as representative of the other partners of the company, to help them to make arrangements to provide against the consequences of the unfortunate loss.

After having all these matters duly attended to, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, now finding themselves returned so far towards the west again, yet determined to go no further in that direction than New York city. Mr. Harris still saw interiorly that his next public work would be in Great Britain, but that in the meantime, so far as the public was concerned, absolute silence was his present Divine direction. By the works above



spoken of that had been issued before this date—viz., "The New Republic," "God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society," "Brotherhood of the New Life," "Battle Bells," and "Lyra Triumphalis" the world's state of preparedness for any real reception of New Life teaching into heart and life was again put to the test and found wanting. Therefore for the full course of another ten years an absolute reticence towards the world was enjoined upon everyone who was open to receive practical advice from the pivotal twain-one. But for the comfort and consolation of these during this long waiting time, two precious poems were given: "Conversation in Heaven" and "In Dawnrise"; the former of 218 pages, and the latter 136. They came out respectively, one in 1894, and the other in 1896. "Conversation in Heaven," which was the first, was dedicated to Mr. Harris's dear friend, and most loyal supporter of all men in Great Britain, Mr. William Robson; and the second, "In Dawnrise: a Song of Songs," is inscribed as "dedicated in faith, love, and adoration to our LADY CHRISTA-YESSA, one with CHRIST-JESUS our LIFE and LORD." Both were privately printed, and only privately distributed, as gifts to cherished friends.

Of these two books of poetry the writer had marked off two beautiful extensive passages, one from each, to be included in this historical account; but after having done so he felt that, however regretfully, he must refrain, because they could only have been given because of their poetical and spiritual beauty, and not because they could be regarded, historically speaking, as an essential part of the narrative. Yet, of course, in a deep sense they are historical; for every word that Mr. Harris penned or dictated was intrinsically a record of vital historical movement in

his own life, but it would have been impossible to make this apparent in isolated extracts. When men come to hunger and thirst profoundly after the real bread of life—that is to say, “every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God”—they will be unable to rest satisfied till they get into their hands every poem and every treatise, whether of vast arcane vital revelation or of simple practical instruction for the daily life of man in the order of God’s Kingdom, that His pivotal twain—one ever wrote or spake or sung, as being indeed a necessity of their own spiritual and bodily existence. But in the meantime mere isolated extracts given but for their supposed æsthetic or poetic beauty, could only be felt by those who truly understand as something in the nature of a profanation. Hence the writer felt absolutely forbidden to insert here the intended extracts above referred to.

During the whole course of these ten years, until the call came to proceed again to Great Britain, Mr. and Mrs. Harris continued to abide in New York as their headquarters. This is the Mother’s City for the American continent, while San Francisco is regarded as the Capital of the Father’s Kingdom there; and it was here, in the Mother’s City, that they continued to abide as their central home, until called to their ostensible public work; only in the extreme heat of summer and cold of winter they moved for a time to New Brunswick, in Canada, in the one case, and to the State of Florida, in the South, in the other, where simple shelters were provided for them in each place of retreat.

But all this while vast subjective labours in the internal vital degree of all peoples in the world were

being carried on of which the general public knew nothing whatever, but concerning which the reader of these pages will be able to gain a faint conception from what will be found written in the closing words of this narrative that are shortly to follow.

The ostensible work for the public commenced in the month of April, 1902, and from that date until the April of the year succeeding Mr. Harris was engaged in writing the two closing books of his earthly career, and ostensible manifestation by outwardly written words to men; the two books being entitled, respectively: "The Triumph of Life" and "Song of Theos." These two may be said to make one whole, each stream of verse issuing from the same summit of life, attained by one who proved himself—but not intentionally—to be the only one: who having sought to find again THE HEAVENLY FATHER truly did find Him, by simply following faithfully in the footsteps of that first one who was supremely THE SON, and—in the words of John in the Book of Revelation—"THE FIRST BEGOTTEN OF THE DEAD."

From "Song of Theos" copious extracts have been given as occasion demanded, showing its tenor and purpose, and "The Triumph of Life" closely approximates to it, as may be seen from the following quotation from the close of the latter:

#### WAITING THE OPPORTUNE.

The man who Conquers is the man who Bests;  
Who seems to perish in the mortal strife;  
Is wrapt awhile into the storm he breasts;  
Yet fetters it and wins Eternal Life.  
Bi-sexed, bi-centred, in God One-in-Twain,  
He wins the continent who dares the main.

ONE spake to Theos, "Daughter-Son, what next?

I am thy Space, thy Timed Eternity,

Thy Scripture: read unto Me for thy text.

Open thy thoughtness and peruse in Me."

Theos replied, "I saw when time was blind;

And seeing, sought the light for dazed mankind."

Then answered ONE, "When time was blind I SAW,

And for the dazed mankind I shone aright;

But selfhood smote Me by its weight of law,

And SHE in Me who is the Heaven's delight

Has through Me, in My purpose, toiled since then,

Nor found Her witness, until now, with men.

"SHE would not have thee waste thy flesh to feed

Inhuman aligators of the pool;

But hold it guarded, till it flower and seed.

Be calmly confident, keep close, keep cool.

Till the dumb thunders shudder as they roll

And man-flesh trembles, in US rest thy soul."

Royal Oak, Florida, U.S.A.,

August, 1902.

Also must be given here the whole of the words headed "Bestowal" at the close of "Song of Theos"—although some of the lines have been quoted before in the course of the narrative—for they are the last recorded words spoken to men by the Lord Himself through his Twain-One, and are to them, therefore, of supremely vital import.

#### BESTOWAL.

There is a point where human life converges:

It is the point 'twixt failure and success.

'Tis here the hero-martyr who emerges;

'Tis there the caitiff anarch makes egress.

Democracy is best or worst of all:

It leads the world in rise or world in fall.

Each human whirl must find its human centre.

Each crucial day of ages means new man.

'Tis the Advancing Principle must enter ;

And now 'tis Lilistan or Devilstan.

"All kingdoms of the world I give to thee."

This, sexised self, proffers democracy.

"Accept me : I ; no place to lay my head,"

Arch-Norm unto Democracy has said.

Come unto Me, My People. Come and share

Denial, shame, fierce wrath, and condemnation.

But by the Minstrel's lyric I declare,

Yet the song holds the being of the Nation.

'Tis in the moving rhythm of the rhyme

Beats the heart-purpose of Emergent Time.

As through temptation I came forth before,

Now clad in minstrelsy I ope the door.

I bring good tidings, if ye will but heed :

Yet in your normal faith the news must breed.

The Song is potent of all potencies,

If ye will but receive it in its worth.

It brings the key to all the liberties,

'Tis life of gladness, sapience of mirth.

It rears no fane, yet it the Temple bears :

Therein, if ye but listen, God declares ;

Therein, if ye but hallow, God appears,

Full for the fulness of eternal years.

I came, a Baby from a Virgin's womb :—

I, Crucified Reformer :—so I died.

I was a spark that lightened in the gloom ;

I have endured : part worshipped, yet denied.

Into all selfhood's hells My pulses beat,

Amid all human ills My worths compete.

Throughout all human ways My goings run.

I would be felt and followed as the sun.

I show no outward miracle but this :

I breathed into a minstrel of your time,

And he drew agonies to serve My bliss ;

Through forty days temptation versed the rhyme.

All that he had he gave Me, and he wrought,

Unto the utmost of his lyric thought :—

I take it from him in it to enshrine.

Claim it : I give it you. I would be thine.

Early in June of 1903 Mr. and Mrs. Harris left New York for Great Britain, and landing at Liverpool on the 17th of that month, they proceeded thence to Glasgow to provide for the putting to press of the manuscript for the two volumes of poetry above spoken of, and after seeing this work carried out through the devoted hands of Messrs. C. W. Pearce & Co., of that city, who became the publishers, they returned to America, to resume there their great subjective work for the whole human race.

Mr. Harris's real work and call was not, like that of John the Baptist or his disciples, to baptise men merely with water, but "with the Holy Ghost and with fire"; and this also was the real mission of "The Son of Man" to the world, as John truly declared; and when the Lord sent His disciples out into the world to baptise, it is nowhere recorded that He ordered them to baptise with water. But if he did, it could only have been because He saw that they could not receive the ability for the greater baptism. He who baptises with the Holy Ghost and fire must first have received the Holy Ghost and fire into his own life—body, soul, and spirit—and as he moves forth to the fulfilment of that Divine mission, he has to precipitate himself into the midst of the whole agony and misery of the afflicted race, as "the closing words of the narrative" just to follow bear witness to. Such was his life for the two years and a half that ensued up to 23rd March, 1906, when he was uplifted by the Divine mercy out of all the agony of his crucifixion.

## CLOSING WORDS OF THE NARRATIVE.

It was in the month of May of the year preceding that in which the Son-Daughter—God-Beloved—was uplifted from the form of outward visibility in which he was then still apparently with us, that a brother in the Life having been moved by the Spirit and the Breath to write the following pages on “the true efficiency of prayer,” sent them to be laid before the eye of the Beloved, or to be read to him, and it was in the June following that this was done—just nine months before he was taken up. After listening intently to the reading, he said, “That is an immensely powerful statement”; and on being asked if there was to be any written reply, the answer was, “Keep quiet: I must make this fight alone.”

This direction must now be understood to have been given for that especial time, while the King-Queen was still present in apparent manifestation, being held as corresponding to that Divine word given of old, while the Lord Himself was likewise so present here on earth, “Tell no man until the Son of Man is uplifted.”

Therefore now that the King-Queen have also been uplifted from their external form of combat, suffering, and martyrdom, it must needs be understood that the fight, in its lower degree, will devolve upon those who are here left in the outward, and who having been made sharers in the vitalities that the Breath confers, may feel able to accept the responsibility.

Moved by these considerations, and bearing in mind the words of commendation expressed by the Beloved when the pages were read, the writer of this narrative feels called to lay them before the reader, as without

doing so he believes his work would be incomplete. The brother who wrote and sent them desires that his name should not be recorded; and indeed it is not of any vital importance which one of the Brotherhood it was, for the words they contain can only bear weight in the degree in which they are felt to be, in his own words, "in the common consensus of all those who have become receivers of the Divine Breath." But it is evident from the subject-matter of what is written in them that they could not have been given or dictated for the people by the King-Queen themselves, but must needs have been evoked spontaneously—if at all—from the heart of the people, by the free motion of the Spirit within them; and the one who wrote and sent them affirms that he realised, so far as he could in himself with certainty, that it was in order, according to the kingdom's way and law, that they should be laid before the King-Queen as such a spontaneous offering, and that in inscribing them he was not doing so from his own heart and mind alone, but from the hearts of the whole Brotherhood as one, who all hold in unity in the same Breath and Spirit. Only he further affirms that he felt it incumbent that they should in the first place be submitted to the Beloved alone, ere being circulated generally, lest through his own imperfect perceptions he might have formed an erroneous conclusion. Therefore, here follows a transcript of the written pages:

"ON THE TRUE EFFICIENCY OF PRAYER  
AND ON RECIPROCITY.

"Throughout the nineteen centuries now gone by, prayer has been weak and ineffectual from not



having been able to concentrate upon any definite objective. None such existed on the Orb after the Lord's departure.

"There were, no doubt, other causes besides this, and all, like this, springing out of the merely partial receptivity of the Life by the disciples, the chief being the non-recognition of the Divine Mother, one with the Father, with all its consequences. But even were this fully acknowledged and accepted, prayer would still require a concrete objective on which, in its aim and purpose, it can concentrate.

"In the only words the disciples were prepared to receive, they were taught to pray for the coming of God's Kingdom upon Earth as for something looming vague and indefinite in the future, and thus their prayer, and that of all who succeeded them, has ever been diffused, as it were, into the expanse, taking no firm hold on any earthly basis.

"But it is to be remembered that the Master did not volunteer the teaching of that prayer to the disciples. It was given at that time as a concession to their importunity. They came to Him, saying: 'Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.' Now, in this latter day, we may well feel assured that the Master knew that the prayer they should have been ready for was very different. For a Kingdom there must be a King: and a King was here, in the true Divine sense of that word, but one who was not acknowledged as such, from the heart, by any man on Earth, not even among the disciples, and on that account could not be so declared to them by the Lord. To have directed them in their prayer, to have concentrated their supreme affection, as an objective, upon His own person, then and there present, as the one in whom and through whom

the Kingdom was to be established, could not be, while the God-given acknowledgement of it had not yet taken form in their hearts. Could it only have been, there surely would have ensued no tragedy, no martyrdom, no crucifixion: the men of this world could have had no power against His life, had it not been 'delivered to them from above': the prayer of the disciples to the Father for the shielding of His person, as the God-given King of the Kingdom would beyond a doubt have prevailed. It is not enough that a true King is given to men even by the Father who is in Heaven: yea, that a King-Queen, twain-one, is so given from Heaven by the Divine Father-Mother, unless their life in its ultimate degree is sustained by the continued unintermittent prayer of those who have received of that life.

"Now the nineteen centuries are over: and by the merciful loving kindness of our Father-Mother in Heaven, and through the martyr toils of their twain-one Daughter-Son here below, such a King-Queen is given to the children of this Orb once more. Shall they prevail and remain, even to the solid laying of the Kingdom's foundations on the Earth, or no? Please God, they shall; but if so, it can only be through the continuing instant in prayer for their life in ultimates by those to whom they are sent.

"When it is only remembered what the real internal name of God is, viz., the *Love Divine*, the *Father-Love* and the *Mother-Love*, twain one, and also the *Saviour-Love Divine*; and again remembered in what order of interior vital relations it is that the whole peoples of the destined survival inhere in the organism of the King-Queen, viz., that they are actually carried by them therein, it may well become

known how perfect and all-embracing an objective for the prayers of the true receivers that God-given King-Queen must be, 'the survival,' including all those who are gathered into life both in the Kingdom above and in that beneath. Also, it should be remembered that with the human survival, by consequence of all vital relations in God, all things pertaining to the redemption of the whole Orb are absolutely included.

"Attempting to speak in the common consensus of all those who have become conscious receivers of the Divine Breath through our Twain-One, I may say that it has been first received as a simple *gift* from God, in response to devoted prayer for, and sincere endeavour after, utter faithfulness to its law. Nevertheless, it is not certain that at this stage there is full recognition of the obligations that are due to that pivotal twain-one through whom, under God, the Breath descends to them. This can come into its fulness only gradually, as the Breath advances from degree to degree through many experiences both joyful and painful.

"As it is only through the central holding of the pivotal twain-one that the Divine Fay Angel is enabled to descend directly from the person of the Lord Himself, to guard the way of that small opening in the lungs by which the Breath enters to each individual at the beginning; so only is it through that same holding for us also, that all subsequent accessions of the Breath ensue. For wherever the true Breath is, there the Fays are also, and their only safety is in holding their way of retreat ever open to the organism of that twain-one, where their only secure haven is, until all selfhood is overcome in each one who has been so visited. When this is attained

their state may be called one of full receptivity (I speak subject to correction); but even the fulness of this state will not of itself, I believe, warrant the assumption that full ultimate immortality is thereby assured. For this there will remain at least one more essential requirement, and thereafter no doubt others also that cannot be so immediately foreseen. I speak always subject to correction, but it appears that even after full receptivity the next requirement, here and now, will be the rendering of vital returns to that Twain-One by whom the Breath came down, and so through them to God again.

"But how can this be done? I know of but one way (all possible external service being already given), viz., by continuing "instant in prayer" to God, as has been indicated before, for the upholding of the life of that Twain-One upon the Orb in the victorious fulness of power. Thus it is that the circuit is completed, and the first or least form of what may perhaps be called an incipient conditional state of ultimate immortality is established.

"Both ways it is by a flowing of Divine Love with Life from each to each, and so upholding the forms of each with vitalities received directly from God. And thus is established Reciprocity; and without reciprocity, in at least its most incipient degree, I know not how there can be any substantial beginning of a truly Divine-human association. But on that I dare not enlarge.

"Prayer merely for individual or personal advancement can now no longer obtain. The self is merged in the all, and the all are ingathered by Divine ordinance in the organism of the King-Queen, twain-one. And as it is only by the unceasing prayer of the mediatorial King-Queen to God that each and

every one of the all are maintained in organic uplift, so is it only by the constant prayer of each one of the all, and of the all as one, that the ultimate degree of the King-Queen can continue to subsist on the Orb: but again, I say, I speak always subject to correction. By this order of prayer all self-concern is shut out absolutely, yet not the seeking from God of ever-increasing ability to serve the King-Queen in God, and the all in them; and also that each and every one of the all may be likewise upheld in the same.

“And here comes into view what appears to be an immense thing, which is this: that the adoption of this order of prayer, and the persistent maintaining of this attitude, or state of soul, in prayer, is the one thing needful here and now, on this orb of afflictions; and that the uncorrupted inmosts—‘the Norms’—of all living persons on the Orb whatever; yea, and of all living creatures whatever, must join by an infallible, if tacit, instinct in the unity of that prayer. And may we not say, besides, that all humanities, fays, and powers of the created universe, and all angels in the Heavens, with all souls in Elysium, whose faces are turned hitherward, must join also in the unbroken unity of the same? What an immensity of concentrated Divine power then, through all the humanities, must there not be ingathered here, that will be altogether irresistible, and that must needs prevail?

“Do fuller accessions of the Breath confirm the truth of these things (so far as I have written without error)? Surely they do. God knows whether or not I speak the truth.

“I have thought, but dare not affirm, that the reason why some have succumbed bodily before the

fulness of fruitions was attained was because the state intimated above had not yet been acquired, and that when all acquire it no more such bodily losses may ensue. But this also, like all the other statements, is written subject to correction.

"I have also thought, but dare not affirm, that the fuller accessions of respiration experienced in reciprocity is of the same order as that called in 'God's Breath in Man' (par. 13) 'the second equivalence of respiration,' leading up to the *third equivalent* 'which holds in it the promise and potency of physical transformation, renaissance, and transposition to the organic lines of eternal life.'"

It will be seen by the reader of the foregoing few pages that in the whole idea of the writing the King-Queen is understood to be still here with us on the Earth as by external presence in their form of outward manifestation; and yet again, as is now known, within the space of about nine months after, it pleased the Divine Father-Mother to remove the Son-Daughter from that form in which they had seemed to be present. This, beyond question, was felt at the time, naturally, to all who had become personally deeply attached, as a cause of deep sorrow in every heart. Yet the possibility of its ensuing at any time had never been for a moment absent from the thought of the Brotherhood, although it was ever hoped that the translation would not have occurred till after the great universal change, when it could have ensued as a manifest glorification even in the dissipation of the dust itself. But Mr. Harris himself, ever anticipating the possibility of its occurrence at any time, had always prepared for it practically by every needful external arrangement.

From what has been written in the early chapters of this narrative concerning the conditions upon which physical immortality is dependent, the reader will understand with sufficient clearness, as regards Mr. Harris himself in his own personality, how on reaching his eighty-third year, when, so far as depended on himself alone, his whole work for the world had been done, and all organic disease and death had been essentially conquered in his own frame, he, in his fully-evolved twain-one electro-vital body, was called to leave his outward form of visibility, although no disease seemed to possess it, and no physician was required to be called in. Only the adverse conditions of the world in general made his further lingering in that outer form unwarrantable, so sensitised was it by his surpassing advance in evolution of state. Such a continuation of most acute torture could no longer be permitted by the Divine Father-Mother.

But here the question may be asked, how was it that he suffered so extremely? The answer is that by the pervading presence of the Divine Spirit of Love and Mercy, operant through the Divine Breath in all his own spirit, soul, and body, he was compelled to be oculantly present wheresoever in the whole world the greatest degree of human struggle and human anguish prevailed, unitising himself with all his might with all the soul-anguish and body-anguish that every individual was there experiencing. Hence those very sufferings, in a marvellous way—the Saviour-way—became also his own, and by such bearing he was holding up, so far as God enabled him, the Norm; that is, the inmost degree of everyone—that inmost principle of each life that is germinally and aboriginally of God—

seeking to shield it, so far as possible, from uttermost suppression within them by all the tyrannies, furies, and tumults in which they were enveloped. So was it also in the very first days of *The Use*, in 1861, when the great civil war burst forth in the United States of America, for the abolition of negro slavery and the saving of the Union. Notwithstanding all his other labours at that time for the establishment of *The Use* itself, involving also the most fundamental principles of his own life—added to all these, he was ever suffering likewise in his sympathies and deep organic unities, with all the immense sufferings of that great nation at that time which was his own homeland. And again later—passing over the intermediate years—in the South African war, that involved in its bloody struggle such multitudes of both the people of Great Britain and of the Boers and Colonists of South Africa, he was organically present throughout the whole time, sympathising with every throe of agony, to insure the uplift everywhere, so far as might be, that the pure purposes of God's own providence and mercy in all might be secured.

And so again, later still, in the great Russo-Japanese war, he was present everywhere with both peoples, from beginning to end, for securing the like Divine purposes to the utmost possible degree. And after the war was over, and Japan's liberation secured from the threatening dominance of Russia, he was still present throughout all the immense territory of the latter nation, with the struggles of all its oppressed peoples, heaving laboriously under that huge barbarous oligarchy, that weighs them down into the dust like a perpetual nightmare. His sufferings in this latter case appeared to be greater if possible than any that



preceded it. Great part of the time he felt as if his whole body was being eaten up by vermin, from the state of terribly degraded physical misery and dirt that vast multitudes of them lived in. At that time he would wake up in the mornings in his bed in New York, saying, "I am not here; all the time I am in Moscow." Where the suffering and need were greatest, there he had to be. Sometimes he would feel in his body as though it were gashed with wounds all over. Thus, therefore, did he truly sing:

"For the Fraternal Spirit of All-Kindness  
I live, with all Normality akin:  
A seeing eye, I penetrate the blindness.  
Nothing repulses me: no strife, no sin.  
'Tis in the universal pulse I thrill,  
Accepting Ill to dissipate the Ill."

And again, in the same "Song of Theos":

"In the starved agonies of dissolution,  
I strain, to lift for lives all dying down.  
Mankind is in the furnace of solution,  
Feels the dissolving process. So the frown  
Of sins, of sorrows, striving to depart,  
Whirls through my fleshness to its heart of heart."

So was filled up his whole cup of suffering: and what has just been described is one phase of it only, and beyond this, because of his advance in organic evolution, and as fruit of all his martyr toils, his time had indeed come, so far as he himself was concerned. The inmost theistic degree of his life had evolved in his consciousness fully to the external, and from that evolved state his latest book, "The Song of Theos," was dictated and written: which was truly, in a proper sense, the culmination and crowning close of all his toil—the witness and expression of it; his

final word to the world, while yet inhabiting that form of dust by which he appeared to the outward eye of men, and spoke to the outward ear. And in a moment the call came, and he was gone, he-she, twain-one, to his home in Lilistan. Yet, save as by a mere appearance, he was not gone, nor is he gone, for the mere dust, which is dissipated, was not the real body. In no sense does anything of immortality pertain to that which is designated as "the body of remains." Even in the most perfect of the unfallen orbs of the universe, the body of remains always becomes dissipated into the common atmosphere, when the life of the man has culminated, though not by such shocking processes as have, perforce, to be used in this world—still, as a whole, so disordered, so unpurified, so unredeemed. To that world the body of remains belongs, and to it it has to be rendered back; but that has nothing to do with the "new natural body" that has triumphantly ascended, and that has "put on immortality." As regards that ascended man himself, not only was he very soon after manifesting, both by visual and ministering presence, consoling and reassuring, to several of both the Brotherhood and Sisterhood, according to every vital need, *but in even greater power, if possible, than ever before, through the continued realisation by these, of that Divine Breath, of which God had made him the pivotal instrument; and it is in this that all recognise, supremely, the substantial reality of the continuance of that life, not in spirit only, but most absolutely and wholly both in spirit, soul, and body.*

"'Destroy this Temple.' In three days  
That Temple rises; not by ways  
In third dimension seen or thought:  
God willed it, and the Fourth inwrought.

"What if that Temple rises now,  
Sublime to crown the Planet's brow?—

"The everlasting all before,  
We dwell within the Evermore,  
We hold within the crushing surge,  
Where Life Eternal shall emerge."

— "Song of Theos."

For the Breath descends from God, for all, primarily in the body, and so through the body, mediatorially, of that twain-one whom God made pivotal in it, and it is in and of the vital persistence of that body, that the Breath in each and all is sustained. This each one of the conscious receivers of it know by vital experience, for although such sustainment is (as known by like experience) primarily by prayer to God in every one, yet the prayer that does not include the King-Queen supremely in its petition, as being the Mediatorial fountain-head of the Breath under God, is utterly without such vital effect, as every one of the Brotherhood and Sisterhood most consciously realises. But notwithstanding this, the sincere prayers to God of all men—the sincere lovers and seekers of the highest known good—who have as yet no such knowledge, will, without doubt, realise like blessed effect, incipiently and provisionally, till in the course of time the truth reaches them. For the Breath is certainly known to have spread, in incipient degree, far beyond the limited circle of those who already know and understand; and here, therefore, the writer feels constrained to quote Mr. Harris's 209th Hymn—which might be designated "THE ALL EMBRACING"—as follows:

"Contend not with thy brother,  
Although he may not see  
The light that to another  
Is life and liberty.

Perhaps an angel holdeth  
A veil before his eyes,  
While God in heart infoldeth  
The truth to make him wise.

"He may be slowly growing,  
Through sorrow, tears, and strife,  
And Heaven withholds the knowing  
Till days of better life.  
He may be inly striving  
With foes that smite him down,  
Or even now arriving  
To glimpses of his crown.

"But love him, though he serveth  
Another God than thine;  
And bless him, though he swerveth  
From virtue's golden line.  
He cannot be uplifted  
Till Mercy's gentle dove  
Shall sing within him, gifted  
With voice of perfect love."

—"Hymns of Spiritual Devotion,"  
Part I, 1859.

It is not now as when the Lord Himself was uplifted. Then, by the failure of men to receive the Breath in bodily degree, in the course of a very limited time afterwards the severance between the truly vital ascended body of the Lord and the bodies of all the race here below became complete and absolute, so that, bodily speaking—except as by commemoration in the sacrament of the Eucharist—they were cut off from connection with their Christ and Saviour, until such time as it could be restored thereafter. And it is from this bodily connection with God and Christ now restored by the Divine Breath, through the King-Queen, that the foundations of the Kingdom of God on Earth are veritably being laid in incipient degree; and while the people

faithfully hold that Divine gift through observance of the vital laws of the Life by which it can be done, there is no power on Earth, or below the Earth, that can by any means effectually resist it, or prevent its ultimate growth and extension into every surviving individual of the whole human race, "Because the Primates of the plan, abide in God to build in man."

Not that it is of the King-Queen themselves, or that they in themselves regard themselves as anything, but because—quoting from the words of the written prayer given below—God has veritably loved, and so has accepted and chosen them to be King-Queen; and to insure the perfect fulfilment of this their royal office and service, absolutely dwells within them. And thus are they made the effectual links whereby the race is bodily joined again to the Divine vital body of its risen Christ and only real Saviour.

Again, it was in December of the same year—hardly three months before the call of the King-Queen to Lilistan—that a second paper was sent by the same brother who had sent the one transcribed as above, and in which was written the words of a prayer described as being "In secret unison with the Norms of the whole Orb."

This, with a few lines addressed personally to the One-Twain, was enclosed in an envelope, with these words inscribed on the outside, "For the eye of the Beloved only," and on arrival it was immediately handed to him. After having received and read it, without showing it to anyone he put it in his bosom, saying that it had done him "great, great good." Then, on being asked if there was any message, he

replied, "No, not now, but I have it here in my heart."

The words of this written prayer, being purely the fruit or ultimate application of that which is propounded in the earlier written pages, are here also transcribed below. But the brother who wrote them gave only doubtful assent at first to this being done, as such words being for most private and secret use only, he feared it would be inconsistent with such end to let them be given out to others; but finally, being persuaded of the need of having a concentrated yet full embodiment, in form of prayer, of the principles the first paper gives expression to, he consented; but only after having several times withdrawn them. And he adds, he assents to it now only for the reason that, judging from his own experience, the right use of them draws the Divine Breath mightily into the frame, bringing the organism directly into the stream of vital Divine-natural inflow.

#### "PRAYER:

"In secret unison with the Norms of the whole Orb and with all who hold in the one sympathy with them.

"O Thou, Almighty Love, purely and supremely Divine: Thou the most Beloved in the inmost hearts of all—Lord Jesus Christ-Lady Yessa Christa, Twain-One—the All-Father Love, All-Mother Love, All-Saviour Love. Divine,—but who, in the woman's way, art also, and first of all, the All-Bridegroom Love and All-Bridal Love, Twain-One and Divine:

"Our one prayer unto Thee, and in which we do all unite as one heart, is for the life of Thine own twain-one here, both in the Heaven and on the

Earth of this our Orb—THY ORB—the Son-Daughter and the Daughter-Son—whom Thou having loved, hast accepted and chosen, and declared to be King-Queen, in Thee, over this whole afflicted world; so also, therefore, is our prayer, inclusively, for all Thine own, in them and by them and with them, and so also for the whole Orb itself, and for the essential lives of all Thy creatures of every kind that do inhabit it—all dependent for their present evolution in the New Creation, on the life and the forth-going life of Thy primal and pivotal twain-one likewise.

“Therefore, for the fulfilment of this, do we seek, by the almightiness of Thy Love within us, to be enabled, all as one, to yield up unto these, Thine own twain-one in Thee, for all their Divine service to the race and the whole world, all that we are by every power and faculty, also all that we have, and all that we can lawfully control of every kind of possession, both internal and external, for the upholding of their life upon the Orb in the victorious fulness of power.

“And so, to the same end, would we invoke therefore, if so it may please Thee, vast increases of Thy omnipotent Divine Breath, by whose operation in us and through us alone it is that, in the face of a whole adverse world, the true vital riches can be either received or dispensed—so enabling us to give in our own degree, in like manner as we have received; for Thine is the Universal Kingdom and Queendom, the Power and the Glory, forever.—Amen!”

The few additional lines that were addressed personally to the Beloved, and enclosed in the same cover with the above, seem too intimately private to be reproduced word for word, but the substance of

what they imply is, that the words of the prayer represent, as this brother "implicitly believes faithfully, what is in heart of hearts the veritable prayer of that vast unity, consisting of the unnumbered multitude of THE GREAT CONGREGATION—the saved sons and daughters of all the peoples of the Orb." "But," he adds, "is it not demonstrated that the outward realisation here below of the great internal and intrinsic unity is not a possibility, in any absolute sincerity, until after that great event at hand has dissolved forever the external bonds? *Therefore the prayer of each one has still to be in secret.*"

And is it not also, the writer of this narrative may ask, for the above-given reason, as told in the Gospels, that the Lord counselled the disciples, when they would pray, to enter into their closet and shut the door, and there pray to the Father who seeth in secret? And from what other cause is it than want of full compliance with this Divine counsel concerning prayer, that an all-pervading spirit of hypocrisy has poisoned the whole spiritual atmosphere of christendom—and especially of the most pietistic and puritan in it—through the consequent abuse of this their supreme religious function?

But surely that happier time is close at hand when, please God, all these sad conditions will begin to pass away forever, when the Divine Mother, one with the Father, shall have manifestly descended into the bosom of Her Earth-dwelling daughters, ere ushering in the great consummation, and through whom, mightily unitised in all their sister-bands by Her Divine-Feminine omnipotent charm, the great public worship of the future will begin to flower out into its full destined magnificence of free joy, beauty



and power, from an absolutely heart-overflowing rapture of sincerity that will purge the whole airs of the world in short space of time of all that abhorrent poison of the age.

But these words are only written as for and from the Brotherhood. They aim but to give expression to that fervent faith which, in God, now the heart of man begins to realise, that so soon as the Beloved Womanhood of the Orb shall feel and understand that in the hearts of the whole quickened Brotherhood, as one—or in any unitised part or portion thereof—they are already enthroned; and that also, from the heart, they are freely and fully endowed by them with the overflow of all their possessions and powers whatsoever, in order that all things needful may be theirs for their perfect uplift into full womanly freedom, and for the fulfilment of every call and every inspiration they in unity shall feel moved by from on high: that then also—whether it be gradually from its present small commencement, or instantly, by one vast wave through the whole normal Feminine heart of the world—yet still surely and inevitably, the Divine Mother, one with the Father, and through our King, one with our Queen (their own begotten and beloved twain-one child) will infil that whole sisterhood as one, according to Her own perfect Divine-Natural womanly way, and that this Divine instilment shall surely flower out and prevail; so becoming both the inmost and outmost supreme charm and glory of this Her own womanly world, made Hers, as like-wise His, from that tremendous day and hour when Her Own Beloved one coined His whole life, one with Her own, into its treasury:—as said He, “I have coined My life into the treasury

of the world. I have bought the world, and it is mine." \*

"Now comes the epoch of the Full Combine !  
Nations from states in one orb'd Freedom Land  
Humanity redeems to its divine.  
One war, one conquest,—not the axe or brand.  
No deadly cannon, no terrific hosts ;  
No dominance of putrifying ghosts.

"Omens appear of one divine rebellion ;  
Uprise of Womanhood from sea to sea ;  
Closing of outraged wombs by million million—  
Marriage survives, but not sex slavery.  
Godness in sex, shall sex emancipate :  
The normal pulse in woman recreate :

"An hundred million wombs in one disaster ;  
An hundred million tyrants of the bed :—  
The great Selfed Masculine, the woman's master :—  
While from such mockeries all wrongs make head.  
Coils one gorged sexual serpent of the womb,  
Through all the sacred groves of woman's bloom.

"But this shall be no longer. Woman sealed  
Unto Christ-Christa for her better fate,  
Sure potencies of innocence shall wield,  
And in such holy joyance rise elate.  
'Thy Kingdom Come ; Thy blessing Woman-will  
Be done on Earth.'—Mother, Thy word fulfil ;

"The norm through all its passions evolute ;  
Life rounding to the circle of its best ;  
The swine-horn dropped to tune Apollo's flute :  
The man-child comforted on Christa's breast ;  
The Human Planet, blithe and sweet and warm ;  
Redeemed in the Religion of the Norm."

—No. xv. of "Emancipations,"  
"Song of Theos," 1903.

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\* "The Lord, the Two-in-One, Declared, Manifested, and  
Glorified," 1876.



## DEDICATION

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As instructed by the Divine words given in "Song of Theos," under the heading "Bestowal," and in accordance therewith, the aim in this entire narrative has been to address itself to the Democracy of the world; but not to the Democracy of the abnormal selfised man, or group of men, or whole multitudes of such, but to the Democracy of the universal norms of men, of whom it is indeed the simple truth to say, "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*" It is to such everywhere throughout the world, and however as yet they may be enslaved in the service of any present existene societies—"republics," "kingdoms," or "empires"—that are based on self-desire, whence only "the cative anarch makes egress"; it addresses itself to those suffering, long-enduring, "hero-martyrs," who will yet emerge victoriously, as soon as they hear and recognise the true Divine Voice, as given in the above-said lines, calling to them:

"'ACCEPT ME, I, NO PLACE TO LAY MY HEAD,'  
ARCH NORM UNTO DEMOCRACY HAS SAID.  
'COME UNTO ME, MY PEOPLE, COME AND SHARE  
DENIAL, SHAME, FIERCE WRATH, AND CONDEMNATION.'"

Wherefore this book is DEDICATED, in profound humility, to the Normal man—that Norm that is, in every man-woman whatever, the seed of God, absolutely sinless, the inmost of his being and his real identity, God's beloved forever.



## APPENDIX A

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IN this precious wreath of Fairy verses, "The Songs of Fairyland," there occurs, running through a few of them, a little actual family history of the earliest Fays that made themselves intimately known, which is too charming in its exquisite simplicity of innocence, and too full of most profound wisdom, in that order, to be omitted here. The primitive father of this family was "Uncle Never-Waste," who, by the exercise of the prime practical virtue of THRIFT, became the founder of its great fortunes. With him, therefore, the account opens as follows:

### THE LINE OF UNCLE NEVER-WASTE.

There was a Fairy, whose rich taste  
The good of everything embraced ;  
His name was Uncle Never-Waste.  
Beginning only with his hand,  
He held at last four leagues of land ;  
A fishing port and palace grand.

He had three daughters—first a lass,  
Whose name it was Miss Nothing Pass,  
She married a sublime young Duke,  
Of the great House of Waste-Rebuke.

To Waste-Rebuke came Nothing Pass ;  
Then weeds all perished from the grass ;  
Pass nothing by, pass nothing by,  
Still bid great Waste-Rebuke stand nigh.

Next came the lovely Never-Slight ;  
Her Bridegroom's name was Strength-of-Right ;  
Sir Strength-of-Right clasped in his arms  
Sweet Never-Slight's immortal charms.  
We beg to introduce the twain,  
That you their fellowship may gain.

Last came that dear girl Conscience-Care ;  
Beauty did blossom in her air ;  
Meekness and gentleness did meet,  
In floral fragrance round her feet.

A gentleman of lordly fame,  
This fairy maiden's heart did claim ;  
With jewels he was crowned and shod,  
And he was called Sir Hold-for-God.

With Conscience-Care how sweet to rise,  
With Hold-for-God in heart and eyes,  
To love and labour and obey,  
Blesséd in them ! Thus saith the Fay.

Next in this series we find :

BOSOM-SWEET.

He who in Fairy lore delights,  
The Christ-child to his heart invites ;  
He who with Fairy Folk obeys,  
Finds entrance to the holy ways.  
It was the Fairy Bosom-Sweet,  
This gracious rhyme that did repeat.

The watch-towers of the Fairy-land,  
Rise on the borders of the Land ;  
If one will hold for God, the Light  
Of Lord Christ's eyes shall be for sight ;  
Obedience shall make the way  
Of darkness all as fairy day.

If one will toil with Conscience-Care  
His feet are on the golden stair,  
He shall in her sweet steps arise,  
To meet his love girl of the skies.  
He shall possess the Magic Rod,  
With Conscience-Care and Hold-for-God.

Then comes :

LOVE'S-PURSUIT.

It is the Fairy Love's-Pursuit ;  
She plays upon a golden lute,  
She draws the wrinkles from the face,  
The lines of sorrow to erase.

With Love's-Pursuit if you will go,  
God's East to meet your eyes shall glow  
And you shall feel the Fairy Sun  
Orbed in the Holy Two-in-One.

Dear Love's-Pursuit so gentle is,  
She makes the hand a form of bliss.  
Move in the music of her feet,  
If you the Golden Child would meet.

Sing "Hearts-go-brave," sing "Hearts-go-brave" !  
With Hold-for-God your banners wave.  
With Conscience-Care pursue the fight,  
And conquer in the Lord's delight.

Then :

THE HIDDEN LIFE.

I will not my experience show,  
Where mortals hot and cold do blow,  
My Wisdom shall not lift her flower,  
Where mortal enmities devour.  
The splendours of the Word are born,  
For eyes that kindle to the Morn,  
Spirits who back-bite and betray,  
Shall gain no secret from the Fay.



No Fay reveals of what he knows,  
Till ends of Use his lips uncloze.

Still man from man should stand afar,  
Touching by rays, like star with star ;  
Touching by circuits of the Will,  
As energies their ends fulfil.  
In privacy the spirit keeps,  
At home with God upon the deeps ;  
In privacy the spirit folds,  
The force whereby for Him it holds ;  
But most conjugal things belong  
To that untold, unwritten song,  
That is through all the Heavenly Host,  
The motion of the Holy Ghost.

Tell not, if in the secret night,  
Thy angel touch thee for delight ;  
Speak not of that mysterious way,  
Whereby her loves make bosom play.  
Till man is God-like for thy trust,  
Disclose not of her presence just,  
Lest he that Holiness bemean,  
Or slander by a thought unclean ;  
Remembering this—that God conceals,  
Till deep experience reveals.

If one would seek to know by thee ;  
Still 'tis the Ruler holds thy key.

Lift up thy heart, as one who lifts  
His being to the Lord for gifts ;  
Remembering still that gifts are given  
From the deep secrecy of Heaven.

To thee may come thy Bridal Girl,  
But only through the Gate of Pearl.  
If she perchance diffuse a spray  
Of sweetness through thy hard, cold clay ;  
Or vibrates in thy suffering clod,  
She moves to lift thy will to God.

If thou art pressed with bosom grief,  
In secret ask of God relief.  
When council may deliverance bring,  
Thy path is open to the King.  
Speak nobly, thou, or not at all;  
Speak as in God's great Council Hall.  
My name is SECRET—I, a Fay,  
With HOLD-FOR-GOD my strength array.

Then follows :

BLUE-EYED WILD-FLOWER.

The blue-eyed Wild-Flower in the corn,  
Looks up by love to greet the Morn :  
Great Morn to meet the Wild-Flower stands,  
With benedictions in his hands.

If thou thy heart to God wilt raise,  
Still in thy meekness giving praise,  
Thou shalt be like the Wild-Flower born,  
And God will greet thee as the Morn.

Though nigh to Earth, how pure and sweet  
Is the young Wild-Flower in the wheat ;  
With holy dews she laves her hands,  
And bathes her bosom where she stands.

The dews of Heaven for cleansing fall  
On ye, O Brethren, great and small !  
That ye may stand, in pureness pearled,  
When God for morning lights the world.

Next :

STRENGTH-OF-HEART AND LOVE'S-REPOSE.

If in your germinal estate,  
Ye bear the World's unfriendly weight,  
'Tis but the cold and darkling clod :  
Through it the Wild-Flower grows to God.

We know what joys are on the wing :  
 We know what Loves await to sing,  
 To fairy insight opes the scroll,  
 God in your order would unroll.

Sir Strength-of-Heart met Love's-Repose :  
 She gave to him the bridal rose.  
 Would you in Love's-Repose have part?  
 Each must become a Strength-of-Heart.

Then :

SILENT-TONGUE.

God keep our spirits blithe and young !  
 There was a Fay named Silent-Tongue.  
 Fools' thoughts go out their speech to win ;  
 This fairy's thoughts for speech went in.

Exterior speech is oft a curse :  
 'Tis folly's child, 'tis Discord's nurse.  
 Men of the Earth's first Golden Age  
 Did ne'er in vocal words engage.  
 Wisdom revealed each truth of grace,  
 By the soft flextures of the face.

The silent rivers deeply flow :  
 The silent stars for splendour go :  
 Without a sound, without a sign,  
 The jewels ripen in the mine.  
 Friend, would'st thou have thy mind grow young?  
 Keep company with Silent-Tongue.

The speech wherein the Fays agree,  
 Flows by a tender melody.  
 Then, "Hearts go still!" Then, "Hearts go still!"  
 The flowers with dews by silence fill.  
 Seek not to sound upon the land  
 Till words are jewels in thy hand.  
 Keep thou thy lips to silence prest,  
 Till Music forms within the breast ;  
 And from the still delights are born  
 Words that are lovely as the Morn.

Be not for speech untimely bold ;  
Learn by the love thy thoughts to hold ;  
And when they reach the outer airs,  
Make them as holy as thy prayers.

Then :

LIPS-OF-GRACE.

Till Hearts wear silence for a crown,  
No blissful counterpart comes down.  
All silent through the bosom steals  
The Beautiful, whom God reveals.  
He who would grow to heavenly power  
Must keep, full oft, the Silent Hour.

When heavenly inspiration wins  
Its way, by silence it begins.  
Learn to enjoy the still repose  
Of thoughts that inwardly uncloze,  
Like lilies blooming through the sod  
That kiss the fragrant feet of God.

To Silent-Tongue came Lips-of-Grace ;  
All Heaven did blossom in her face.  
She moved her mouth ; no sound did fall  
Save as when flowers their sweets recall ;  
But where the twain together dwelt,  
In a still Music, Heaven was felt ;  
And Heaven formed round them for a robe ;  
As when the Summer folds a Globe.

Great Hold-for-God and Conscience-Care  
Oft to these gentle ones repair.  
Sweet Never-Slight and Waste-Rebuke  
Sit with them in their blossomed nook ;  
All the best people of the Town  
Under the starry Silence Crown ;  
And there drink wisdom undefiled,  
In-flowing from the Golden Child.

Said Waste-Rebuke, "The wasted word  
Is not well pleasing to the Lord."  
Said Never-Slight, "Speech should be made  
Sweet as the wild flower of the glade."

Said Conscience-Care, "Words should be set,  
As gems in that bright coronet,  
Worn by the Lady of Delight,  
When Two-in-One, God rules the night."

Said Hold-for-God, "Words should appear  
As evidence that Heaven is near;  
And form as light upon the East,  
When the New Morning is increased."

Then, all at one, sang, "Hearts go still!  
Dear God, restore the tender will,  
By Silence teach the Heart to rise,  
Till each small word holds Paradise."

And then :

#### THE SILENT HOUR.

Christ cometh, all with meekness shod,  
Out of the silences of God.  
Sing, "Hearts go still!" sing; "Hearts go still!"  
That ye may learn His holy will.  
The ripples of His Bosom Sea  
Break for the hearts that understand;  
And form a speech of tender glee,  
Filled with the joy of Fairyland.

The wisdom of the Silent Hour  
Forms in the will for deeds of power.  
The Fairies find that still retreat;  
To gather nigh God's Mercy-seat.  
There, in the quiet time of day,  
The Fairies come to kneel and pray,  
While sweeter airs the bosom fill  
From the Queen Mother's folding will.

The Silent Hour for comfort is  
Set in the doorway of God's bliss;  
Then afterward, when gentle sleep  
Steals o'er the bosom, ye, as sheep  
Or lambs, are gathered in the Fold  
That the Good Shepherd's heart doth hold.

*[Inserted after publication of work.]*

THE ARTIST FAY.

Hear of a youth of wondrous taste,  
A son of Uncle Neverwaste—  
An elder son.—He did prefer  
The calling of a Carpenter.  
The contents of a box of tools  
Were more than books of all the schools.  
He knew that God did thus impart  
The wisdom and the force of Art.

The Fairy Child a Lovekin had :  
That she might go all gaily clad,  
He made for her a Spinning Wheel ;  
Then from the soft and woolly fleece  
Brought baskets of the year's increase.  
He did not of his ends reveal.  
But, gaining knowledge by degrees,  
He fashioned in the neighbouring wood  
A cunning\* little House that stood  
Under the fragrant citron trees.  
There, for their holiday, the Lovekin played  
Upon her Wheel, and he pursued his trade.

The great artistic education  
Begins in labours born of inspiration.  
All that men wrought in stately Greece or Rome,  
May come to the small child who dwells at home

---

\* In America "cunning" often means quaintly fanciful, coyly hidden, or very nice.

Folding in blessedness by gentle ways ;  
Encompassed by the art-sphere of the Fays.  
The Queen of all the Angels will impart  
Creative Beauty, through that young child's heart.

At last that little House in the Wood  
A miracle of beauty stood ;  
For the young Artist framed it well,  
Lovely within as a pink-veined shell,  
And graceful without as a sculptured flower.  
His hands in their use played hour by hour.  
He carved the porch in foliage fine.  
Over the doorway he wrought a sign :  
" I know—I love—I serve—I feel !  
This is the House of the Spinning Wheel."

These children grew, and the house with them—  
Like a double rose on a single stem.  
He builded to it a larger room,  
And for it invented a woollen loom,  
With banks of keys in a fine array.  
At cloth-making there did the Lovekin play.  
The web from out the loom did go,  
Tinged with the colours of the bow.

At last the Fairy King came down,  
To hold a Judgment in the Town.  
The Artist Child and the Lovekin he  
Inquired for, very tenderly.

The Boy stood by the King's great chair,  
Hearing questions and answering them.  
The King said to his Nobles there,  
" By little ones doth God prepare  
To build the Fay Jerusalem.  
This child plans better than the Widow's son  
Who reared the palace of King Solomon."

---

To think in union with God's thought  
Is to know how the World is wrought.  
To sympathise with God's vast plan  
    Leads order through the heart and hands ;  
    Till the Great Architect commands,  
        By evolution through the man.  
In the creative consciousness unfold  
Homes of the Future, coloured all as gold.

More things are waiting than ever came.  
God gives when there are hands to claim,  
And hearts that seek but His renown,  
To lead the Inspirations down.  
If one will build, though for a farm,  
Holding for God with heart and arm ;  
If one but rears the humblest shed,  
With God's rich love-flower far dispread ;  
The Power that wrought the Universe  
Each faculty of service nurse ;  
Then simplest hearts that serve the Two-in-One  
Shall build as those who reared the Parthenon.





I saw a snow-white Lamb\*  
Resting in star-lit Pastures, and he said,  
By the Good Shepherd's Providence I am  
Tended and nursed and fed.  
Would ye dwell with the Lamb in that sweet bower?  
Go find the doorway, 'tis the Silent Hour.

Then follows :

THE LAMBS.

The sweet Fairy Maiden,  
With heart's desires laden,  
Came forth from great Silent-Tongue's doorway, and said,  
As lambs ye are tended,  
And watched and befriended ;  
As lambs ye are counted, instructed and fed :

As lambs in God's doorway!—  
Above is the floorway :  
A child is your shepherd, and maketh your bed.  
He calls, and ye follow,  
By hillside and hollow,  
When Eve-tide empurples, and Morning is red.

He never has chided,  
But ever provided :  
He calls you and quickens you out of the dead.  
He never is weary :  
Blithe-hearted and cheery,  
The joys of His heart for salvation are shed.

Go Strong-heart, go Fleet-heart !  
Go Fair-heart, go Sweet-heart !  
Each lamb by its name where the gentle ones tread.  
Go Rich-heart and Bold-heart !  
And Glad-heart and Gold-heart !  
Go where the white lambs to their darlings are wed.  
Go Sure-heart, go Swift-heart,  
Go Still-heart and Gift-heart !  
The Spring is unveiling ; the Winter has fled.

---

\* The inmost Fay—the soul-germ.

Then follow THE ARTIST FAY and THE HOUSE OF CALL; the former being "an elder son" of "Uncle Never-Waste," and "The House of Call," introduces to us "Gentle-Might," probably the eldest son of all; although it is not so specially recorded. These are too long to be included here, and are therefore, with regret, omitted. The Songs of Fairyland and all the Fairy lore above given, are so absolutely fundamental to the history of the Life of The Use, and of Mr. Harris's own life, that the writer has felt impelled to make longer quotations from the writings concerning them than he proposes to do from any of the others. In them most especially abides and breathes, as it were, the very essence of the Life.

To "receive them with a tender joy," to "embrace them in the heart's affection" is really an absolute necessity to the deep and true understanding of the same. The Fairies themselves know their own absolute importance to the inner well-being of every human creature, and they say that on this account they love to be greatly remembered, and talked of, and thought of, for this brings them nearer to the soul of man, and helps them in their arduous toil for the restoring of all the ruins of his inner nature, and so to "weave his robe of resurrection,"—the new body.

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The writer feels moved here to add another Fairy chronicle to the above, though on a somewhat different subject, but one that is also of great importance, and this chronicle has not been previously quoted anywhere. It refers to the principle of HEROISM, which some hearts feel as the most precious of all human qualities,—and which, indeed, all true hearts whatever feel to be precious, as being the basis of all

nobility of life. A military friend of the writer said to him on one occasion that he could not understand how life in Heaven could be desirable to any heroically minded soul, because there could be no field at all for true heroism in it. But this is a mistake from lack of right knowledge, and the consequent crippling and constriction of the Divine imaginative faculty. In the old partial state of religious understanding, the real nature of what heavenly and angelic life is, is wholly unimaginable.

## HEARTS-GO-BRAVE.

'Tis for the men who energise,  
 Arrayed in Social Order,  
 The Fairies bid their banners rise,  
 And cross the Earth-land border.  
 Sing "Hearts-go-Brave!" sing "Hearts-go-Brave!"  
 'Tis God, 'tis God, who comes to save.

Lord Christ, He is the fighting Man:  
 So all the Fays behold Him:  
 He leads them in the battle van,  
 Where they for valour fold Him.  
 Sing "Hearts-go-Brave!" sing "Hearts-go-Brave!"  
 'Tis God, 'tis God, who comes to save.

The many crowns on Lord Christ's brow  
 Are fairy crowns united.  
 The Fairy Hosts are forming now,  
 All in His Heart requited.  
 Sing "Hearts-go-Brave!" sing "Hearts-go-Brave!"  
 'Tis God, 'tis God, who comes to save.

Could ye your little selves but find,  
 Ye should become His Nation.  
 Blow swift, blow strong, O Battle Wind!  
 Waft in Regeneration.  
 Sing "Hearts-go-Brave!" sing "Hearts-go-Brave!"  
 'Tis God, 'tis God, who comes to save.

Sir Great-heart Courage, he would know  
To set you in his forces ;  
Then ye to victory would go,  
Like Angels on white horses.  
Sing "Hearts-go-Brave !" sing "Hearts-go-Brave !"  
'Tis God, 'tis God, who comes to save.

True courage, or true heroism, is not based upon self-confidence, but upon faith ; faith in Christ,—by which is meant to be understood faith in God, who is very God. But in Heaven, every man—as likewise every group of men, or Nation of men, or whole Heaven of men—has a certain burden of responsibility, or holding ground, that is his special Fort, that he is called to hold fast, at all costs, against every invading foe. "What,—foes in Heaven! what possible enemy is there to be found there?" Yes, there, at that particular crucial point of his service, Lord Christ, Himself, stands up in front of that man, and says: "Fight with Me, My son!" Thus truly is it written. And thus it is, that upon true valour—true heroism of heart—or such measure of the same high virtue as the man has embodied within him, in first principles, throughout his past life of service, even Heaven itself is dependent for its perfect and ever enduring integrity. Likewise, as related in "Wisdom of Adepts," the "Brothers of the Rock" had to establish and demonstrate their fitness to hold their central place of service, and to determine thereby, the measure of their ability to do so:—they had to put forth every energy of their being against the Divine forces of the Lord Himself, brought to bear upon them for that purpose.

## APPENDIX B

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OF "Fairy Phoenix" it should be told that he the most ancient and eminent of all the Fays in Fairyland; one who has lived on the Earth during all the centuries since the Incarnation—if not even from a much older date. Wherever he makes a visitation, it seems always to be held as a sacred festival and time of rejoicing. A very remarkable incident of this kind is described in "Gifts of Innocence," where it is written as follows:

"Sir Sunbeam Courage sent in his card. In walked the stately knight, saying, 'Merry Christmas, all!' The Fairies keep Christmas eve as the beginning of Christmas day.

"In came the most venerable and beloved of all Fairies; indeed, the very Melchisedec of Fairies, who preserves on earth the traditions of the ancient Golden Age. He is called the 'Great Phoenix,' and also the 'Wise Phoenix.' He renews his youth at the beginning of every cycle, and so becomes young again. His beard is now white as snow, and reaches to his girdle, but his eyes are piercing and brilliant as the rays of the Fairy Sun.

"All rose to greet the Phoenix, as children, making reverence. He answered, 'Bless you, my children, my princes and princesses! "Comfort ye my People," saith the Lord. I saw the star in the East to-night.'

"All at once music began. The angelic Fays in the higher expanses were heard singing, and the melody dropped over them with a shower of precious incense. They opened the windows and went out on to the balconies, to hear it better, and sat listening with great joy.

"And now the Star in the East became visible to them all; it shone brighter and brighter; it soon became as light as day, transfiguring all objects, glorifying the faces of the Fairies where they sat with mild and blessed radiance; but the Phoenix became more illuminated than any of them. You might say that his body was a lamp of fire.

"Now, too, they could hear the melody of the song quite distinctly; the trumpeters with their trumpetings, and the harpers with their harpings. Thus the music and the song went on, forming themselves at last in words set in a resplendent rainbow spanning from south to north, and quite overarching all the sky.

"Soon Father Phoenix rose and floated over them, borne up in the transports of his bliss, while the words in the rainbow enwreathed themselves in the inscription, visible over all Fairyland,

‘THE KING OF GLORY.’

"By this time everybody was out of doors, beholding the resplendent sight; yes, everybody, even to the smallest child. Then appeared a second rainbow, from the east to the west; so the two formed a flaming and many-coloured cross—a sight never witnessed in Fairyland before—and in the rays of the second rainbow was inwrought the inscription,

‘BEHOLD, HE COMETH.’

---

“Then all Fairyland was entranced in joyful and tender adoration, till Father Phoenix, returning from his flight, stood amidst them, leaning on Prince Wisdom, as on a son.

“All listened, in great awe, while the most beloved and venerable of all Fairies said, in low, deep tones: ‘Everything that has a beginning has an end. I see the End approaching, very nigh; and then a New Creation, wholly in the beatitudes. The stain shall be wiped away from the heart of earth; the shadow shall be lifted from its face. Comfort ye, comfort ye, My People!’”



## APPENDIX C\*

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WHILE all the aristocracies of the world have proved on the whole, but always with individual exceptions, adverse influences, occultly, to the advancing Divine Breath in the Bosom of the Race; yet the pivotal personality in the Breath—that is, Mr. Harris himself—has always expressed a strong conviction that the ruling Royal Family, and the descendants of the old Princely Nobility of Japan, were at this day, and would probably prove in the future, the greatest and most notable exception.

He earnestly entertained this hope mainly because in the old Shinto religion and traditions the worship of the Divine Mother is the central most inspiring influence; who from Her high altar, Fusi-yama (whose pinnacle is for the most part uplifted above all the clouds of the lower Earth), rules supremely over the hearts of all the Japanese people; even from the Emperor on the throne and all the nobles round him, down to each and every bosom in the teeming multitudes of the peasantry scattered over the whole face of the land.

For this Divine Feminine is the great transforming power. She is the "Holy Ghost." From Her, in

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\* See second paragraph of page 192, where no mark of reference is given, owing to those earlier pages having been printed before this Appendix was received by the publishers.—C. W. P. & Co.

unison with the Divine Bridegroom, whom Her bosom veils, flows forth the whole blessed host of the Fays, who at this day are flocking into the bodies of all who truly love and worship Her, to restore the old physical ruins, where Death at present prevails, and in the midst of these ruins to lay the foundation of the new body that "shall never die"—as has been described in general in all the pages of this work.



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## ERRATA

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PAGE

- 65—Seventh line from top, for “death-slain” read “death-plain.”
- 148—Fifth line from top, for “past” read “part.”
- 148—Second line from foot, for “letting” read “setting.”
- 202—Fourteenth line from top, for “sounds” read “rounds.”
- 207—Eleventh line from foot, for “banner” read “banners.”
- 213—Eighteenth line from foot, for “She” read “He.”
- 279—Sixth line from foot, after “raise” read “them.”
- 282—Ninth line from top, before “adorable” read “the.”
- 353—Fifth line from top, after “one” insert “such.”
- 364—Fifteenth line from top, for “were” read “wore.”
- 365—Fifth line from top, for “paraded” read “pervaded.”
- 376—Eighth line from top, for “review” read “renew.”
- 406—Twelfth line from top, for “each one” read “all.”
- 410—Twelfth line from foot, for “therefore” read “therefor.”
- 413—Thirteenth line from top, for “Godness” read “Goddess.”
- Dedication—Eleventh line from top, for “existene” read “existent.”









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